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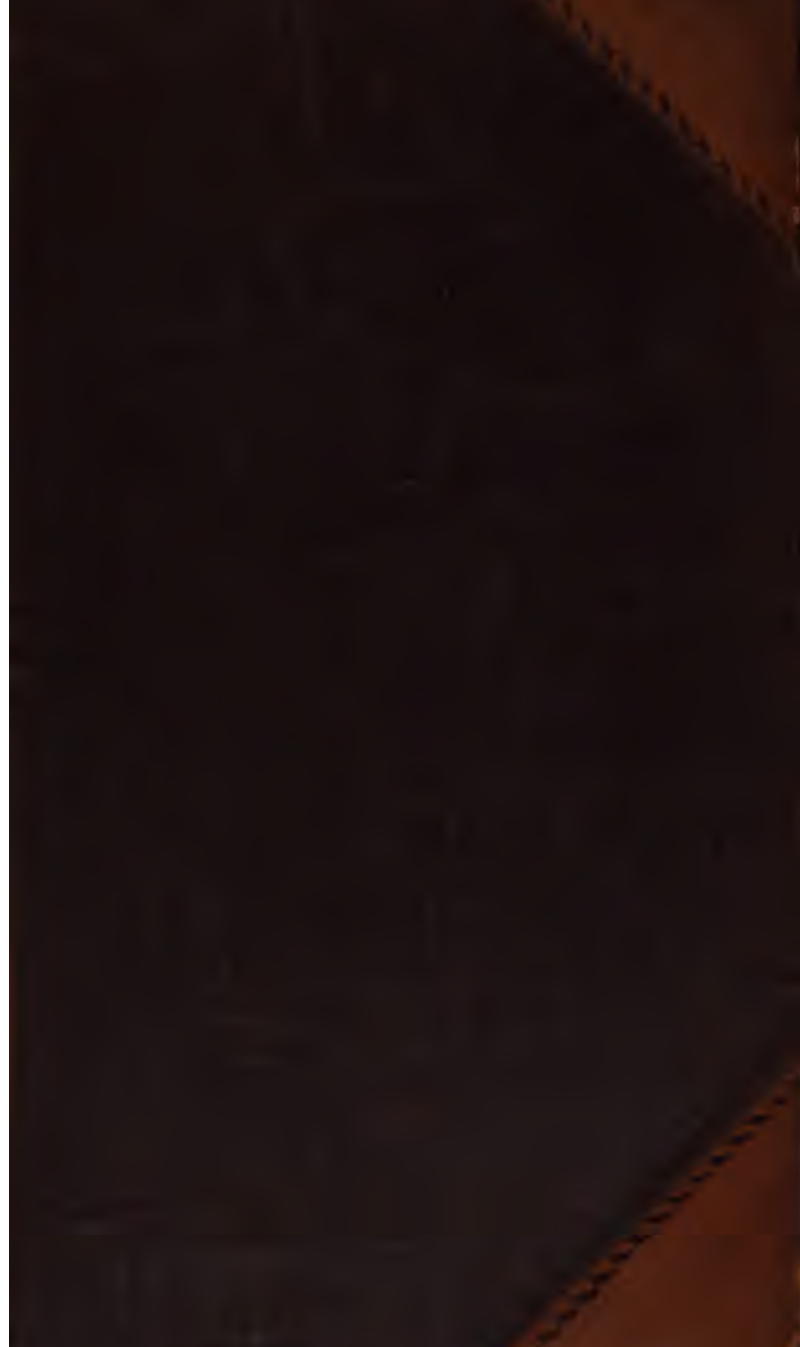
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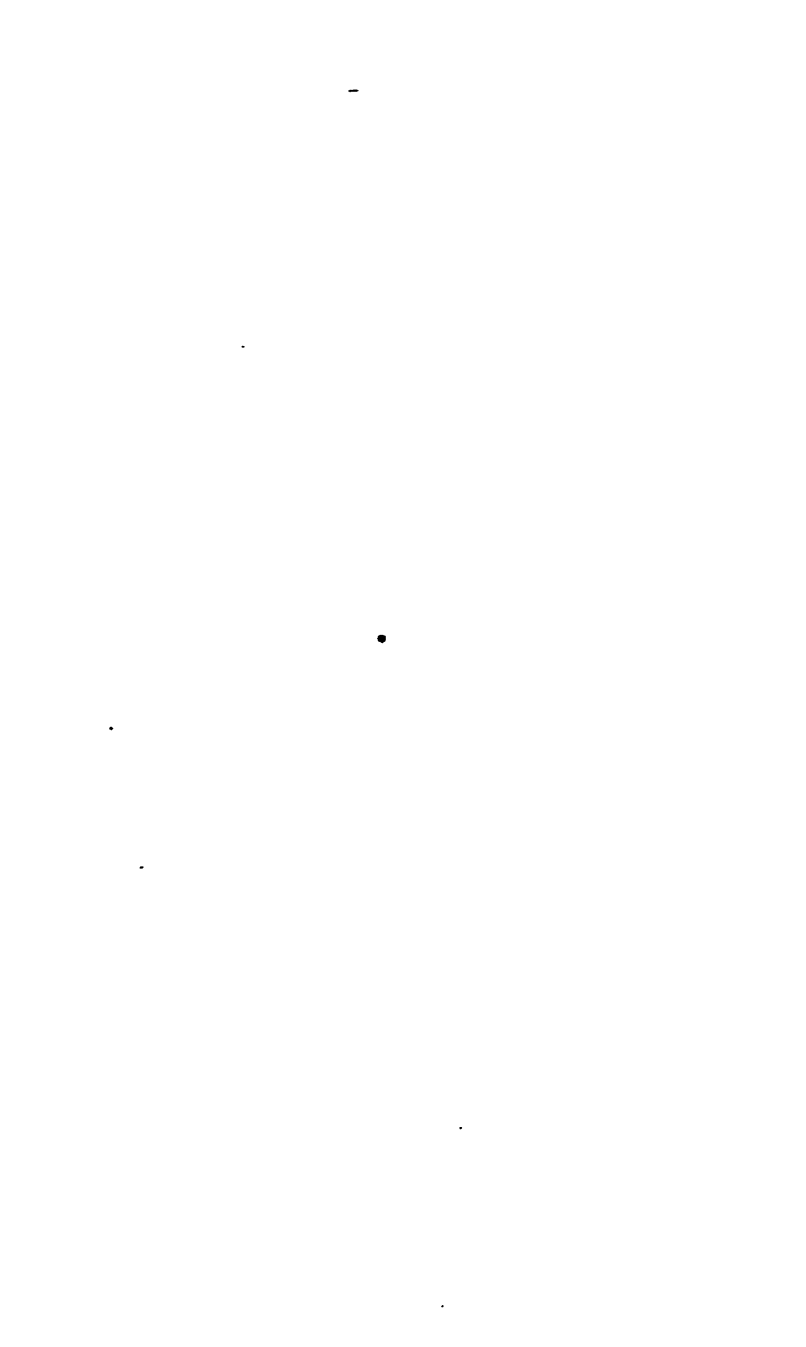
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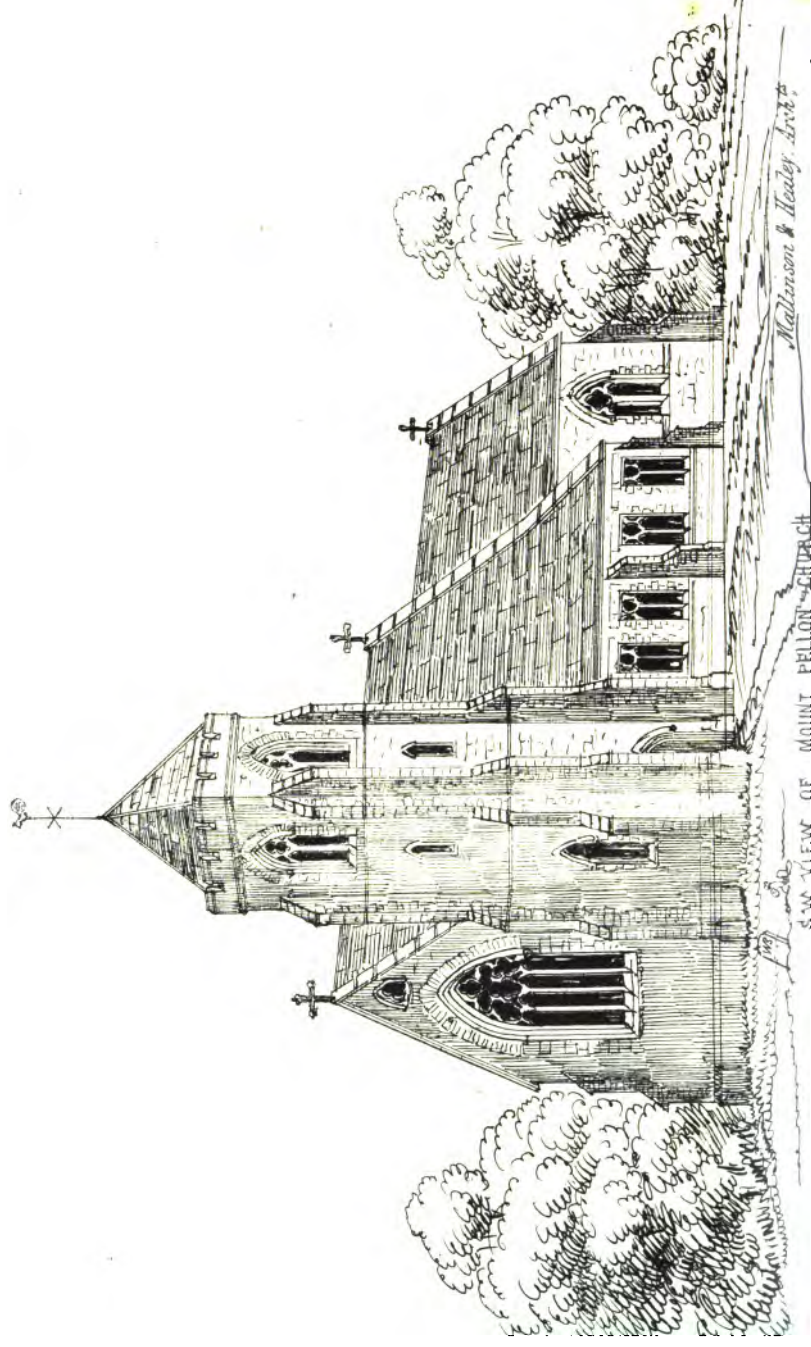












Mallinson & Healey, Archts.

SAN MARY OF MOUNT PELION CHURCH

THE
CHURCH WARDER,

AND

Domestic Magazine.

“————— But still keep
My bosom franchis’d and allegiance clear.”

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PREFACE.

The present number completes the EIGHTH volume of the CHURCH WARDEN; a Periodical which has been devoted to support the cause of Religion and the service of the Church, in the three divisions of the United Empire and its colonies; and it is with feelings of the warmest gratitude, that we offer our hearty thanks to those friends and subscribers who have so kindly kept company with us in the publication of EIGHT VOLUMES, through a circle of as many years.

In the pages of the CHURCH WARDEN, we have endeavoured to unite the soberness of truth with the cheerfulness of fiction, grave topics with "right merrie stories;" but in which, we hope, we have not exceeded the bounds of good discretion.

In our "Notices of Books," we have given a fair description of their contents; but without exaggeration, or unfairness in our quotations.

In the course of this publication, we have never

reviewed our own Books; although, during the existence, of the CHURCH WARDER, we have published second editions of the Guide to the Daily Services, and An Exposition of the Thirty Nine Articles; also, a Gospel History of the Life of our Lord; and a third edition of the Spirit of the Church of Rome; and we now take this opportunity of soliciting for them the patronage of our subscribers.

We now beg to wish our subscribers the enjoyment of many happy years; and earnestly to entreat their continued support, and their influence with their friends to extend the circulation of THE WARDER, A DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

K. C. L., Dec. 1, 1854.

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EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT.*

THE other day King's College, London, was startled from its propriety by the rumour that one of its theological Professors had been for some time teaching in his class, doctrines which the Principal "could not but believe to be dangerous and unsound;" or, in plain English, that the Professor had been propagating an heretical tenet among his young disciples. Like all tares, this heresy of denying the eternity of future punishments, was propagated in secret, whilst the watchman was reposing in the fancied security of that professor's character for orthodoxy. His pupils, perhaps, were unable to detect the thin veil of Jesuitry which concealed the hidden doctrine of purgatory that lurked under the paradoxical professor's claim to inspiration; for, says he, in his letter to a private friend, which the Principal inserted in his pamphlet: "I can say, I did not receive this *of man*, neither was I taught it;" but, with S. Paul, he might have added, "by the revelation of Jesus Christ." (Gal. I., 12.) It would, therefore, appear that the ex-Professor lays claim to inspiration. But, although God

* "Grounds for laying before the Council of King's College, London, certain statements contained in a recent publication, entitled Theological Essays, by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, &c.'" By R. W. Jelf, D.D., Principal of the College, and Canon of Christ Church.

"The Wrath of the Lamb; or, the Doctrine of Everlasting Punishment set forth in the Gospel; a Sermon preached in the District Chapel of the Holy Trinity, Rochester." By the Rev. G. E. Biber, LL.D.

"cannot deny Himself;" yet our author has felt himself inspired to contradict God's own awful words; who says, "and these shall go away into *everlasting* punishment; but the righteous into life *eternal*." S. Matthew uses the same Greek word in both divisions of this brief but awful sentence; but to avoid tautology, it has been translated *everlasting* in the one, and *eternal* in the other half of the sentence. It appears that the flattering unction is adopted in the Maurician Heresy, that the word *everlasting* has a more restricted sense than the definite term *eternal*; for the ex-Professor says in his Essays, as cited by Dr. Jelf: "I feel there is an abyss of death into which I may sink and be lost. Christ's gospel reveals an abyss of love, *below that*. I am content to be lost in *that*." We do not pretend to be logicians; but it appears to us to be somewhat paradoxical to be informed, that a man should first be lost in "an abyss of death;" that he should pass through that *everlasting* abyss; and then lose himself in an *eternal* abyss of love "below that."

The ex-professor's words may be only a fine rhetorical turning of a period comprising a paradox; but our Lord did not use paradoxes; for in the awful sentence above quoted He spoke plainly—so plain, indeed, that the whole Christian Church has never misunderstood the Greek word used in the above text; and both Dr. Jelf and Dr. Biber, in their respective pamphlets, have cited a number of passages from the New Testament to show that the common English idea of *eternity* is decidedly the doctrine of scripture as applied both to the rewards and to the punishments of that life which will succeed to the day of the Lord. Neither Christ nor His apostles have given the slightest hint or warning that the Hebrew word, which is rendered into Greek, was used in a restricted or limited sense; but the Maurician system is that of a double abyss, one below the other; when at the cessation of some undefined eternity of punishment another, similar eternity of love will com-

mence; and the wicked shall be delivered from their penal abode of wailing and gnashing of teeth, and all the difference betwixt them and the righteous, which needed no purgation, is only a shorter eternity of "the *knowledge* of the love of God," which he says is all "the *reward* of the gospel." The ex-professor is either *perverting* the gospel of Christ; or else, he is preaching *another* gospel than that which we have received from Christ and His apostles. (Gal. I., 7-9.) Notwithstanding his claim to inspiration, we make the learned ex-Professor welcome to either horn of the dilemma; and we most cordially agree with Dr. Jelf, that it is "surely no light or indifferent thing to *unsettle* men's minds, even as to the received meaning of a scriptural word" (page 59).

The founder of the Maurician heresy says at page 5 of the pamphlet before us: "The *starting-point* of the gospel, as I read it, is the absolute love of God; the *reward* of the gospel is the knowledge of that love." If the *simple knowledge* of God's love be all the reward of our obedience, we already possess that simple knowledge by revelation; for we are informed by a really inspired apostle that we not only have known, but we have believed the love that God hath towards us, which He manifested by sending His Son into the world to be the propitiation for our sins; to reconcile God to us, that we may live through Him. But there are degrees of glory in heaven; a fact which is irreconcilable with the Maurician heresy, and which implies something more than the simple *knowledge* that God is love. Facts are, stubborn things, and many of them, which are recorded in Scripture for our learning, palpably contradict the Maurician theory which asserts an equality both of rewards and punishments.

Our Lord clearly intimated to Zebedee's children that there will be greater and lesser thrones prepared for those obedient sons, who shall be considered worthy through Christ's merits to receive them. In the parable of the ten servants who received

each a pound; the first gained ten, and the second five potunds "by trading;" each of them were rewarded proportionably. They were both called good and faithful; but the first was rewarded with authority over ten cities, and the other over only five. But the trembling caitiff, who kept his pound laid up in a napkin, was deprived of his pound, and it was given to him who had ten pounds; and, as if to mark the never-ending duration of punishment, Christ said: "From him that hath not, even that he hath *shall be taken from him.*" He also informed us that in His Father's house there are many mansions; but how should that be, unless there were degrees of glory? or how should S. Paul have said: "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star *differeth* from another star in glory?" Or, again, "he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." If these and other texts that might be adduced do not announce degrees in rewards, then they must be taken to mean nothing at all.

We might predicate degrees of punishment also by analogy; even if the Scripture had been silent on the subject. Our Lord said the punishment of the cities of the plain, and of Tyre and Sydon would be more tolerable than that of Choraizin and Bethsaida, and for those other cities that rejected the preaching of His apostles. He also said that the man who sinned from unmalicious ignorance shall be beaten with *few*, whereas the wilful and impenitent sinner shall be beaten with *many stripes*.

In as few words as this unhappy subject would admit of, the Principal of King's College has refuted all Mr. Maurice's sophistry; and placed the doctrine of eternity of punishment upon the true Catholic foundation. Towards the conclusion of his letter, Dr. Jelf guards himself from being implicated in the Maurician heresy by the following powerful paragraph:—

"The Principal at present in office, however, God helping him, will not so betray his trust. There are, as you well know,

more than ordinary motives to keep him to his duty—motives, against which he must not allow his own intense suffering, or the love of quiet, or private regard towards the Professor inculcated, or even official appreciation of his past services to the College, to have any weight whatever. The College entrusted to his charge has, during seven years, enjoyed the utmost confidence on the part of the episcopal body. A privilege, for which there is no precedent in our Church, has been accorded to King's College, viz., that of founding, with the full sanction of all the Bishops, a Theological Department, with the understanding that twenty-six Bishops will accept the certificate of the Principal, presented by a candidate for holy orders, in lieu of an University degree. A College so trusted and so privileged must not permit its orthodoxy to be even suspected. But if it should, on any account, directly or indirectly, tacitly, or by overt act, give its '*imprimatur*' to any 'erroneous and strange doctrine, contrary to God's word,' it will not only fall suddenly into deserved contempt and ruin, but it will be, so long as it is permitted to last, a curse instead of a blessing to the Church which it was intended to serve."

Dr. Biber's Sermon is more hortatory than argumentative; in order to guard his own congregation from the plausible sophistries and paradoxical subtleties of the ex-Professor. It is a good sermon, and the price is only fourpence, as it is probably intended for distribution. He says: "We are not called upon to account for, or to justify the ways of God with all His creatures, or even with all mankind. This He will Himself do in the great day. Our knowledge is clearly confined within the limits of our responsibility. All that it is needful for us to know is, what will be our fate if, having heard the Gospel of this salvation made known to us, we fail to secure its unspeakable benefits? There is no ambiguity, no room for doubt or cavil in the Gospel as to the fate of all such. The question, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?' is

a question which must commend itself to every man's reason and conscience as a question altogether unanswerable. If God, having sent his only Son into the world, to the end that 'whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' men will neglect the salvation so provided for them, it is plain that for such, there is and can be no help—no escape from everlasting perdition."

As the best preservative against the Maurician heresy, we strongly recommend these two powerful tracts; for although they take different roads, yet they come to the same conclusion,—that this heresy is to be avoided and rejected by all Christian men who value their own salvation, and hope to obtain that crown of righteousness which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give to them that love His appearing at **THAT DAY**.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

(Continued from page 356. Vol. VII.)

ON the 24th of May, Percy, "being well acquainted at Court, where he enjoyed a place, and was on this account less suspected," accomplished an agreement for the hire of Vyniard House, an edifice adjoining the wall of the Parliament House, of one Ferris, the keeper. It was used by the Lords during session as withdrawing-rooms, and in the vacation was at the disposal of the keeper, who let it on hire to Percy who became its tenant, and thus it became the haunt of the conspirators. But as their purpose was only to be ready by the opening of the next Parliament, they dispersed to their homes in the country, with an agreement to return by the beginning of November. At the time appointed they came; but found that Commissioners for the union between England and Scotland were holding meetings in the House, and therefore kept themselves out of sight until the apartments were free.

On the 11th of December they were at work ; their number and strength being increased by the addition of Robert Keyes sworn into the fraternity in August), and Thomas Bates, associated about the time of entering the house. Percy lived there. The others came in secretly. Guy Faukes, under the name of John Johnson, passed as his servant, and they had no domestic to trouble them. Faukes, the porter, kept strict watch, both to prevent intrusion and to collect intelligence ; while the others laboured in absolute secrecy. The ground was opened, and the rubbish removed during the day, was concealed at night under the soil of the garden. Under-propping the earth with timbers as they went, by Christmas they had opened a subterranean passage on to a wall of the Parliament House ; but the foundation was nine feet thick, and to bore it without noise would require much ingenuity, strength, and patience. Faukes then announced that the next session of Parliament was prorogued from the following February to October ; and, as this day appeared favourable to their object, they resolved to disperse for a time, and agreed that Catesby and Percy, on obtaining the concurrence of a third, might admit suitable persons to aid the plot, and to contribute towards the expenses, which were likely to be heavy. Robert Winter, brother of Thomas, and John Grant, of Norbrook, near Warwick, were, in January, 1605, requested to meet Catesby at the Catherine Wheel, in Oxford, where they were sworn, and initiated by a communication of the secret, and by receiving the host as usual.

If we may depend on the confessions of the conspirators, Garnet kept aloof, while Gerard, perhaps without any distinct information of its details, gave the plot sacramental sanction when new members were sworn in. At Christmas, however, Catesby and his companions agreed that they would consult their Confessors, in general terms, and ascertain whether such a deed as that premeditated would be in accordance with the law of holy Church. Several Confessors would thus be suffi-

ciently informed of their criminal intention. Catesby resorted to his friend Garnet; and, *not in confession*, but in ordinary conversation, endeavoured to elicit his judgment, or rather, to draw him so artfully into the plot that he might safely say it had not been mentioned, covering the details with substituted names and positions, after the same manner as the names of the Fathers of the Society, and their vocations were disguised. A sworn member, for example, was called a "workman," and a novice a "prentice."

Catesby put the case thus. How far is it lawful in war, for the party that has the just quarrel, to sack or destroy a town or fortress that holds out against them by a strong hand? For here, as in the proposed explosion of the Parliament, friends might suffer as well as enemies. Garnet answered, that "in a just war, it was lawful for those that had right to wage battle against the enemies of the commonwealth, to authorise their captains or soldiers, as their officers, to annoy or destroy any town that is unjustly holden against them; and that such is the common doctrine of all divines, in respect that every commonwealth must, by the law of nature, be sufficient for itself; and therefore as well able to repel injuries as to provide necessaries." Plain enough, in common reason; but Catesby wishes further to be satisfied. For example, again, during the wars in the Low Countries, towns are sacked, and forts, that cannot be taken by force of arms, are drowned by letting in the sea upon them. Many innocent persons and young children, and some of the latter, perhaps unbaptized, perished in the flood. What of this? Garnet acknowledges that it is not right to kill innocents, "for that the reason ceaseth in them for which the pain of death may be inflicted by authority." Here Catesby rejoins, that the thing is ordinarily done in the destruction of those forts by drowning. "True," said the Father, "it is there permitted, because it cannot be avoided; but it is done as *per accidens*, and not as a thing intended by or for itself; and so i

is not unlawful; as if we were shot into the arm with a poisoned bullet, so that we could not escape with life, unless we cut off our arm; then, *per accidens*, we cut off our arm, and fingers also, which were sound, and yet, being at that time of danger, inseparably joined to the arm, lawful to be cut off. And such was the case of the town of Gibeah, and the other towns of the tribe of Benjamin, wherein many were destroyed that had not offended."

Catesby was quite satisfied. His Church was at war with England; and the Provincial of the Jesuits taught him that the innocent might suffer with the guilty. He inferred, of course, that a few Romanists might, *by accident*, be blown up with the so called heretics, if they could not be blown up without them. To kill the King, the Royal Family, and the chief men of England would be a virtuous act; nay, necessary to save the body ecclesiastical, which had received a bad wound from the poisoned bullet of the Reformation. Catesby told all this to his crew, and by the testimony of Gerard himself we have it, "all were animated in their proceedings, without any further scruple." The pickaxes of the conspirators were again plied in perfect harmony with the teaching of the Jesuit. In February, Christopher, brother of John Wright, was solemnly incorporated a member of this band.

About this time the existence of a plot was communicated to Rome, and, as it is supposed, by some secular priest, who had been consulted by some of the conspirators; for the secular priests were not generably favourable to conspiracy.

Aquaviva, the General of the Jesuits, wrote to Provincial Garnet thus:—"We have understood, although the intelligence comes with the greatest possible secrecy, and I am persuaded that your reverence must also have known of it, that Catholics have now meditated and contrived something for their liberty, which thing, especially at the present time, would not only bring many and most grievous troubles on (our) religion, but would even

put in hazard the existence of the Catholics themselves. His Holiness therefore, commands me to write to your Reverence, in his name, that you may exert yourself, with your noblemen and gentlemen, and especially with the Lord Arch-Presbyter, that no schemes of the kind be treated of, nor carried into execution, for the reasons above said, but especially for one reason on which his Holiness insists, which is, that, besides disapproving of all such practices being dealt in by the Catholics in your country, he says that certainly *greater advantages* would be lost—advantages which the clemency and benignity of his Beatitude towards those Catholics is now thinking of, and endeavours to bring about. For, assuredly, his Holiness will never fail, nor has he now failed, to devise and seek for means by which they may be helped to peace and better fortune.

“Therefore, as your Reverence must fully understand the gravity and necessity of so doing, you will use every endeavour that thoughts of this kind be laid aside; for, in addition to the reasons just given, which are indeed of the greatest weight, there is also another, by no means to be overlooked—for it is given for the good of the Catholics themselves—that, if it should come to pass, which may God forbid, it would bring no small damage to our Society; for *no one will easily believe that this was done without our consent.* June 25, 1605.” Here was no abhorrence of crime, but only fear of mischief to themselves.

Blackwell, who presided over the secular Priests, to his honour be it said, wrote a letter to his Clergy, conveying the Pope’s disapprobation, given in the original word, and exhorted them to publish that mandate, “to the suppression of all suspected discommendable actions; whilst Garnet allowed his friends to go on without interruption. The mandate, however, was not heeded by Catesby and his men. Garnet answered, when asked in private, the meaning of the Pope’s words in Aquaviva’s letter, that the Priests “were not to undertake or procure stirrs; but yet they would not hinder any—nor was it the Pope’s mind they

should—that should be undertaken for ‘Catholic good.’” Sir Everard Digby, to whom he gave this answer, and who saw Catesby to be in constant communication with him, then made up his mind to join the plot.

From January to Easter they laboured hard to perforate the wall, half despairing of success ; when an accidental noise under the House of Lords alarmed them. Dropping their tools, they seized their weapons, and resolved to die there rather than be taken. Faukes ran out to discover the occasion of the noise, and found that it proceeded from the shovelling away of coals from a cellar under the House of Lords. The coals were sold off, and the occupier was to leave. Moreover, Faukes calculated that the point towards which they were mining lay in that very cellar, of which they must get possession, or else lose their labour. This could now easily be done, as the cellar was to be let. Percy dressed himself, went out, saw Ferris, and hired the cellar, under the pretence of laying in a stock of wood and coals for the winter. Without loss of time, Faukes brought in one thousand billets, five hundred faggots, and, under these, twenty barrels of gunpowder. The mining was now relinquished, as no longer necessary.

The expected session of Parliament drew near ; and, as many other things were intended to be done besides blowing up the House, Catesby collected more recruits. At the Duck, in S. Clement’s parish, Catesby administered the oath to one Rookwood, Wright and Winter assisting ; and, about the same time, Sir Everard Digby and Stephen Littleton were also added to the number. On October 14, Tresham followed, and made the band complete. To cover the expenses that must be incurred, Sir Everard Digby offered £1,500, and Tresham £2,000, Percy £4,000 from the rents of the Earl of Northumberland, with ten good horses for use, “after the blow.” By this time there were stowed close in the cellar thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, covered with bars of iron, crow-bars and pickaxes, great stones

and logs of timber, that, by resisting force, would make the shock yet more destructive. Having finished their work, they had leisure to pray, which they did most heartily. "O take away the perfidious nation from the borders of the faithful, that we may render with alacrity the praises that are due to Christ." As for Garnet, he wisely kept at a distance from London; but took care not to put himself beyond the circle of communication with the traitors. By a pilgrimage to S. Winifred's Well, he prepared new merits, and added to his reputation for sanctity. Goathurst, a seat of Sir Everard Digby, in Buckinghamshire, afforded him concealment for a considerable time. From thence he proceeded, first to Harrowden, the seat of Lord Vaux, in Northamptonshire, and afterwards to Coughton, in the neighbourhood of Alcester, and, on the day after "the blow" was to have been struck in Westminster, he is said to have been at Dunchurch, waiting for intelligence, and watching for the further execution of their purpose.

I have now brought the account of this plot down to the eve of its detection, for the description of which, and the capture and punishment of the conspirators, I must desire the reader's forbearance till the publication of the next number.

J. W.

(To be continued.)

THE PRUSSIAN MINISTER'S ADDRESS TO THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

IN an Appendix to his Pastoral Letter to the Clergy of his Diocese, in April, 1851, the Bishop of Exeter has published the following Address which was transmitted to him from thirty-seven Ministers in Prussia, many of whom occupy high positions. He has forbore to publish their names lest they might be compromised. His Lordship's reason for making it public is, that the importance may be seen "of our present struggle

in quarters whence we were not prepared to experience much sympathy":—

"Berlin, May and June, 1850.

"MY LORD BISHOP—May it please your Lordship, we, the under-signed members of the Protestant Church of this country, feel it to be our duty to bear a public testimony of the deep interest we take in the momentous crisis the Church of England finds herself involved in, and of the most sincere respect and admiration for the eminent part your Lordship is taking in this great struggle between a *Christian Church*; and 'a *State* yielding more and more to the corruption of the anti-Christian and anti-ecclesiastical spirit of the day.

"It was your Lordship who, under God's blessing and guidance, with the wisdom and courage of a faithful shepherd and true Bishop, broke through plausible fallacies and snares of a false and hollow peace, far more dangerous than the worst chances of that *good fight* your Lordship has opened by raising the standard of the *Church militant* on the decisive point.

"Your Lordship at once, with an eye sharpened by faith, and science, and experience, perceived the whole bearing of a case when the question of State and Church—nay, the question of State decision in matters of faith—was brought to an issue on a point so vital to all branches of the Church of Christ.

"But this general feeling of Christian brotherhood is not the only, nor indeed the principal reason for our addressing your Lordship on this occasion. Your Lordship cannot but be aware that we are in this country, under the very same trial and struggle our brethren of the Church of England are called to. Nay, we are threatened with dangers even much greater than those the Church of England can have to encounter. For while, on the one hand, our Church has for a much longer period, and in a higher degree, given herself up to the debilitating influences of latitudinarian principles and practices; the State, on the other hand, after having taken but too great a part in this

gradual revolutionizing of the Church, has at last itself fallen almost a prey to revolution, who prepares herself to dispose of all the powers of that state in the service of her deeply-rooted hatred of Christianity ; while in England the State still is essentially a Christian one, whatever the ruling powers of the day be, and at any rate stands on so solid a basis that almost nothing will shake it, so long as it does not in fatal and wilful blindness forego those blessings it has hitherto derived from its union with the Church and general spirit of Christianity.

“ And now, who would deny that this great struggle between Church and State, which we see kindling in all Christian countries, implies a common cause, a common enemy, a vital community of peril, action, suffering, hope, fear, and, with the Lord’s blessing, final victory and peace ?

“ Thus, then, we may truly say that the battles your Lordship and your brethren, and children of the Church of England are fighting, and to fight, are *our* battles also, and that we have a right to look on your Lordship as one of *our* leaders in the fight also, and a duty not only to acknowledge you such in our silent prayers, but also with our loud cheers, strengthening our own weakness in the flesh by your example that we may at any time be able and privileged to say with your Lordship in the words of the apostle, ‘ *we have fought a good fight, we have finished our course, we have kept the faith.*’

“ May it, then, please our Lord and Saviour more and more to strengthen you with *His* strength, to enlighten you with *His* wisdom, and to let you enjoy the reward of having ‘ *strove lawfully,*’ not only in those heavenly gifts that are independent of earthly success, but also in an honourable and safe peace of that Church, amongst the chief ornaments and strongest pillars of which history will for ever record your Lordship ! With this most earnest prayer, we have the honour to be, in all reverence and affection, your Lordship’s faithful and obedient servants.

THE GARDE ROCHE-NOIR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(Continued from page 402.)

The gloomy chief sat in his hall,
Stiff from his recent wounds and fall,
And loud his followers did rate—
Laying upon them all the blame
Of that, his present evil state,
And of his foul defeat and shame.

M. M.

The retainers of Sir Hugo de Rollande and the Free Companions no sooner recovered from their panic than they formed into something like order, and made the best of their way to the Chateau de Rollande. As to Sir Amede de Vertot, he assembled his retainers and hurried off to his own castle, where, after having duly weighed all the chances of punishment from De Rollande, in case he broke with him, he determined to seek peace from Edith de Roche Noir, feeling pretty sure that she was the strongest enemy of the two. He accordingly sent a herald to her, with what success we have already seen.

De Rollande's retainers had no sooner reached the castle than they crowded over the draw-bridge in sad confusion, much to the surprise of Beleme, who expected that they had just come from the sack of the Garde Roche-Noir. Behind them, and urging them on, came the remnant of the Free Companions, who had kept up their military regularity all through the skirmish, and now marched onwards in good order, just as if nothing had happened.

No sooner was De Rollande safe within the castle than he was put to rest in a chamber by himself, and his wounds carefully dressed, as were those of Ambrose de Guiland. However, next morning Sir Rollande got up and fully armed himself, for he expected messengers from the Garde Roche-Noir. He then went to the great hall of the castle and sat himself down in an

old oak chair. Opposite to him was Ambrose de Guiland ; his arm and head bound up. Neither spoke, but sat regarding each other in silence. At length Sir Edward Beleme entered the hall, and exclaimed,

“ My Lord, one of the prisoners—

“ Has escaped, of course,” cried the Baron, who had spent some time in mustering up his passion, and now discharged it on the first fitting object, “ and fool that I was, what else could I expect, when I left them in charge of an ass like Edward Beleme ; and pray, how did he escape, and who is he?—the Baron, of course.”

“ No, my Lord,” answered Beleme, “ it was only Sir Aymer de Montagne.”

“ *Only* Sir Aymer de Montagne,” roared out De Rollande, “ *only* Montagne, indeed, the very best lance of the lot of them, except that scamp Morrice, and he’s dead, thank my stars for that too.”

“ Stay!” exclaimed De Guiland, who was enraged with De Rollande, because he conceived he had not supported him properly in the attack, and who also, on the whole, was chivalrous. “ Stay! Sir Hugo ; Morrice was no scamp, but as true a knight as ever drew sword, and if thou sayest another word against him, I shall make a quarrel of mine own. I have nothing to do with Beleme ; but if”—

“ Thou’rt right!” exclaimed De Rollande with an oath, “ thou’rt right ; thou hast nought to do with Beleme, and as to the other, S. Denys, thou forgettest thou art in no fighting condition.”

“ And what then ?” exclaimed De Guiland. “ Think’st thou that, if I wished it, I could not find among the ranks of my companions a score at least who would gladly bear my quarrel for me ?”

“ Base hound !” roared the Baron, “ think’st thou that I, a gentleman of coat armour, would cross my sword with a mer-

cenary brute, without a drop of gentle blood in his veins; and, besides thyself, there is not a knight in thy company."

"What of that?" said De Guiland. "What ho! Hans von Steinback." Hans von Steinback, a German, covered with scars, entered. "Thou sayest the band have chosen thee their lieutenant?"

"Yes," the reply.

"Give me thy sword." The German obeyed. "Kneel," continued Sir Ambrose. When the German was on his knees, he struck him with the flat of the sword, saying "I dub the knight; arise, Sir Hans von Steinback." "And now," he continued, turning to De Rollande, "what prevents me from knighting the whole of my band the same way?" There was no answer to be made to this, so De Rollande turned again upon Beleme.

"And now, fool, answer me, how did this Montagne escape?"

"My Lord," replied Beleme, "he stabbed the warder in his cell, and then got away."

"Ha! ha!" laughed De Rollande, "got out of his cell, did he? and comfortably he must have died in the passages of the old castle, and the rats gnawing his limbs ere he was half dead. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Pardon me," replied Beleme, "it appears he escaped; for the sentries saw a boat cross the moat from the postern, but thinking it was some one from the castle, they did not give the alarm."

"Aye, truly," said the Baron, "it was some one from the castle. The truth, I suppose, will come out at last that Beleine is a traitor as well as a fool. Get out of my sight; send all the retainers in here." Beleme really liked the Baron, who was not on the whole a bad master, but it was with the greatest difficulty he could keep his temper, and he was not sorry when ordered to leave the hall.

De Guiland whispered something to his lieutenant, who left

the hall also, and the Free Companions entered, with him at their head, immediately after De Rollande's retainers. Sir Hugo, however, noticed it not, but began—

“And ye—ye cowardly dogs—dare ye to show your faces to me again, after the other night's work, ye foolish swine who could not stand against a score of half-disciplined knaves, led on by one as base as themselves.” Here he caught a glance of De Guillard's eye, and deeming this dangerous ground, returned to his retainers: “Ye shame to the name of men-at-arms—ye cowardly villains.” Thus did the Baron run on for upwards of an hour; venting nothing but a torrent of abuse, mingled with reproaches and threats; and probably he would have continued for some time longer had not Sir Brian, who had entered the hall unseen, interrupted him.

“Brother, brother,” said that knight, stalking up the hall and facing the angry Baron, “what meanest thou by this passion? Blame not thy retainers; it was no more their fault than thine own.” By this time the Baron's eloquence and his rage had nearly expended themselves, so he contented himself with ordering the “gaping loons,” as he politely styled his retainers, to leave the hall. No sooner were they gone than he exclaimed,

“How did'st thou escape Brian?”

“Listen to me,” said the Hospitaller, “I was, as thou know'st, taken prisoner by Sir Edward Morrice; he died that same morning, and all the next day I was left to myself; but this morning, I was summoned to the presence of the Lady de Roche-Noir, and she spoke thus to me: ‘Sir Brian de Rollande, I charge thee by thy vow to do thy best to end this shedding of Christian blood, and these are my terms: I will pay a fair ransom for the prisoners, and Sir Hugo de Rollande must resign the lands, or I will compel him. Go, thou art free.’ I came hither, therefore, on this message.”

“I never will give up the lands,” replied the Baron, “and

she shall not compel me. Beleme, draw up the retainers. De Guiland, let thy new lieutenant collect his comrades. Send a squire to Amede de Vertôt."

"Stay," said Sir Brian, "count not on De Vertôt. I had forgotten to tell thee that ere I left the Garde Roche-Noir, a herald arrived from him with proposals of peace, as follows:— He offered a thousand merks and his son to remain as a hostage, and this was the Lady's answer: 'I accept peace, and I take the money; but as to the boy, say to thy master, that should he dare to break this truce again, he shall pay for it.' So with that the herald departed."

"And so he has made peace without consulting me, the black traitor!" exclaimed De Rollande, "make ready, I will march against him at once."

"Under favour! thou wilt do no such thing," put in Sir Brian. "Thou wilt accept the Lady's terms, and think thyself lucky to get off so cheap; for, with such men as De Vitre and Montagne, methinks Edith de Roche-Noir would soon bring thee to reason."

After a long dispute, the Baron was at length persuaded to accept the terms; and next morning a herald was despatched to inform the Lady Edith of it. A thousand merks for each prisoner was demanded, and cheerfully paid; and Sir Guillaume de Roche-Noir and Sir Henri Longueville were released, and found themselves, ere night, once more in the Garde Roche-Noir. The two Barons De Vertôt and De Rollande were also reconciled by the agency of the Hospitaller. The dead bodies were removed from the battle-field; the knights were borne to the castles of their respective masters; and there buried with all due solemnity; and the commoners were interred on the field of battle. On the second day after the release of the Hospitaller, the only thing to mark the late contest was the open grave in the chapel of the Garde Roche-Noir, in which the body of Sir Edward Morrice was to be buried the next day.

CHAPTER XIX. AND LAST.

Look at that solemn scene—
Look at that yawning grave—
Look at that corpse, which once hath been
The bravest of the brave ;
And think, proud man, that soon we must,
Strong as we are, all come to dust.

M. M.

Sad and solemn indeed was the scene in the chapel of the Garde Roche-Noir, when the body of Sir Edward Morrice was about to be consigned to the grave. Early in the morning, the retainers were drawn up in the castle-yard, and a minute inspection was made ; their harness was brightened up, and the knights were armed *cap-a-pie*, each with his pennon borne beside him. At length the chapel bell tolled ;—the trumpets blew a melancholy note ; and the men marched at a slow pace into the chapel, where they were drawn up in two lines, one on each side of the grave. This was situated between the altar and the tomb of the first Baron de Roche-Noir, with the head towards the east. Scarcely had the retainers taken their places, when a warder whispered something to Sir Guillaume de Roche-Noir who beckoned to De Vitré ; and after speaking to him for a few minutes, gave an order to the warder, who left the chapel, and soon afterwards returned, followed by Sir Brian de Rollande. He was completely armed with lance and shield, axe, dagger, and sword ; and he slowly stepped up the chapel to the altar rails, where he stationed himself beside the Baron de Roche-Noir, without saluting anybody. Scarcely had he entered, when a strain of solemn music was heard, and the corpse was brought into the chapel, upon a bier, supported by two lances, borne by four men-at-arms, and followed by the Lady Edith and her female attendants, in deep mourning. The old Priest walked before it, chanting the service for the dead ; and behind came two esquires, carrying the knight's helmet, lance, and shield, and gauntlets. The corps was armed completely, except

the head and hands, and was covered with the banner of Roche-Noir. A deep silence ensued, while the body was placed beside the grave, broken only by the sobs of the assembly; for many a stout warrior thought it no shame to weep over the bier of the leader they had loved. At length the minstrels struck up; and the Priest chanted one of the penitential psalms, in which all who were able joined. The banner was then drawn back, and the assembly crowded round to take their last look at the deceased. His features were calm; and but for the leaden hue of death, it might have been thought he slept.

The Lady Edith was the first who advanced to the grave. She leant on her husband's arm, and gazed silently for a moment at her brother's face; then, stooping down, she imprinted a kiss on the cold lips, saying as she did so, "Farewell, my dearest Edward," and then she retired with her husband. Nor must we think that Edith de Roche-Noir loved not her brother. She loved him as a sister only can love; but she lived at a time when ladies were accustomed to view such scenes as these, and were compelled to restrain their feelings. The other knights then advanced in turn; De Lacy was the last, and, drawing the sword, he placed it in the cold right hand of the corpse, saying as he did so—

"It is thus that he should be buried; he, that future ages may know he died as he lived—a gallant knight." So saying, he retired. The other retainers then came forward, and many a stifled sob and sigh was there, as they looked at the cold features of him who had led them on to victory. The grief of the English, however, was loud and unrestrained. The last to approach the corpse was old Hubert. He knelt down beside it and bending his head, said, "My dear master." He then fell across the corpse. The Baron made a sign to lift him off. The retainers did so. He was dead. The poor old man had borne exile (and what so bad as exile to an Englishman?), hard service, and wounds, in patience; but this last

stroke was too much for him, and he sunk beneath it. The grief of the spectators burst forth loudly; and not a dry eye was there in the chapel, albeit many tried to look as much like iron as possible. At length the Baron said, in a subdued tone, "Lower the bodies into one grave. Where could the old man be happier than in his master's arms?" The order was obeyed; and ere many minutes had elapsed the grave was filled up. At this moment, the Hospitaller stepped forward, and, laying his hand upon the altar, cried aloud,

"Lady, I charge thee speak; did I perform thy commands aright?" A low "Yes" was the answer; and the Hospitaller continued, "Then bear me witness, all here assembled. I vow, with my hand upon the altar, and beside the grave of my brave foe, never to draw my sword upon a Christian again, so help me good St. John." He turned away and walked down the chapel, and then turning ere he left it, he exclaimed aloud, "Farewell!"

"Farewell" burst from all; but ere the word was spoken, he had left the chapel; his horse, ready caparisoned, stood at the gate; he mounted, and rode away at a rapid pace.

* * * * *

I hope that my readers have felt sufficient interest in this tale, to wish to know the fate of the different personages who figure in it.

The Baron de Roche-Noir and his lovely wife lived together many years in peace and happiness; and often and often did they stand side by side at the tomb of the brave Sir Edward. No long description was there, giving the deceased praise for what he never did; no virtues which he did not possess were ascribed to him; nor were those which he did possess exaggerated; but a simple table tomb, surmounted with his effigy, and above it were hung his pennon, his gauntlets, his lance, and his shield; the latter reversed, to show that he was the last of the name.

Sir Aymer de Montagne married Gertrude de Rollande, who was the youngest of the Baron's two daughters; and there appears little doubt that De Vitré did the same kind office to her sister. De Lacy, it appears, obtained possession of the lands of De Vertôt, and there is little doubt that it was by marrying into that Baron's family.

As to De Rollande, he lived very contentedly till a report reached him that the Grand Prior of St. John, named Sir Brian de Rollande, had fallen in a battle with the Turks. He was never observed to smile till the day of his death, which happened not long after. Sir Ambrose de Guiland and his friends departed in search of other occupation, as soon as peace was concluded, and their after history is not known.

And now—

Farewell, kind reader; if an idle hour
 My idle tale hath helped to pass away—
 If to amuse thee it hath had the power,
 I'm amply paid; and therefore only say,
 I wish thee peace of mind, and joy, and health
 (Blessings far greater than the greatest wealth);
 And pray that not for years the passing bell
 May toll for thee—and so again—farewell.

M. M.

THE COLONIST;
 OR, WHERE IS HE?
 BEING, RECOLLECTIONS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

(Continued from page 382.)

CHAPTER VI.

WE were sitting in our rooms one fine summer day, with our chum *Tims*, when we heard a heavy footstep approaching, and presently a rap at our "oak." "Come in."

"Oh! it's only I," said De Font, making his appearance through the aperture, "I just came in to see whether you are

going to walk this afternoon or no?" "Yes, we are now off. Come along, old fellow, if you like. We are going to try to get to Water Eaton, unless the road is so abominably muddy as it was last Tuesday."

"Water Eaton! Why are you going there?" "Why there is a fine old Elizabethan Manor House there, and a pretty detached Chapel: 'tis quite worth while going to see them."

"Oh! well, I'll go."

No sooner said than done; and in three minutes we were steaming down the Turl, and along the Broad, out into Saint Giles. Just as we were passing over the temporary wooden pavement, around the New Works at Balliol, we, or rather De Font, spied a bearded Italian, with a large board on his head, supporting a model in plaster of Kiss's Amazon. To our astonishment, De Font beckoned to the man, who, nothing loth, ran up to us, and immediately commenced striking a bargain with his customer.

We whispered, "What do you want of that frightful daub?"

"Oh!" answered De Font, "it's a handsome ornament, if it's cheap;" then, turning to the man—"What's the price of this model?" "Remarkably cheap, sir; only seven and sixpence, sir, 'tis"—

"Seven and sixpence!" "Yes, sir—can't sell it a penny under—'tis a splendid model of Kiss's beautiful Amazon, on horseback, encountering a ravenous tiger, sir—exactly like it, sir—was in the Great Exhibition, you know, sir—perhaps you saw the original, sir?"

"Ha!" answered De Font, musingly, with his eyes fixed on the pavement, watching some little straws, which the wind was twisting around—thinking the matter over. All which time the Italian was repeating his commendations of his ware over and over again, and we—poor we—were patiently waiting till the transaction should be over.

At last De Font turned to us, and said : " I say, old fellow, is it dear at seven and sixpence ?" " Really, we answered, " not being a judge of such matters, we cannot tell !"

" I say, Tims, what do *you* think ?" " Dear for *me*, you know, because I don't want it : perhaps you are going to learn drawing from models, in which case it might not be very unreasonable."

" It's for an ornament—you don't think it dear, then ?" " No, not particularly."

" Well, man, do you know where —— College is ?" " Yes, your honour, I knows exactly."

" Well, take it there!" " What's your honour's name ? May I ask for —— " Oh ! never mind my name. You go to the College-gate in an hour and a half from this time, and walk up and down, till I go in, and then I'll pay you." " Very good, your honour ;" and away went the poor fellow, very proud of selling an image which he had in vain been trying to dispose of for several hours. No sooner was he out of hearing, however, than De Font began : " Well ! let me see ; I don't know whether I want that image or no, after all ; I don't see 'twill be much use to me." " It can't be helped now, at any rate, you know ; for you have engaged to purchase it, and I don't see how you can get off your bargain." " Oh ! but I will, though !" It was enough for De Font to be told he could not do anything, which was in any way feasible. " I won't have the old image ; its useless, and why on the face of the earth should I be obliged to pay seven and sixpence for a thing that's not good ? I won't." " You'll find the man where you told him to go, without question ; and those fellows *are* so hot-blooded, he would as soon pull a pretty little stiletto out of his breast, and give you the benefit of a few inches of cold steel, as look at you ; so beware."

Having finished our walk, we returned again to our rooms. The very moment we entered the Turl, the first object that

greeted our eyes was our old friend, the Italian, with the great white Amazon balanced on his head. "Ha! De Font, we said "There's your Amazon, you can't escape!" "Won't I, though? We'll see! Here, you and Tims walk along arm in arm, and I'll get behind you." So we buckled; and De Font, by holding down his head, blowing his nose in the midst of a cloud of pocket-handkerchief enveloping his visage, and availing himself of our shelter, actually succeeded in getting into the Quad, without being discovered by the unsuspecting Italian! Three hours afterwards we sallied forth, without De Font, and there was the poor fellow and his image; and we noticed he was looking very disconsolate. We had a great mind to tell him where he could find the gentleman who had purchased his image; but we were afraid of the consequences, and so forbore; for we felt certain that De Font's obstinacy would hold out, and it might have resulted in blows—by no means a desirable event anywhere; more especially within the walls of the College. But we were really sorry for the poor Italian, who was so far deceived that he was actually fool enough to promenade in front of our College all the next day, and a great part of the day after. Every time we passed out we saw the poor fellow casting melancholy looks at every window; but all in vain. We knew he might look there for ever.

De Font, however, must needs make some eccentric purchase. Accordingly, a few days after the adventure with the Amazon, we found him nursing a pair of tortoises. He had been trying in vain to make them eat bread and milk, and had just "put them to bed" in the corner of his sofa, and rolled the cushion against them. "What are you going to do with these?" "Oh! I'm going to carry them home, in the vacation, and put them in the garden." And that was the only account we ever got of them.

A few days after, we were walking out on the Abingdon-road, towards Hinksey. Just as we had passed the front of

Christ Church, De Font dived into a little, dirty, pawnbroker's shop. We put in our head, and heard the following interesting dialogue :—

“Have you got me those four white mice I ordered of you last Wednesday?” “Well! why? no, sir. You see, sir, as how the man who faithfully promised me he'd bring them in last week, has forgotten, sir; but, don't fear, but as how you'll a get 'em all right, sir.”

“Well! mind you take all the trouble you can to get them! I want those mice very much!” “Oh! you may depend on me sir, most entirely, sir, and no mistake: if *anybody* can procure 'em, sir, I can, sir.”

“Very well! good afternoon!” “Good afternoon, sir!”

But, somehow or other, it was all no go: poor De Font never got his white mice. He did not fret himself to death about the matter, however; but he might have fretted a little with impunity, as he was under a course of Du Barry's Revelenta Arabica Food!

(To be continued.)

ASHMERE COURT:

A TALE OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

Continued from page 383, Vol. VII.

CHAPTER XIII.—TRIALS.

Saviour, Whom this Holy Morn
Gave to our world below—
To mortal pain and anguish born—
To more than mortal woe!

REGINALD HEBER.

“DID He die for us?” said good old Dr. Manton “and shall not we willingly sacrifice our little all to Him? Man wants but little here below; nor wants that little long.’ Little indeed!

they have taken it from me, in truth, before I had done with it; but, Oh LORD thy will be done!" "Never mind, my worthy pastor and friend," answered Mr. Ashmere, "here you are in my snug library, and as long as I have got a home to offer you, it is yours." "God will bless you, my good sir, and may He, richly and abundantly, both now and in the world to come—is my earnest prayer."

It was dusk: the old chimes had just announced the hour of seven; and the Doctor and Mr. Ashmere were about to leave the window, in which they were sitting, and join the young people at the table, when the attention of the former was arrested by some moving object in the trellis-work, between the end of the Hall and a favourite summer-house of Mr. Ashmere's. The old gentleman anxiously watched it for some time; for such was the state of the times of which we write, that the life of no loyalist was safe from the brutal attacks of those, who, under the semblance and in the name of God, waged open warfare against all that was holy, just, and pure. Scarcely a day passed in which some outrage was not committed; and the proverb, that "a man's house is his castle, was literally verified. We, who live in days of comparative quiet and security, can scarcely form an adequate idea of the difficulties which then surrounded the path of every one who retained in his breast, feelings agreeable with loyalty and religion; and can only realise them well enough to enable us to thank God, that our lot has been cast in better times, and our lives cast in more pleasant places. And though men now-a-days are far from being what they ought to be, and from acting up to the privileges which they enjoy; still we must bear in mind, and that thankfully, that bad as the times may be, they have been, and might be worse.

"I verily believe," whispered the Doctor, as if afraid of being overheard, "that there are men in the lawn. See; I can

distinctly trace the shadow of three men behind the trellis-work ;—we must watch their movements.”

“ Keep a sharp look out, Doctor, and I will go and call up William, and send the hind’s little girl to fetch Farmer Thompson and two or three of his men ; and then we must prepare to stand a siege, for I am determined to protect my family and my property from these vile rebels.”

So saying, Mr Ashmere left the room, leaving the Doctor as spy, and his daughters sitting by him in the window ; not as some young ladies would have done, getting into hysterics, but enquiring what assistance they could render in case of any attack upon the house. In the course of ten minutes the Doctor returned in company with the sturdy yeoman—who had managed Twittlebury so admirably—and his own man William. The three garden spectres had just disappeared from behind the trellis, so the whole party at once rushed up-stairs to Mr. Ashmere’s “ Observatory,” as he used to call it ; the window of which commanded a view of a great part of the house and its precincts. Here they saw distinctly five men ; among whom, they easily recognised the figure of Twittlebury in the capacity of leader of the band. They had just left the trellis, and were standing inside the little arbour at the end of it. One of the group held in his hand a scaling ladder, and some iron instruments ; the others did not appear to be armed in any way.

Presently, Farmer Thompson entered the room, with a large bag-ful of great stones, which he began to lay out in order on the floor, saying, “ These are for the young ladies, to throw down on the villains’ heads, when they come—the rogues ! ”

“ Now then,” said the Doctor, “ listen to me, while I address to you all a few words, before we go any further in our preparations. Let us remember that it is our duty to refrain from taking our brother’s life, till necessity compels us to do so ; for two reasons : it is dreadful to shed blood, and far more dreadful to send into eternity, souls so blackened by sin as these misguided

mén are. Now let us kneel down, and, asking God's blessing upon all we do, let us commit ourselves unto Him, and unto His Providential care; firmly assured that He is both ready and able to succour all them who flee unto Him in time of trouble, relying on Him alone and putting full faith in His precious promises." The Doctor then offered a fervent prayer, and loud, indeed was the "Amen" which proceeded from every member of that little garrison. The girls began cheerfully to arrange their stones; Dr. Manton sat in the window with a loaded pistol in his hand, and another on the table beside him; Farmer Thompson took his post opposite with a great blunderbuss, and Mr. Ashmere stood in the middle with an old family sword, which had been dipped many a time in the blood of old England's foes; and which the old 'Squire regarded as worth at least as much as any six other swords ever manufactured. In a few minutes Farmer Thompson gave the watchword—"See! look! here's that wretch, Twittlebury, putting the scaling ladder against the window of master's bed-room. Now—there he's missed, here he throws again—all right, it's caught." "Hush!" whispered the Doctor, for the excited Farmer was fast raising his voice beyond the bounds which prudence suggested. Mr. Ashmere at once stepped forward, and demanded in an authoritative voice who dared attempt to enter his house without leave, and by any way except through the door?" "You'd better put in your head," answered the audacious Twittlebury, "or, by my ancestor Confucius, I'll send a handful of shot through your crazy brains!" This was too much for the honest Farmer, who, dragging a vast stone out of one of his pockets, thrust his head out of window, and demanded in a voice of thunder: "You audacious shrimp, will you be off, or will you persist in waiting till I make you?" "Who are you?" inquired Twittlebury, in a voice which grew faint, as he recognised the form of his relentless foe and tormentor.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A PLAIN COMMENTARY ON THE FOUR HOLY GOSPELS. Fcap. 8vo. Parts. J. H. Parker. Price 1s.

As mentioned in a former number of *The Church Warder*, this "Plain Commentary" is chiefly intended for devotional reading; and it well fulfils its designation. Part V. contains a beautiful engraving of "the City of the Great King;" and a continuation of the Sermon on the Mount, beginning with the sixth chapter. No. VI, contains an engraving of the Transfiguration, after the Italian painting of that scene; but we could never understand why Our Lord and Moses and Elias are represented as in the act of ascending to heaven; as they are certainly not so described in the text;—but poets and painters are bad historians; especially Italian painters, who know not the Scriptures. It comprehends the first eight chapters of S. Mark. Part VII. returns to S. Matthew's Gospel; and with Parts VIII., IX., and X. contains from the commencement of the ninth to the end of that Gospel. Each part has a well-executed frontispiece, the last being the Crucifixion; and some of them are preceded and followed by an appropriate collect, taken from the Liturgy. We beg to recommend this plain, but orthodox, and useful Commentary to our readers; especially as they are abundantly cheap, and they are printed in large types and good paper, and when bound up will form useful family volumes.

THE BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC FOR 1854. Partridge and Oakey.

This is a broadside sheet Almanac, and published for the Sunday School Union. It is illustrated

with small wood cuts, intended to indicate the effects of sobriety, cleanliness, & contentment among the poor, on the one hand; and the evil consequences of drunkenness and want of economy, on the other. In the centre there are two larger cuts, representing respectively the evils of war and the blessings of peace. It is intended to be hung up on the cottage walls, and we think it will answer the purpose remarkably well.

ILLUSTRATED STORIES FROM THE PAROCHIAL TRACTS. J. H. Parker.

These pretty and useful tales are continued from our last number; and we come now to the hop-picker. During the first week in September the Kentish hop growers fetch waggon loads of unfortunate vagabonds of both sexes from London to assist in gathering in the rich harvest of the hop-fields. On this circumstance a nice tale is constructed, shewing that in the humblest positions of life a youth who has been religiously brought up, and who has the fear of God before his eyes, can illustrate S. James comfortable assurance, "if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death; and shall hide a multitude of sins." "Too old to be questioned," is the story of a well-disposed youth, who was afraid of being laughed at by his companions; doing evil through the force of bad example, and from this failing in his character; but who was recovered from perdition by the exhortation of a blind man, the good example of another schoolfellow, and attend-

ing Sunday catechism at church. "Mary Fisher" is an account of a thoughtless, ne'er-do-well, sort of mother, who was brought to penitence and reformation by the death of her infant through her own carelessness; together with the exhortations of the village curate. Tract distributors will find these well calculated to answer their purposes; and we recommend them to their notice.

SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS. J. H. Parker. Oxford and London. F'cap 8vo, Cl. bds. 1853.

The fourth volume of these excellent Sermons is now before us; it contains a sermon on each of the holy-days throughout the year, beginning with S. Andrew's, and concluding with All Saints' Day; comprising in all twenty-three good practical sermons, quite suitable for family reading. The volumes are now done up very neatly in cloth; and they are very suitable for reference on the annually recurring days which the wisdom and piety of the Anglican church have set aside to commemorate the sufferings of martyrs and confessors.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. 16mo. Dean and Son. 1853.

This is the first number of a series of similar "Little Plays for Little People." They are intended for the amusement of children in the higher stations. Miss Corner's name is a guarantee for their moral and intellectual character; but we are not sure how far it may be prudent to give extreme youth

a taste for the stage; and the applause with which polite friends and fond parents greet these juvenile attempts at strutting and fretting their hour upon the stage; that an aim at "stage effect" may remain and embarrass them through life. The story is pretty, and the dialogue is animated. Other similar plays are in preparation.

WHAT IS A PUSEYITE? London: Masters. 1853.

This is a question that has been often asked: we have asked it ourselves before now; but there appears some difficulty, or perhaps dislike, to give an answer. In this little *Brochure*, the answer of a writer in the *Morning Herald* is given, which shews one side; and the Rev. F. Lane has given another in verse. The former labours under much prejudice; the latter is more friendly, and is, perhaps, the true answer. The Vice Chancellor Knight Bruce asked the question in his court; but we never heard that he was answered. Mr. Lane has done it well, and in good poetry; and we have great pleasure in subjoining the last verse:—

"The errors of the Church of Rome
We deeply do deplore—
The heresies of Protestants
We utterly abhor.
Our Faith and Church is Catholic,
To own it must be right;
And this is what the world would
call
A thorough Puseyite."

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VOL. VIII.

JUSTIFICATION.*

DR. PUSEY has chosen S. James ii. 22, for his text; and the words of that apostle are in some respects a guide to the more recondite language of S. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans: that just works proceeding from faith, declare a person to be just, and not faith only; but S. Paul declares the same doctrine, only not in so plain a manner as S. James. Each of these apostles, when writing on the same subject, appeal to the same declaration of Moses, that "Abraham believed in the Lord; and He counted it to him for righteousness." (Gen. xv. 6;) the one to prove that the patriarch was justified by his works which followed his belief, and the other by his faith, or simple belief; and one apostle declares that his simple belief "was counted unto him for righteousness;" whilst the other says, "was not Abraham our father justified by works when he had offered Isaac his son upon the altar?" The apparent difference would seem to be increased by the subsequent declaration of S. Paul, that the reward of the man that *worketh* is not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that *worketh* not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. It could not have been the works of the law, of which Abraham may have had reason to boast; for the law had not then been promulgated. The faith therefore for which he was justified, was an implicit belief of, and reliance on the word and promise of God; in fact for hoping against hope; for he was then old and childless; and

* A Sermon preached before the University at S. Mary's, on the 24th Sunday after Trinity, 1853, by Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. Oxford: Parker.

his works consisted in an equally implicit obedience in will, to perform those works which were the result or perfection of his steadfast belief, that those things which God had promised, He was both able and willing to perform; and the most illustrious of these works, was the oblation of that son in whom all his hopes were centered, which made his faith *perfect*.

The two apostles therefore assert that faith, and obedience springing from faith, are alike necessary conditions of our justification; and according to S. Paul, we perform these conditions by the assistance of divine grace; receive justification from the free grace of God the Father; and it was purchased for us by the active and passive obedience of God the Son. Our faith and obedience, therefore, are the conditions required on our part of the covenant of grace; and our faith is also the hand or instrument by which we take hold of, or accept the covenant of grace, entered into at our baptism; and again baptism is the instrument by which God the Father bestows justification or remission of sin. To Abraham's works, not only in the oblation of his son, but in going out "not knowing whither he went;" and in sojourning in the land which had been promised to him and to his seed for ever, as if it had been "a strange country," were all acts of that lively working faith which made him be "counted," or that was imputed unto him for righteousness; and on account of which his faith became *perfect*, and "he was called the friend of God."

S. Paul asserts that faith working by love, is the instrument by which we accept, or as it were, take hold of justification which is of free grace, and not at all as a debt to our merits; of which we have none; for we are at best but unprofitable servants. S. James maintains the same doctrine; but he says that the good works of christian obedience are equally conditions of justification; for "without faith" and "without holiness," we are told it is impossible either to please or to see God. Faith and sincere obedience are alike asserted by the two apostles, to be the conditions of our justification. The former says, we

maintain these conditions, from the free grace of God the Father ; whilst its meritorius cause is the active and passive obedience of God the Son. He particularly commanded the apostle Titus to teach and affirm constantly as a faithful saying, " that they which have *believed* in God might be careful to maintain *good works* ;" both of which he said " are good and profitable unto man." Although faith and obedience are absolutely necessary conditions on our part to obtain the grace of justification or the remission of sins ; yet of themselves neither faith nor obedience will justify us ; for it is Christ's merits *only*, and His atonement made to divine justice as our representative, that are the sheet anchor of our salvation, our sure and steadfast hope ; in His merits and atonement therefore, we ought to place an implicit, humble, perfect and self-denying faith which should work by love ; for simple faith, or speculative belief without its perfection in good works, cannot justify any person. When a person is said to be justified by works, the apostle means by the performance of the works of sincere obedience to the will of God through faith in the merits and atonement of God the Son ; this obedience is rendered effectual by the powerful influence of God the Holy Spirit, working *in us* and *with us* to do the will of God. This working of righteousness is our covenanted duty ; and it is as much the work of faith as our act of believing is ; for that person believes faithfully only, who keeps the commandments, and who keeps himself unspotted from the world.

Faith, as the *condition* of justification, means the whole sum of the Creed, which we must " keep whole and undefiled ;" but faith as the *instrument* of receiving justification, means the accepting or taking hold of this divine grace ; of reposing on the merits of Christ, and casting away as filthy rags the claim of our own merits or deservings in either our faith or good works ; for both are the gifts of God ; and Christ said, " this is *the work* of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent ;" and all that we are entitled to say is, that we are unprofitable servants.

S. Paul also teaches, that through Christ alone we can have justification and remission of sins; "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that *believe* are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) Justification, therefore, is a judicial act, by which God the Father acquits the accused person; and by the grace of reconciliation in Christ, He receives that person into His favour *as if* he were perfectly innocent and just.

Baptism is the instrument by which the grace of justification is conveyed to us; in the apostles time the candidates for baptism were generally persons come to "riper years;" from whom, of course, both faith and repentance were required, and some evidence of their Christian obedience; but all subsequent generations have ever been baptized in infancy, and before they can either have faith or have committed actual sin. Their sponsors, however, are taken bound to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, that is, in faith and obedience; in which if they do not continue when they come to years of discretion, the grace of justification is suspended whilst they continue in a state of sin; for all men have not faith. The grace of justification is *restored* to them upon true repentance, which cannot be effectual without faith; and their justification is renewed by the right reception of the Lord's Supper; for by faithfully partaking of it, they are renewed and restored to the favour of God.

That baptism is the instrument by which God conveys to us the free gift of justification, is evident from the institution of that Sacrament; "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," or justified, as it is opposed to the condemnation denounced against those who do not believe the gospel, and consequently are not baptized. This doctrine is also taught by the apostles. When three thousand of the first Christian converts demanded of S. Peter what they should do? He im-

mediately replied, "Repent, and be *baptized* every one of you in the name of the Lord Jesus, *for the remission of sins*, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Now justification is the remission of sin; and be it remembered that some, perhaps all of them had imprecated the blood of that Divine Being on their heads, who had purchased this remission or justification, which shows the great love of God for them.

It is evident that S. Paul was a true believer from the moment that he tremblingly inquired what the Lord would have him to do; but although he believed, he was not yet admitted into the Christian covenant; and Ananias was specially sent to administer the Sacrament, who said, "arise, and be baptized, and wash away your sins;" that is, that thy sins may be remitted, or that you may be justified, and made fit to receive the indwelling gift of the Holy Spirit. Faith was the hand by which he received the grace of justification; and the Sacrament administered by Ananias was the instrument by which God bestowed it upon His chosen vessel. S. Paul himself teaches that we are buried with Christ in baptism; and that having been delivered to suffer in our stead for our offences, He rose again for our justification. Therefore if His resurrection was our justification, it must follow that we receive the grace of justification when we figuratively arise with Him from the symbolical grave of the laver of baptism. But on that subject the great apostle has not left us in any doubt; for he writes to Titus that according to His own mercy, God saved us by the washing of regeneration, and the *renewal* of the Holy Ghost, of whose gifts mankind had been deprived by the fall of the first Adam; but by the merits of Christ His gifts were renewed through the Christian Covenant in baptism, by the instrumentality and the grace of which we have been justified; and this, as he further informs us in his Epistle to the Hebrews, was procured by the sprinkling of the blood of Christ, which is represented by the water of Baptism.

We are saved by Baptism; that is, it gives us of free grace a just title to salvation, and conveys to us justification; and our means of reception, is that inward lively faith which S. Peter calls the stipulation of a good conscience towards God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. In 1 Cor. vii. 11, S. Paul mentions three causes which concur in our justification, and that meet in Baptism. "But ye were washed; but ye were sanctified; but ye were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Here the meritorious cause is our Lord Jesus Christ; the operating cause is the Holy Spirit; and the instrumental cause or means of conveyance, is Baptism.

This Sermon was preached before the University of Oxford, at S. Mary's Church; and perhaps more may have been conveyed by the delivery, than is to be derived from the printed work. From the celebrity of the preacher, no doubt, the Sermon will have a large circulation; and those readers who are more accustomed to his style than we are, which is not very clear, will derive more benefit from it than we have done. We give the concluding paragraph:—

"So shalt thou find, not in words but in life, that faith and deeds of faith are one, given in one by God to thee, and from thee in one to go back to God. As thou by faith beholdest the greatness of God and of his eternal grace, His ineffable holiness, majesty, glory, goodness, love, thou wilt know and feel the nothingness of all in thyself, whether faith or works, save as they are the gift of God. As thou probest thyself, thou wilt see the more thine own evil. But as thou ownest thine own evil and God's good, He will take away from thee thine evil, and crown in thee His own good; as thou ownest thyself in thyself an unprofitable servant, He, owning in thee His own work, will say unto thee, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' Amen. THANKS BE TO GOD."

REFLECTIONS ON THE CATECHISM.

(Continued from Vol. VII.)

THE same Jesus who was born of the Virgin Mary, "suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, and descended into Hell." The whole of our Lord's life was one scene of humiliation and suffering. Our blessed Redeemer, the mighty God, who fills heaven and earth with His glory, humbled Himself to take upon Him our human nature, with all its trials and temptations; though King of kings and Lord of lords, He condescended to be born of humble parents, and to have His bed in a stable, beside the cattle, where He was found by the shepherds who came to worship Him. St. Luke tells us that the cause of his being laid in a manger was, "because there was *no room for Him* in the inn." Thus was our Lord from the earliest period of His life subjected to the neglect of the world—and it is so even now; the riches, honours, pleasures of the world are highly prized and eagerly sought after, while He is neglected; we make room in our hearts for all worldly objects, but can find no place for Him; but let us consider the saying of our Lord; "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels." And surely the holy shepherds and the "wise men" who came from a far country to worship Him, with presents of the most costly productions of their lands, will witness against all those who refuse to seek the Lord their Saviour; *they* took great pains to seek Him till they found Him, and then offered to Him the *best of what they had*, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, all costly articles, while we give ourselves no trouble to find Him, have little or no anxiety to come to Him, and if we ever make any offering to Him, it is little and grudgingly, out of the abundance which He has

bestowed on us. Immediately after our Lord's baptism, began His conflict with the devil. "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." (Matt. ii. 1.) And in this instance the prophecy recorded in Genesis iii. 15, was fulfilled, that the Seed of the woman should bruise the Serpent's head. Notwithstanding the many miracles which He performed, and His merciful dealings towards men, in healing their diseases, casting out devils, providing them with food, and above all forgiving their sins; although He did all this, yet He was still "despised and rejected," reviled, and persecuted, till at last we find them taking up stones to cast at Him, because He was trying to convince them that He was indeed the Messiah, God and Man. He suffered as never man suffered; witness His agony in the garden, which was so great as to give rise to a "bloody sweat." The anguish He must have felt when betrayed by one who had eaten and drank with him, and was one of his familiar friends, and who basely sold his Divine Master for thirty pieces of silver, the sum given as reparation for the loss of a slave (Exod. xxi. 32.); the pain produced by the crown of thorns, and the *excruciating* agony by the nails which fixed Him on the Cross. All these were endured by Him for us, to free us from the punishment due to our sins; but the contemplation of His sufferings is profitable for our instruction; His righteousness, by teaching us submission to His will under all circumstances; in time of temptation; under the pains of sickness; the loss of friends, and of this world's goods, when we must go to Him who is the God of all consolation, for support under our trials; we must indeed be content, nay, even be glad to suffer all things for Him if we would live with Him hereafter. "If any man will come after me," says our Lord, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me;" and this "bearing of the Cross, doubtless implies the endurance of any burden which God's love may see fit to lay upon us. By the world, esteemed igno-

nious, suffering and sorrow have yet been sanctified by Him, who made the instrument of keenest torture to become for ever an emblem of Himself." (Vide Plain Commentary (J. H. Parker), M. R. viii. 34.)

Every member of Christ, the young and the aged, the rich and the poor, all may in some way take up the Cross; by self-denial and mortification of ourselves; by giving up all things for Him; forsaking the honours, riches, pleasures of the world, and even our friends whenever they hinder us from following Him. "There is no other way unto life, and unto true inward peace, but the way of the holy Cross, and of daily mortification. The Cross is always ready, and everywhere waits for thee. Both above and below, without and within, everywhere thou shalt find the Cross; and everywhere of necessity thou must hold fast patience, if thou wilt have inward peace, and enjoy an everlasting crown." T. C.

DE VERE'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF HARRY HOTSPUR'S REBELLION.

INTRODUCTION.

Alas ! for this world's honours, wealth and power,
How oft among the fruitful fields we see
The ruins of some haughty baron's tower;
Without a clue to show its history,
Save that perchance upon a cottage wall
Hangs an old painting, stained by time and dust,
Which once hath helped to deck some lofty hall;
Or perhaps a pennon ; or consumed by rust,
An ancient sword, or lance, or bow or shield,
Found in the tillage of a neighbouring field.

M. M.

SOME years ago, I was on a pedestrian excursion in ——shire, with a knapsack containing a change of linen, a map, and a few other necessities. I had been walking nearly all day

without any refreshment; and a sudden shower coming on, compelled me to ask for shelter at the open door of a solitary cottage.

"Blithely, Sir," was the answer I received from a neat tidy looking woman, who sat working at the fire-place. I entered accordingly, and unstrapping my knapsack took a seat, and entered into conversation with her. In a few minutes we were interrupted by the entrance of the husband, and as the rain had ceased, I wished the woman good day, and shouldered my knapsack for a start. But this they would by no means allow. It was late they said, and it was still some miles from the nearest town, and if his honour would condescend to stay, they would do their best to make him comfortable; doubtless he could hardly put up with humble fare, but he was welcome to it, if he liked to stay; as for the night, they had a nice comfortable little room that his honour might sleep in. This invitation was given in such a kind manner, and evidently out of pure hospitality, that I thought they would be hurt by a refusal, and accordingly I agreed to spend the night there. My hostess opened a door, and showed me a neat little room, with very tolerable furniture. Seeing that the bed was made up, I said—

"But my good woman I fear I am depriving your husband and yourself of this room."

"No, no Sir," was the reply. "I make up the bed every morning for my poor Jack. He ran away, Sir, five years ago, and went to sea, and I never heard of him since; so," continued she wiping away a tear, "I make up the bed every morning the same as if he was at home; it puts me in mind of him, but I fear I shall never see him again."

I entered the room musing on this trait of maternal love, and it was some minutes ere I took a survey of the apartment. The floor was covered with carpet, a looking-glass of very respectable size hung against the wall, two or three chairs, a

chest of drawers, and a neat and scrupulously clean bed completed the furniture. But what attracted my attention most was a painting which hung over the mantel-piece. At first I took it for a mere daub, but on a closer inspection I was astonished to find that it was a painting of some remote date. The figures were stiff and formal to a degree; but the tone of the painting was faultless. It represented a knight fully armed as far as defensive mail goes, but stretched along the floor of a dungeon, with a heavy chain around his middle, which evidently prevented his rising. Another knight stood by him, holding in his hand a paper; the prostrate figure was eyeing him with looks in which hate and fear were beautifully depicted. The scene was lighted by a narrow loophole, which served to illumine the deep gloom of the dungeon.

As soon as I had sufficiently examined the painting, I returned to the other room, where a frugal but wholesome repast was already spread. To this I did ample justice, and after it was removed, I asked the old man how the picture came into his possession. He replied that he had it from his father, and he had had it from his father before him; and that there was a story attached to it which he would tell me the next day if I liked to stop and hear it. Not being in any particular hurry, and being moreover very glad to hear any old legend or story, I willingly agreed to be his guest for the next day, and soon after retired to rest.

Next day, after a hearty breakfast, my host intimated that he was ready to conduct me to the scene of the painting, and accordingly we started, taking some lunch with us. After a smart walk of about an hour across the fields, we came to a deep circular trench, which surrounded an embankment. This I at once perceived was the site of some baronial castle, and on following my guide over the trench, could trace the different portions of the building. A little hut stood in the centre; into this my guide entered and called to me to follow

him. I obeyed. We descended a winding stair, and to my astonishment found myself in the identical dungeon depicted in the painting. My host informed me that the squire having seen the picture, ordered an excavation to be made, and this was the result. He then told me a long story, which I afterwards put into the following form.

CHAPTER I.

The traitor seeks some secret spot
To hatch his plans of murder and of blood.
Some lone sequestered glen, or silent grot,
Or dangerous rock close to a roaring flood;
Where none by chance their footsteps bend,
And none can mark him save a friend.

M. M.

It was a delightful evening in August, the sun was fast setting, and a pleasant breeze had sprung up. The day had been sultry to a degree, even the birds had taken refuge in the thick foliage of the trees, and had been all day silent; but now they left their hiding places, and appeared to vie with each other in enhancing the delights of the evening.

Our scene is laid in a lovely valley, through the middle of which ran a small stream. On the left bank of it was a thick wood. Beyond this rose a low range of hills, which bounded the valley on that side. On the right of the stream the plain was open, without a shrub or tree of any kind, but covered with grass. It was about a quarter of a mile broad, and was bounded by another range of hills which extended before and behind to join the left-hand chain, and thus completely enclose the valley. In front the summit of a distant range of mountains now illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, could be discerned above the trees which crowned the summit and lined the sides of the hills surrounding the valley.

Through this delightful glen three travellers were proceeding together. One, the first, and evidently the highest in rank of the three, was sheathed in a complete suit of mail, and the gilded spurs and girdle bespoke a knight. He was of gigantic stature, being nearly a foot taller than the ordinary height, and was mounted on a steed which seemed cast in the same immense mould as its rider. Notwithstanding the length of the day's march, which the condition of the steeds of the other two travellers amply showed, and the immense weight it had to carry, this charger seemed perfectly fresh, and neighed, pranced, and champed the bit as if just released from the stable. The knight was armed with a sword and dagger, while at saddle-bow hung an enormous mace on one side, and a battle-axe to match on the other. His body armour was perfectly plain, but on the top of the helmet was a falcon with wings expanded, and a red plume floated above it. The same crest, with the motto "Perseverando" was embossed upon his shield.

His companions were evidently of lower rank, one was armed with the lance, sword, and axe, and the badge on his breast proclaimed him one of the knight's men-at-arms. The other held his master's lance, and was by his dress and equipment evidently a squire. When they had reached the middle of the valley, the knight stopped and taking his lance said—

"Do thou, William Neville, ride to the farther end of this glen, and if any one appears, see thou givest me timely warning." The squire bowed and spurred on, and the knight turning to the man-at-arms ordered him to keep watch at the other entrance to the valley. No sooner were they at their posts, than he uttered a shrill cry, which was answered from the wood, and immediately after a knight issued forth and rode towards the stream. Both then dismounted, and leaving their steeds at liberty, shook hands with one another, and then sat down on the grass.

"Well, Sir John Ducie," said the one who had been concealed in the wood, "what news hast thou?"

"None, Sir Henry De Malvern, none," was the reply.

"Thou hast heard nought of ——"

"No," exclaimed Ducie, interrupting him, "and wish not to, —so say nought about it."

"What!" said De Malvern, "Hast thou gone thus far, and wilt thou turn back now?"

"Would I had never heard of this," said Ducie, "for De Vere has noted my behaviour, and presses me to tell him the reason of it."

"De Vere!" exclaimed De Malvern, "what business is it of his?"

"Thou knowest well," was the reply, "that we have been friends from youth, and therefore——"

"And therefore that is no reason why De Vere should speak ill of thee behind thy back," said De Malvern.

"Spoke ill of *me*!" exclaimed Ducie; "but he dares not."

"Ha! ha!" laughed De Malvern, "truly he dares not to thy face, but behind thy back — well, I'll say nought about it."

"But thou wilt," said Ducie, "or I'll tear the secret from thy heart. What said he of me?"

"Nay, threaten not; and since thou wilt hear it, I heard him say, 'That if Ducie's wit were on the same scale as his carcase, he would be wise indeed;' and twenty other things of the same nature."

"He said so did he," said Ducie in a rage, but attempting to speak calmly, "he shall pay for it."

"Then," said De Malvern, "thou wilt think of what I told thee when I saw thee last."

"Is Hotspur prepared so far then?" asked Ducie.

"He is not yet prepared, but this is his plan," was the reply. "Douglas is to be set free, and he promises to bring his

border spears with him; Worcester is prepared; Glendwr promises aid, and messengers are to be sent at once to France and Scotland."

"Then tell Hotspur," said Ducie, "that when he and Douglas march southward, I will join them with three hundred horsemen and ten knights; and—but believest thou in prophecies?"

"When they are favourable," answered De Malvern.

"Then read," said Ducie, giving him a slip of parchment. "I found this but the other day in the wall of my hold."

De Malvern took the paper, on which was inscribed in the old English characters—

*When the Blodie Harte and the Pierced Eye
Together shall ryde
On the barbere stile
In friendship and amitie
Then lette the kynge of Englonde feare
Test from his hed the crowne they teare.*

"Singular," said De Malvern when he had read it. "I will show this to Hotspur; but thy squire makes a signal. Farewell." So saying he caught and mounted his horse, and again rode towards the wood. Before entering he cried out—

"Remember thy promise Ducie—and Percy for England. Death to Bolingbroke."

"Percy for England—death to Bolingbroke," cried Ducie, who had by this time mounted; "but," continued he to himself, "I don't half like this business; but De Vere—ha!" His squire soon joined him, and they rode from the valley at a good round pace.

As to De Malvern he slept in the wood, and next morning continued his journey.

CHAPTER II.

Nay, dally not, but let me know,
What news thou bringest of friend and foe.

WE must now introduce the reader to the hall of Alnwick Castle. It was a spacious apartment hung with tapestry, and decorated with many a trophy of the field, and of the chase. Several French banners, won at Cressy and Poitiers, were hung up by huge double handed swords, lances, shields, and horse-trappings, and the pennon of more than one Scottish chief, won at Homildon Hill, also graced the walls. But that of Douglas, the Bloody Heart, had been removed from the wall, and was placed beside the Percy's Lion, in a corner of the hall. A huge oak table, which reached the whole length of the apartment, with chairs and benches of the same material, completed the furniture. Several coats of mail also hung on different parts of the wall, and torches (for it was midnight) were placed here and there.

In this room was a person of about twenty-five years of age. He was of the usual height, and strongly made, indeed his arms and shoulders were of Herculean mould. He would have been decidedly handsome, had it not been for a deep scar under his right eye, which, having been left to itself, had puckered up that side of the face. His hair was coal black, and thick, but cut short so that it might not interfere with the bracing on of the helmet. A shaggy black moustache completely shaded his mouth, and joined bushy whiskers of the same colour. His eyes were black, large, and deeply set in their sockets. He was habited in a close doublet, which fitted tight to his person, and was fastened at the waist by the belt of a knight. His legs were slightly banded, which rendered his seat on horseback firmer, and was therefore considered rather

an advantage than otherwise. They were clothed in a suit of flexible chain mail, and on his feet were the cordeliers or shoes of bright steel. He also wore gilded spurs nearly a foot long. It was evident he expected somebody to arrive from the impatient manner in which he paced up and down the hall, and by the intent way he listened now and then at an open casement.

At length after waiting a longer period than usual at the window, he exclaimed, "S. George, I hear him at last; there is no mistaking that charger's pace." The sound of a horse's footsteps now became distinctly audible; the warder blew his horn, and in a few moments the stranger stood on the other side of the moat. "The word," shouted the warder.

"Percy and the Bloody Heart," shouted the other, and then he added impatiently, "Be quick and lower the drawbridge, for my news are important." The drawbridge fell, the visitor hurried over it and entered the castle.

"He need not have spoken so loudly about his affairs," was the muttered remark of the listener. A moment after the stranger entered, refreshments were ordered, and after partaking of them, De Malvern—for it was no other—intimated he was ready to answer any questions.

"Well, De Malvern," said the other, "what news dost thou bring?"

"Good on the whole," answered Sir Henry. "Bolingbroke is quiet, and suspects nothing; Glendwr promises 12,000 men; and thine Uncle—"

"Is here, De Malvern," replied the other; "and hast thou said aught to De Vere?"

"No," replied Sir Henry, "I knew it would be no good, for Bolingbroke, as thou knowest, gave him all his present lands and wealth; but I have done something there too. Know'st thou Sir John Ducie?"

"Ducie," said the other musingly, "is he a knight with a carcass as big nearly as the keep to this castle of Alnwick?"

"Hush," replied De Malvern, "if thou wilt have him join the enterprise, say nought about the size of his body, or the littleness of his mind."

"And why not?" asked the other, who, it is almost needless to state, was Hotspur.

"Why," said Ducie, "thou must know that these two barons (for such is Ducie's rank) were bosom friends from their childhood, and were so till two days since. Now De Vere has always led the other by the nose, and I, thinking it was best to get one if I could not both, and knowing it was impossible to persuade De Vere, saw no harm in trying Ducie. As I went towards Wales, I chanced to meet him, and after a little conversation broke thy project to him; he did not seem to relish it much then, but agreed to meet me again, and appointed a rendezvous. Well, we met, and I fortunately knowing his failing, put in a story about De Vere joking of his enormous size. Now Ducie seems to think his huge carcase is a disgrace to him, and at the least allusion to it he bridles up; so what does he do but vow vengeance on De Vere, and then promise to join thy standard with three hundred horse, and ten knights."

"Well done, my trusty friend," said Hotspur, "but here come my Uncle and the Douglas," and those noblemen entered the hall followed by Scroop, the Archbishop of York, and the Earl of Northumberland.

CHAPTER III.

And thus they plot and scheme, and plot again
To win each powerful neighbour to their side.
And thus they swear to lies, till he is fain
For peace and comfort forth with them to ride
Beneath their banner, and to rush to blows,
By which he nought can gain and all may lose.

LORD DOUGLAS was a man of large stature and strongly built. His face bore tokens of his having seen some service as a

soldier, for several large scars were visible upon it. He was clothed in a long flowing robe, on which the Bloody Heart was frequently embroidered. Lord Percy was also a tall man, but age had completely blanched his hair, and his long white beard gave him a venerable appearance. His brother, Lord Thomas Percy, the Earl of Worcester, was much shorter, but at the same time of a much stouter build. He was completely armed, save the head, having arrived only that evening at Alnwick. But the most remarkable figure of the party was the Archbishop. He was a tall, thickset, and handsome man; his features always bore the appearance of great humility, and his eyes were generally bent upon the ground; but when they *were* raised, there twinkled in them a mixture of pride, good-nature, and cunning, which belied his otherwise sanctimonious appearance. He was dressed in long flowing robes of the finest white linen, embroidered with gold crosses before and behind. On his head was a mitre set with gems. No sooner did De Malvern see him than he fell on his knees and begged his blessing.

"Thou hast it my son," said Scroop, laying his hand on the knight's head, "what news hast thou brought."

"Good," exclaimed Hotspur, "Glendwr will aid us with 12,000 men, and De Malvern has secured the Baron Ducie, with ten knights.

"We must secure Chandos," said Northumberland, "he will be a useful one for our undertaking."

"But we cannot secure him, my Lord," replied De Malvern.

"And why not?" asked Worcester.

"Because, my Lord," replied Sir Henry, "he says that he owes his life to Bolingbroke, and he will never acknowledge any other king than Richard of blessed memory."

"Never mind for him," cried Hotspur, "let him remain with his twenty knights in his hold; and harp and sing his romaunts of love, as he calls them; shame on the knight, say

I, that wastes his time in minstrelsy and dancing, when deeds of arms are like to be rife."

Scroop in the meantime had, on hearing De Malvern's reply, taken Worcester apart, and entered into earnest conversation with him. After a few minutes, he drew from his breast his writing materials, which the clergy of those days always carried about with them, and after hastily writing a few lines, he handed a slip of parchment to the Earl, who stepping up to Douglas, said—

"Noble Earl, wilt thou put thy name to this?"

"What is it?" asked the Douglas.

"Never mind," answered Worcester with a smile.

"Oh," replied Douglas with a look of intelligence, and taking a pen from Scroop he signed his name at once. Worcester then took his brother's signet-ring, and sealing the letter delivered it to De Malvern, saying—

"See the effect of this when thou seest Chandos again. And now," he continued, "how about Lord Kynderton."

"Oh," said De Malvern, "he refuses my Lord, for he says that Bolingbroke may require his feudal service; and if so, go he must, or his punishment will be heavy."

"I have it," cried Scroop, "let De Malvern visit Vernon, and tell him to threaten Kynderton with a feud if he dares to obey Bolingbroke's orders, and as Vernon is the strongest, we may be sure that Kynderton will disobey the king, and then he is our own."

"No bad thought that," said Northumberland. "De Malvern thou did'st bear thy part."

"Trust me, my Lord," replied De Malvern; "and now I have a question to ask from Sir Owen Glendwr. When is this—this—"

"Just war thou would'st say," put in Scroop, seeing that Sir Henry did not exactly like to call it a rebellion.

"Yes, my Lord," replied Sir Henry, "when is this just war to begin."

"What sayest thou Henry," said Northumberland to Hotspur.

"Oh, ask not me," replied the fiery young man. "Let it be to-morrow. Let the trumpets sound, and let the Percy's Lion be unfurled; let the Douglas send a messenger at once for his border spears, and then to Windsor straight. Bolingbroke is unprepared, and—"

"With what forces dost thou propose to do this?" interrupted Worcester.

"Our own, and thine, and those of the Douglas," cried Hotspur.

"Which amount in all to about 8,000 men," replied Scroop. "No, no, Harry Percy, we must wait till next year at all events."

"Oh! of course," cried Hotspur angrily, "we must wait and wait, till forsooth Bolingbroke gets his southern barons together and burns Alnwick above our heads."

"Nay, nay," said Northumberland, "we must not be so rash. "But De Malvern is there any other message from our friends?"

"Simply this," replied De Malvern. "They wish to know who is to be proclaimed king?"

"The young Earl of March," replied Scroop, "and now Benedicite." So saying he left the room, followed by all but Percy and De Malvern. When they were alone the former said—

"Thou seest my trusty friend they will delay; but I am no one in these great and mighty councils. Dost thou understand thy business?"

"Well, my liege," was the reply.

"Ha! what sayest thou," cried Hotspur, "Did'st thou not hear that the earl of March was to be proclaimed?"

"Truly," replied De Malvern; "but methinks Sir Henry Percy will be Prince of Wales."

"Sayest thou?" replied Percy; "but let it go no further mind."

"Good my liege—I would say Sir Henry; but take this and show it to thy father. Say I had it from Ducie." Hotspur took the prophesy and left the apartment; and De Malvern, wrapping himself in a cloak, lay down to sleep with his shield for his pillow.

CHAPTER IV.

And he, their leader, wore in sheath his sword,
And offered peaceful front and open hand;
Veiling the perjured treachery he planned
By friendship's zeal."

SCOTT.

SIR WILLIAM DE VERE and Sir John Ducie had, as the latter said, always been bosom friends; nay more, De Vere loved Eveline, the sister of Sir John, and better still, he knew his attachment found an echo in her breast.

No wonder then that De Vere hastened to set out for Ducie's castle, when on the third day after the opening of our story, he received a message that Sir John wished to confer with him on matters of importance. The knight who had brought the message had no sooner performed his errand than he rode away again; but even in the hurry of his departure he found time to whisper in the ear of Edmund Vaughan, De Vere's squire, the single word, "Beware."

De Vere was sitting in the midst of his knights, in the hall of his hold, when Vaughan brought him the message. He immediately sprang up, ordered a yeoman to saddle his charger, and hastily girding on his sword, prepared to set out alone.

"Oh, my lord," exclaimed the squire, "I beseech thee not

to go alone. At least take with thee a score of lances, for I am sure there is some treachery intended.

"Why so?" inquired De Vere.

"Because the knight whispered me to beware," replied the squire.

"Oh! that was something concerning himself or thee," said the Baron. "Now, tell me the truth, hast thou not some quarrel with him?"

"No, my Lord," replied the squire, "I never saw him to my knowledge till to-day."

"Then it was only his nonsense," said De Vere, "so I will go alone."

"Nay," exclaimed Vaughan, "excuse me my dearest master, but thou shalt *not* go alone; I at any rate, will go with thee."

"So be it then," said De Vere carelessly, "but," he continued, turning to his knights, "hear ye this, Sirs, should there be as Vaughan says, some foul play intended me, I charge ye all to remain quiet. The king may want ye, so see that ye take not up arms in any other cause but his. Sir Philip Manny, thou wilt command if aught happens. But nothing will, I lay too much assurance on Ducie's good faith to fear any treachery. Farewell." So saying, he left the hall, and mounting his charger, rode from the castle with his esquire. They were followed by a mounted yeoman, leading a spare horse.

In the meantime Ducie had been preparing everything in order to wreak his vengeance on his former friend. Not that he had a bad heart, for he was usually good-natured to an extreme. He was too lazy to think for himself, and was therefore easily led by others; but when once he had taken a resolution, no power on earth could make him give it up; he was literally obstinate as a mule. His whole demeanour was apathetic and indifferent; so much so that many a taunt and sarcasm were directed at him by those who would never have dared such a thing had he been a little quicker of comprehen-

sion. Of these insults he either really was, or pretended to be ignorant; but when any one made an allusion to his great size of body, he became thoroughly aroused; and if this were coupled with a hint as to his dulness of intellect, the latent fire within him blazed out, and if the offenders were within his reach, it was very seldom they got off without feeling the weight of his hand; and were they for the time beyond his power, he vowed revenge, and generally kept his vow. It was this unfortunate failing that De Malvern made use of, and although Ducie was before hostile to Percy's enterprize, no sooner did he hear of De Vere's speech, than he hastily ran over in his mind the probable chances of being able to revenge the insult, in case of that nobleman's success, and these appearing to be on the whole good, he determined to lend his assistance, and accordingly promised it.

To carry out his plan of vengeance, he sent, as the reader has seen, a message to De Vere, and in the meantime drew out all his retainers in the castle-yard; a certain number were to fall upon De Vere and make him prisoner, and another party were ordered to shut the gate immediately upon his entrance, so as to bar his retreat. If a knight came with him he was also to be made prisoner; but if any one of lower rank was his companion, he was to be slain at once.

De Vere in the meantime rode coolly on, totally unconscious of guile himself, he never suspected it in Ducie, and therefore took no heed of the warning he had received. He had even, to show his confidence in Ducie, set out on his visit in his robes of peace, and merely taken his sword, which the barons and knights of those days seldom went without. Not so, however, Vaughan; he went with the full impression that foul play was meant, and therefore ordered the yeoman to stop with the horse in a grove of trees not more than a mile distant from Ducie's hold, with orders to bring the horse towards the castle in case he saw any one flying from it. Having thus

done his best to save De Vere, he rode after that baron to the castle-gate. The drawbridge was down, and Sir William after giving the word, crossed it and entered the castle. Arrived inside the gate, he dismounted, and giving his horse to a man-at-arms, he advanced to meet Ducie, who came on holding out his hand. No sooner had they shaken hands, however, than the men-at-arms rushed upon De Vere and bound him before he could draw, much less use his sword. At the same moment the gates were shut, the portcullis came rattling down, and those appointed to kill the squire rushed upon him. But Vaughan had already made up his mind, so snatching a sword from one of them, he cut him down, and spurring madly forward, drove those in front of him to right and left, and in a moment was free from his immediate foes. His first thought was now to attempt a rescue; but perceiving that this was useless, he determined to effect his own escape, and accordingly making for the steps which led to the battlements, he sprang from his horse and rushed up them. A warder attempted to stop him, but received a cut which laid him dead, and in another instant Vaughan stood on the parapet. A glance showed him that the moat reached up to the wall, and without hesitation he took the leap, and being a powerful swimmer, he was soon on the other side.* Scrambling out without much difficulty, he ran towards the wood with all his might, and the yeoman perceiving his flight, brought out the horse, and he mounted and escaped without any personal inconvenience except a thorough wetting.

So suddenly had all this been enacted, that no one attempted to stop Vaughan, and it was not till they were aroused by the voice of Ducie that they recovered from their astonishment.

* This may seem incredible, but such leaps have been taken. One in particular at the storming of Badajóz, where a young officer sooner than lose the colours of his regiment, leapt into the moat with them and was saved.

"Horse! horse!" cried he, "pursue him, he can't run far, and do ye, ye dogs of yeomen, up to wall with your bows, and if ye hit him not, it shall be worse for ye." Some men-at-arms ran to their horses and mounted, but owing to some delay in raising the portcullis, when they reached the other side of the drawbridge, they saw Vaughan riding off at a round pace. They started in pursuit, but the fugitive escaped them; and they returned weary and dispirited to report their failure. As to the yeomen they had rushed to the wall and sent several flights of arrows at the squire, but owing to their haste none of them hit him, though more than one shaft whistled past his ear, and fell harmlessly before him.

(To be continued.)

ASHMERE COURT:

A TALE OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

(Continued from page 30.)

"It's no odds to you who I am," answered the Farmer, "but unless you are off, I'll send you to Confucius, and to all the rest of your honourable ancestors, in a twinkling!"

CHAPTER XIV.—THE SIEGE.

No answer was returned to this appeal, and the Farmer, looking upon Twittlebury's silence as a mark of contempt, without further delay, dashed his stone fiercely against his hand, by which he was clenching some ivy in order to support himself.

The fellow uttered such a discordant howl, in consequence of the agony which this missile inflicted, that the besieged could not, in spite of their alarming situation, refrain from a burst of

laughter. This was heard below, and it so exasperated the besiegers that they rushed with one accord to the ladders, of which two had been adjusted, and were soon half-way up the wall. "Dare advance one inch farther," exclaimed Thompson, presenting his blunderbuss, while the Doctor held out his pistol, and we will fire!" No answer was returned; but the assailants continued slowly advancing, till they had reached the window of Mr. Ashmere's room. Here, standing on its ample sill, they proceeded to throw the ladders to the window above, which was the one immediately beneath that in which the parties were defending themselves. "Quick, my girls," said the old gentleman, turning round, "and let them have a shower of stones—gently now, this is only practice against they come nearer, when we shall be engaged in close combat, I fear." The stones were all ready, and presently found their way to the heads of the fellows below; and so soon was the shower repeated, and with such good effect, that one fellow actually lost his balance, and tumbled some five-and-twenty feet on the grass below. "Well done! Well done!" cried Mr. Ashmere, "that will teach them!" The others immediately laid hold on their ladders, and descended to the lawn, where they stood behind the shelter of an old buttress, apparently in anxious consultation. But this was only part of their plan, and a mere ruse to draw off the attention of those within, from what was going on in the rear of the mansion.

Here three men had actually effected an entrance, and were proceeding gently upstairs, but one of them stepping on a marble slab on the top, fell, making a loud noise. Farmer Thompson rushed to the door in an instant, and dashing into the corridor, at the risk of his life, fired his blunderbuss among the group. A loud groan was heard, a scuffle, and a general shout; but when the smoke cleared away they were gone. One of their band had been seriously wounded in the arm, and the ball had grazed the cheek of another in its course.

The Farmer rushed back to the room, and announced his victory to the party behind the buttress by a shower of stones. "Ah! my dear old fellow! come up here again, and I'll give you a sample of the kind of stuff we give Confucius! Ha! ha! ha! I'm your match, yet, it seems. And now be off, and all your crew, or by the Emperor of the Dutch I'll give you something you won't like."

The rebels did not wait long; for they saw how utterly useless it was to try to force an entrance, or to do anything when once in the little observatory which the besieged had so gallantly defended. So contenting themselves with throwing a large stone against the glass of the window from behind the shelter of the buttress, they crept along the wall, and in a few minutes once more disappeared behind the trellis.

The Doctor having given thanks for their merciful deliverance, they returned to the study. Farmer Thompson was admitted as a guest and protector that night, for it was not considered prudent to retire to rest before daybreak.

No further attack, however, was made upon the premises, and in a few hours all things resumed, outwardly, their former peaceful aspect. Outwardly, indeed, for there was grief and sorrow within—anxiety and doubt.

For whose life was safe when any hedge might shelter an assassin; when any friend might, so strong was the rancour of party spirit, prove a deadly foe?

(To be continued.)

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ON the Administration of the Lord's Supper; the Colonist; and some other contributions are unavoidably postponed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUELLING! MISPRISION! &c., IN THE YEAR OF
OUR LORD, 1853.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH WARDER.

DEAR SIR,—“A Whim and its Consequences,” lxxxvii of the *Parlour Library*, is a work which does great credit to the greatest novelist of the age; giving another proof, that while Sir Walter Scott appears to have aimed merely at the elevation of the mind; and Marryat and Dickens seem to have sought the reform of some palpable abuses,—except, indeed, in the *Letters in Canada*, and *Poor Jack*, in which, though the Captain did not scruple to make his friends tell lies, there is an endeavour to instil Christian principles—G. P. R. James is writing not only to entertain, but to impress the truths of the Gospel on the reader.

Duelling, which he has already handled very properly in *Ross d'Albert*, and *John Marston Hall*, is here again severely dealt with. But he does not point out so clearly as the Fourth Report of the Association for the Prevention of Duelling, has done, pp. 26—28, the utter absurdity of the system as a remedy.

Putting aside the plain facts that it gives no compensation, and that if it be allowed to prevail *any man who is a good shot may trample on every one he meets, till he finds some one equally expert, ready to rid society of his presence, at the risk of his own life*; and thus making mankind mere brutes governed by fear of the strongest or most skilful: how many a woman, who would gladly seek shelter under the protection of the Law, or the thunders of the canon, has submitted to insult and injury, from the fear of losing the life of some one dear to her, who, were she to complain, would call out the wrong doer. A Christian country, then, has no choice—though Lord St. Leonards' proposed change of the law seems to imply the contrary—but to punish such horrid crimes as duels with exemplary severity; leaving it to a higher power to decide whether the fate of the offenders shall be worse than that of Sodom, which was sent down alive into the pit without being able to hear the Prince of Peace, whom these wilfully reject: “For blood, it defileth the land; and the land cannot be cleansed from the blood that is shed therein, save by the blood of him that shed it.”—*Numbers*, xxxiii. 35. “And surely your blood of your

lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it; at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made he man."—*Gen. ix.*

One other point in the book requires comment. The *Hero* neglects to inform against a murderer, because he is his brother. But it is our duty to obey the laws of the land. They make *misprision of felony* highly criminal, and in so doing they only carry out God's law: "When thou sawest a thief thou consentedst unto him; and hast been partaker with the adulterers"—shows that the concealment of deliberate wickedness is hateful in His sight.

And that the ties of blood are no excuse in such cases, appears from the two texts quoted, for no one can be justified in wilfully allowing the land to be defiled. The word brother is expressly used in the command, and if this be thought insufficient, we have the tremendous words in *Deuteronomy*, "If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, &c." (xiii. 6.) Idolatry which was only a capital crime by the law, could not require more searching inquiry than murder, which was before under, and is since the law, capital by the Noachite Covenant, the first seven verses of which Covenant I wish every child were taught when seven years old.

It will be said, "Do you mean to make husband and wife bear witness against each other?"

This would be illegal.

It would in many cases involve breach of confidence. Most communications made between parties *after* marriage; many between engaged persons; some, between friends and acquaintances, are made under an implied condition of secrecy, if required, and though both parties should be cautious not to carry this secrecy so far as to give or receive illegal confidences, I do not hereby advise people to violate them *when made*.

Moreover, the wife of a *Jew's* bosom was merely some one he loved very dearly. A *Christian's* wife is part of himself. Another point I do not approve of, is the *Hero's* using threats which he has promised not to execute.

I have written more than sixty letters expressly to recommend the *Church Warder*, or parts of it, through Mr. Griffith, of this place, and advise all its readers to be up and doing, speaking, writing, praying for it, like

Your's sincerely,

PEDRO TRAVASSOS VALDEZ, of the Inner Temple.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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Parts XIV. and XV. James
Darling. 1853.

No. XIV. of this admirable work commences with the name and works of Dr. Moberly, Head Master of Winchester College, amounting to a column and a half; chiefly sermons, but containing also an examination of Newman's "Theory of Development." It concludes with the biography and works of Origin; who it appears has deprived Professor Maurice of any claim to originality in his heresy; for Mr. Darling says, "he held the doctrine of the final restoration of the souls of bad men and devils." No. XV. continues the list of Origin's works, which is a very long one, consisting of five columns; and it concludes with the "Life of Platina, or Bartolomeus de Sacchi," who wrote the Lives of the Popes; some passages are omitted in subsequent editions; one sample is given, he said in his life of Pope Anacletus, that "he had a wife in Bithynia;" which is now changed into "not having a wife." We cannot too strongly recommend this national work to all public and private libraries; for many living men will see their own names and works recorded and sent down to posterity among the giants of other days and other countries.

authorised version; and it is respectfully dedicated to her Majesty the Queen. This is not a new translation, but a literal copy of our excellent authorized version in a beautiful and new type; and the dates corrected by Dr. Russell, late Bishop of Glasgow, have been followed. This Part contains the whole Book of Genesis, with Notes at the end of the Book explanatory of words, phrases, and customs mentioned by Moses in it; and these are divided into chapters and verses corresponding with those in the Book. There are also very useful marginal references; and the size, which is a small quarto, is much more handy for frequent use than large quartos or folios. The type is new and beautiful, and of the size called small pica. It is a work of great merit, and deserves public patronage; and when complete will be a valuable family Bible.

A PLAIN COMMENTARY ON THE
FOUR GOSPELS, (J. H. Parker),
has a fine frontispiece of the
"Village of Bethany;" and contains from the ninth chapter of S. Mark to the end of the twelfth chapter. When we say that the "Commentary" is *plain*, we mean that it is understandable to the general or casual reader; and that it ought to be the familiar friend of every religious family.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE. Blackadder.
Sm. 4to. 1853.

Blackadder's English Bible is publishing in parts; the first of which contains the Old and New Testament, according to the

SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN
SEASONS. Parker. Oxford.
Part three of the Second Series is now before us, and contains discourses on Christ's Worship one

of Trouble and Cost; The God-head of the Saviour; Man's Ennobling; Serving God in Business; Invitation to the Thirsty; Sincerity in Error; Christ the Restorer; the Honouring of the Law. It is not saying too much of these Sermons, that they are equal to the subject, which is that of the Epiphany; and that they are worthy of a place in every family library.

THE WASTE PLACES OF OUR GREAT CITIES; OR THE VOICE OF GOD IN THE CHOLERA. Glasgow. Blackie and Son. 1853. Fourth Edition.

This is a lecture on the subject of Lord Palmerston's correspondence with the Presbytery of Edinburgh; delivered in the City Hall of Glasgow, by the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, one of the Ministers of the Free Kirk; to which is prefixed the Letter of the Moderator, and Lord Palmerston's extraordinary reply. The lecture does honour to the head and the heart of Dr. Buchanan, who does not deny, but rather advocates sanitary measures; yet he rightly ascribes the scourge to higher powers. "What is worse than all," he says, "Lord Palmerston's letter has given, there is cause to fear, a formidable impulse in many of the young and thoughtless to that evil heart of unbelief that is ever departing from the living God." "Our grand complaint against Lord Palmerston's theory is, that it puts both the *fact* and the *principles* of God's moral government altogether aside." "In a word," he continues, "though Lord Palmerston would seem to have forgotten it, those who begin with prayer to God, are the very men who have

been most strenuous in the use of human means; and if at this moment there be any links of sympathy still binding the opposite extremes of society together, they have been forged and flung across the yawning chasm that divides so ominously the one from the other, by the hand of religion." We wish this cheap, excellent, and eloquent lecture a large circulation; which we suppose it will have from the extensive means of the publishers; and as it has already reached a fourth edition.

THE HOLY COMMUNION. By Rev. W. H. Ridley, M. A. 18mo. Whitaker. 1854.

Mr. Ridley is the Rector of Hambleton, Bucks; and he has divided his small tract into two parts; the first of which explains the nature and benefits of the Sacrament; with some notice of some common objections to the receiving it. The second part contains an explanation of what is required of them who come to the Lord's Supper, in plain language. Along with the office, there are meditations during the celebration; questions for self-examination; and some hymns; and the object of this neat little book is, "to explain to poor, simple, unlearned persons, what God has taught us about the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper." The plan of this work is excellent; and the author has carried it well out. To those who can afford to give it away among their poor brethren, it will be found a most useful gift; and it may be the means of leading many weary pilgrims to the altar rail that have hitherto been estranged from the Communion by "the most common objections to receiving."

THE
CHURCH WARDER,
And Domestic Magazine.

No. XCIII.

MARCH, 1854.

VOL. VIII.

SCHISM.

AMONG so many different Communions as the world now presents, it is a difficult matter to make the nature and the sin of Schism fully understood. It is the same *principle* which acts against the judgement of authority in the Church, and that rebels against the civil government in the State; and they were both produced by the murder of Abel. After that event Cain fled from his father's presence, and established a civil government independent of his father's authority; and he also established a religious Communion in opposition to the true Church, of which Adam was the divinely appointed Chief-priest. He fled from his father's authority, which constituted his rebellion; and "he went out from the presence of the Lord," which made his schism; for "the presence of the Lord" means that he forsok the place in which God had chosen to place His name. His guilt of murder and rebellion therefore, obliged him to add the sin of schism, to prevent his people from making their oblations at the Lord's appointed Altar where Adam ministered. The descendants of Cain are called the sons of *men*, because they were schismatics; "these be they who *separate* themselves—sensual—having not the Spirit" of God; whereas the descendants of Seth which carried down the true Church, are called "the sons of God;" that is, they had entered into Covenant with Him, and earnestly contended for the faith;

and the Christian Church is called the mother of all the sons of God. S. Jude pronounces a woe upon Cain's dissent or separation; and he joins it with the schism of Korah, which God punished by causing the earth to swallow him up alive and his followers whom he had seduced into dissent. Speaking of schismatics in the apostolic times S. Jude says, "woe unto them! for they have gone in the way of Cain, and run greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and perished in the gain-saying of Core." It appears therefore, there can be Schism and Separation in the Christian, as well as in the Patriarchal and Levitical Churches; but neither Balaam nor Korah is accused of murder as Cain is; therefore their sin can only be in their schism or separation from "the presence of God" in the Church; for the Patriarchal, the Levitical and the Christian Churches, are only different states of the *same* Church.

The Jewish Church was called the "Body of Moses" (Jude 9); but the Christian Church is called the Body of Christ, and also His Spouse; now Christ cannot have a multitude of bodies nor of spouses. S. Paul compares that body of Christ or the Church, to the human frame which is composed of a multitude of members; and these he says are all "fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth; according to the effectual working in the measure of every part." If however any of the members of the human body should be cut off, that member ceases to be nourished by the circulation; but it withers and decomposes; so in the mystical body of Christ, those who separate themselves from it, are no longer nourished by His Spirit; because He has told us that "without Him we can do nothing; if a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered." (S. John xv. 5 6.)

Schisms have not only rent asunder particular members of the church, but also the whole church itself. The Church of Corinth was noted even in apostolic times for the schisms which disgraced it. There has been a great Schism existing

for many ages between the Roman and the Greek Churches; and the Roman Church has schismatized from the whole Catholic Church, by setting up sinful terms of communion, and attempting to force them upon other branches of the Church Universal; and in particular she has committed an act of schism by intruding her system into the British dominions; where a branch of the Catholic Church has been in established possession since the days of S. Paul.

This subject has been so conclusively stated by Dr. Sage, one of the post-revolution bishops of Scotland, in his controversy with the Presbyterians of his day, that we shall conclude our imperfect sketch by an extract from his work "The reasonableness of Toleration."

Schism, says he, "is not only condemned as naturally tending to subvert our Lord's Kingdom (S. Matt. xii. 25.); it is not only disgraced with the abominable name of being a work of the flesh (1 Cor. iii. 1-4. 2 Tim. iv. 3. 2 Pet. ii. 10. Jude 19.); such a work of the flesh as is 'earthly, sensual, devilish' (James iii. 15.); such a work of the flesh as excludes from 'an inheritance in the Kingdom of God' (Gal. v. 20, 21.); it is not only by our Lord Himself (John xv. 4-6) made such a crime as consigns the criminal to 'everlasting burnings;' for, that the abiding mentioned there, signifies continuing in the unity of the visible body of Christ; the one Communion of the one Church Catholic, and that the *separation* mentioned there, is a separation from the one Communion of that one visible body, of necessity you yourself must confess; unless you will say—that the members of the *invisible* church, that 'is the elect themselves,' may be severed or cut off from Christ, become 'withered branches,' and be 'cast into the fire.' Schism, I say, is not only so noted in the New Testament, but also it is expressly made 'a sin against the Holy Ghost.' (Heb. vi. 4-7 and x. 25, &c.) Nay, if we may believe S. Austin, it is the sin against the Holy Ghost mentioned Matt. xii. 32; for he insists largely to this

purpose in divers places, particularly in his eleventh sermon on the words of our Lord.

"Such a hideous thing is schism. In consequence of this, no sinners are more hideously represented in holy writ than schismatics. They are called exotic plants (Matt. xv. 13, 14.); 'withered branches' (John xv. 6.); 'false brethren' and 'false apostles' (2 Cor. xi. 13, 26. Gal. ii. 4.); 'false prophets' (Matt. vii. 15; xxiv. 11, 24. 1 John iv. 1.) 'false Christs' (Matt. xxiv. 24); 'antichrists' (1 John ii. 18); 'grievous wolves' (Acts xx. 29); 'murderers.' (1 John iii. 15.) They are said to be 'proud, knowing nothing' (1 Tim. vi. 4); 'unruly, vain-talkers, deceivers whose mouths must be stopped' (Tit. i. 10, 11); 'without Christ' (Eph. ii. 12); and 'without the Spirit.' (Jude 19.) Their prayers are not heard (1 John x. 14); and dreadful woes are pronounced against them by our Lord Himself (Matt. xviii. 17. Mark ix. 42. Luke xvii. 1, &c.)

"Under, all these, and perhaps many more hard censures, they fall, either directly or by clear analogy and consequence. And not only so, but they are such as catholic christians are not so much as bound to 'salute' (Phil. iv. 21. Tit. iii. 15. Heb. xiii. 24. 1 Pet. v. 13); or rather they are bound not to do it. (2 John. x.) Now Sir, though there were no more to be said; might not what I have said be sufficient to shew the unlawfulness of joining with schismatical communions?

"But I have more to say; communion with schismatics is most plainly forbidden. 'I wish they were cut off' (i. e. at least refused your communion) 'who trouble you,' saith S. Paul (Gal. v. 12); those who endeavour to crumble you into factions and divide your unity. But perhaps you will say, this is but a 'wish.' It is no more. But then it is S. Paul's wish; and so a wish of weight; and it must import at least, that it is good not to communicate with schismatics. But then let us hear him further. 'Now we *command* you, brethren, in the name

of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother' (every professor of christianity) 'that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which ye received of us.' (2 Thess. iii. 6.) Now who can walk more 'disorderly' than he that breaks the unity of the church, and sets up a separate communion in opposition to the one Catholic Communion? By consequence, have we not here a plain precept *not* to communicate with schismatics? Hear him again (ver. 14); 'and if any man obey not our word by this epistle, *note* that man, and have no company with him;' do not mix with him, especially in religious assemblies, 'that he may be ashamed.' And (2 Pet. iii. 17) we are commanded to 'beware of being led away with the errors of the wicked.' In short, what can be a plainer precept than that, (Rom. xvi. 17,) 'mark them which cause divisions and offences, contrary to the doctrine which ye have heard, and avoid them?' Or that, (Tit. iii. 10,) 'a man that is an heretic, after the first and second admonition, reject?' It is certain that the word heretic naturally means the same thing which we mean by the word schismatic. It is certain that in the apostolic age and many after ages, heresy and schism were words indiscriminately used to signify any communion opposite to the one Catholic Communion. This might be largely proved; but it is needless. That heretic in the text mentioned, signifies schismatic or separatist, is plain from the next verse; he is to be rejected; why? because he is turned out of the true way; he strays, forsakes the true christian way, the way of one Catholic Communion; and thereby he is self-condemned; not that his own conscience condemns him, perhaps it does not; but he *excommunicates himself*; he is in the same state as those are in, who are deservedly excommunicated by their lawful ecclesiastical superiors. And now Sir, will you say, it is lawful to communicate with excommunicates? with those whom our Saviour Himself (Matt. xviii. 17) has *classed* with heathens and publicans?"

W. C. P.

CHAPTER V.

DE VERE'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF HARRY HOTSPUR'S REBELLION.

(Continued from page 58.)

Though skilful in the use of arms,
He loved not much rude war's alarms ;
And though he well his brand could wield,
He cared not for the tented field :
But loved, with harp, and song and lay,
To while his happy days away.

WE must now return to the Castle of Alnwick, where we left De Malvern fast asleep. He woke however soon after sunrise, notwithstanding the late hour at which he had lain down to rest, and his previous fatigue ; for he had not had any sleep since the night he met Ducie, but had ridden hard all the day before, in order to reach Alnwick. After taking a hasty meal, he mounted a fresh horse, and rode from the castle, on his errand to Sir William Chandos, which, in those times of slow travelling, was a good two-days journey. We will travel a little faster, and introduce the reader to Sir William, at once.

Sir William Chandos was the brother of the Sir John Chandos who had been so greatly distinguished by Edward the Black Prince, and he himself had been made a baron by Richard II. and to his family and cause he remained firmly attached. He had joined the rebellion of the Earl of Huntingdon, which failed on account of the treachery of the Abbot of Westminster ; and had received, from Bollingbroke, a free pardon, on condition of never bearing arms against him again. To the offer of pardon he replied at once, "That he would never rest quiet if Richard II. were yet alive ;" but Henry, not much fearing him, had set him at liberty.

He was now getting an old man, and was a singular character. He hated war with all his soul, and devoted himself, like René of later days, mostly to the science of music. He kept open

house ; and any minstrel was welcome to his table. Twenty valliant knights, and one hundred retainers, drew sword at his command ; but these he had managed to drill into the same way of thinking as himself ; so that instead of the clash of arms, and the warlike tones of the trumpet, his castle resounded with nothing but the tinkling of harps, and the rich melody of manly voices. Taking advantage of this, some of his neighbours had ventured to carry off his cattle ; but no sooner had the baron heard of it, than " weeds of peace " were thrown aside, and iron mail substituted. The harp and the song were relinquished for the sword and the war-cry ; and Chandos, heading his retainers, marched from his hold, and in every case inflicted summary vengeance on the intruders. This done, he would return to his hold—sword and mail were thrown off, and peaceful robes, the harp and the song, again had full sway.

Thus then did the good baron spend his time ; feared, if not loved, by those around him, and cheered, in his old age, by the kindness of Margaret, his daughter, a lovely maiden, who under his instruction could handle the harp as well as any professed minstrel, and who often gained his applause by her superior taste and execution. If ever (which however was very seldom) the baron was melancholy, or fretful, her numbers seemed to fling a charm over him ; and at the first touch of her harp, or the first sound of her voice, the old man would recover at once all his usual cheerfulness. Sometimes, too, when he had brooded over the misfortunes of his benefactor, he would feel inclined to take up arms in his behalf. At such times his eyes would flash fire, and his hands would fly to his side as if to draw his sword ; but in the midst of his passion he would become calm, as some melting strain fell upon his ear. What wonder then if a mutual confidence sprung up between father and daughter. And, indeed to such a degree did this extend, that Chandos never undertook anything, even so much as a hunt, without first consulting his daughter ; nor did he, in spite of his

minstrel pride, ever sing a "romaunt of love," in public, before it had first been heard and approved of by the Lady Margaret.

On the particular day of which we are going to speak, Sir William sat at the head of his hall board, with his knights and his gentlemen around him, and his daughter seated at his feet. It was too hot to hunt, at least as the baron thought; the more so as he had the day before composed a romance which he wished to recite in public, and for that purpose convened his knights to hear it.

No sooner were they seated than the baron taking his harp sung a lay, narrating how a certain comely knight had become enamoured of a lovely lady, who however was as proud as she was beautiful; and how she ordered him if he wished to shew his love for her, to eat his helmet piece by piece; and how he scraped it to pieces by degrees, and drank the powder in his wine; and how, one day, when attempting to swallow a small piece of iron it stuck in his throat and choked him; and how he fell dead at her feet; and how she in a fit of despair drew his dagger and stabbed herself.

This, nonsensical as it may appear to the modern reader, was not considered so by the baron's audience; who, as soon as it was finished, made the hall ring with their applause. This, however, was speedily cut short by the unwonted sound of an iron-clad warrior's footsteps. The baron sprang to the wall in order to take down his sword; but ere he could do so, De Malvern stalked into the hall. Gravely saluting the baron, he addressed him—but we must leave their conversation for another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

Oh! who can strive 'gainst party heat
When backed by treachery and deceit?
And oh! how few have any power,
To reason calmly in that hour;
When doubts and fears alike are past,
And triumph seems secure at last.

"Good day to thee, my Lord Chandos, and to ye, gallant knights and gentlemen," said De Malvern, as soon as he had saluted the baron.

"Good day to thee, Sir Henry De Malvern," was the reply, "what would'st thou here? methinks I told thee before that thy plans would receive no help from me."

"Even so, my lord," replied De Malvern, "yet if it will please thee to step aside with me for a moment, methinks I could tell thee something that would send me back with a different answer."

"Canst thou," said Sir William, "I hardly think so, nevertheless, I will give thee the opportunity; follow me." He left the hall, and conducted De Malvern to a room in the keep. Arrived there he said—

"Now, Sir Henry, what is it thou hast to tell me?"

"This billet will best answer that question," replied Sir Henry, giving the baron the note he had received from Scroop. Lord Chandos took it, and read it. It ran thus—

"To our beloved brother, William Chandos, these presents—Know, noble Sir, that I, Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Baron of Alnwick, am about to declare the rightful sovereign of England, to wit, Richard, grandson of Edward III., of blessed memory. Our trusty friend, Henry De Malvern, a true knight, hath told us that thou art in the belief that our rightful sovereign is dead; but the noble Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, and Baron of Tantallon, can certify that the aforesaid Richard is alive, and now in Scotland."

Beneath this was written—

"Richard, King of England, is yet alive, and is now in my hold of Tantallon. To which, witness my hand, Archibald Douglas."

The effect of this note was apparent at once. Sir William started up and literally danced and shouted for joy; and so great was his delight, that it was some time ere he thought of

De Malvern. At last, almost breathless with exertion, he threw himself into a seat, and exclaimed—

“Know'st thou the contents of this billet.”

“I might well guess,” replied Sir Henry, “for my Lord of Chandos is too loyal to be so joyful over anything less than the news that Richard, our rightful king, is alive.”

“Thou'rt right boy, thou'rt right,” shouted Sir William, springing up, and again renewing his antics, till the perspiration ran down his face; and then he said, “But doubtless thou art in haste; I will indite an answer to the loyal and noble Earl Percy of Northumberland.” He soon got writing materials, and wrote the following answer—

“To the noble Earl Percy, these—

“Thy billet hath brought me agreeable tidings; I am thine, heart and soul; until the good work shall be accomplished. At any time thou mayest wish it, I will join thee with all my train. Till then, farewell.—WILLIAM CHANDOS.”

This he sealed and delivered to De Malvern; who, after a slight repast, left the castle, on his way back to Alnwick. No sooner was he gone than the trumpets sounded a reveille. The knights and retainers hastened to the castle-yard, to see the occasion of this unwonted summons. There was Sir William, sheathed in mail. The first orders he gave were to send all strangers out of the castle, and then to raise the drawbridge and lower the portcullis. When this was done, he addressed his wondering garrison thus:—

“Doubtless ye noble knights and gentlemen, and ye brave men-at-arms, and ye bold yeomen, ye wonder why I should act thus; but know that our most gracious king, Richard II., is alive, and in Scotland, as this billet saith.” He then read the note aloud, and continued. “And wherefore, my friends, should we bear with this usurper, Bollingbroke, any longer, seeing that our rightful king is alive? What cause have we to serve him? None. And so God save King Richard.”

"God save King Richard," shouted every voice; and the assembly then dispersed. Harps, and velvet robes, lutes, and feathered caps were littered about the hall in strange confusion, as the knights and gentlemen of coat-armour took down their mail from the walls, and, rusty as it was, donned it. Without, the men-at-arms might be seen, those at least who were not on guard, cleaning up their armour, which had not been used since their last expedition made against the cattle lifters. While the yeomen were busily employed in oiling their bows, examining their bow strings, and fresh feathering their arrows. In fact, the peaceful castle, of an hour before, was now as busily preparing for war as if an enemy were already at its gates.

Sir William, himself, had in the mean time retired to the chamber where he had had his interview with De Malvern. His momentary joy and surprise over, he felt half inclined to believe that he had been duped; but still there was the billet before him, and he could scarcely suspect a knight, much more such a knight as Douglas, of deceit. Still however he felt dissatisfied with himself, and, to get rid of this feeling, he proceeded to think over the wrongs of his patron, and succeeded in working himself up to such a fit of phrensy, that the Lady Margaret entered the room unseen by him. The flashing, rolling eye, the drawn sword, and the clenched fists, would have told her what was the matter, even if she had not heard the shouts of the retainers. Taking the harp she sat down, and after tuning the instrument, sang the following ballad:—

THE HASTY STROKE.

The baron feasted in his hall,
With his gallant knights around;
When a bugle blast without the wall,
Did through the hold resound.

And straight into his presence strode
A haggard, ghastly man.
He stood before that baron proud,
And thus his speech began:—

“Up, and arise, sir sluggish knight,
Or thou wilt sorely sorrow :
Thy son was prisoner ta'en in flight,
And die he must to morrow.”

The baron sternly raised his head,
And muttered, with a curse,—
“My Son is disinherited ;
But thy fate shall e'en be worse.”

With that he raised his ready spear,
And straight the stranger slew .
I ween his cruel heart felt fear,
When his victim's face he knew.

And since that day he's lived a life
Of penitence and pain ;
Because by him, in causeless strife,
His only son was slain.

“Thou'rt right Margaret,” said Sir William, as she concluded,
“I see thy meaning. I have been over hasty ; but it is too
late now, my word is pledged.

CHAPTER VII.

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy dwells in realms above ;
And youth is fickle, and life is vain,
And to be wrath with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

COLLERIDGE. (From memory.)

We must now return to Sir William De Vere ; and in doing
so we will take the liberty of passing over four months ; merely
stating that Ducie had determined not to take his vengeance
till after the success of Hotspur's enterprise had been seen.
Sir William therefore was confined in a very comfortable

apartment, and his every want was carefully attended to ; but no question he made about the cause of his captivity or its probable end, received an answer. Neither, though he made several attempts, could he ever obtain an interview with either Sir John or Lady Eveline.

At the end of the month, however, a circumstance happened which altered Ducies plans. Sir Philip Manny had, many times, to exert all his authority to prevent his comrades and the retainers from marching at once and destroying his enemy's castle. At last a plan occurred to him, in which the others immediately acquiesced, viz: to send a petition to court on the subject. This was accordingly done, and the deputation luckily obtaining Prince Henry's ear, he ordered one of his father's body-guard, Sir Walter Blount, to take a sufficient number of troops, and procure De Vere's release; or else proclaim Ducie a traitor, and treat him as such. De Malvern, who happened to be at court at the time, for a purpose to be seen hereafter, no sooner heard of it than he started off and informed Ducie of the circumstance; who, directly, without any further ceremony, clapped Sir William into a narrow dungeon, with a heavy chain round his middle, which held him down to the floor, and fetters on his wrists and ancles. In this uncomfortable position he remained till the royal troops arrived, and Sir Walter Blount sent a formal summons to Sir John, ordering him to deliver up his prisoner by noon next day, on pain of the king's displeasure.

That same evening the door of the dungeon opened, and Ducie stood in the presence of his prisoner. This was the first time De Vere had seen him since his capture; and he therefore hastened to demand the reason of the restraint put on him. After a few moments silence, during which they regarded one another,—the one with looks of hatred, the other as if asking pity,—Sir William said:—

"Sir John Ducie, I conjure thee by thine honour, nay more, by our former friendship—"

"Name not our friendship, slanderer," exclaimed Ducie.

"Nay," said De Vere, "That is a hard name, and methinks—"

"Methinks," said Ducie roughly, "that hard or not, it hath naught to do with my present visit to thee; which is simply this;—Thy trusty friend, Sir Philip Manny, afraid to attack me, hath petitioned our most gracious usurper, Henry Bollingbroke, who hath sent a force to insist on thy release, by noon to morrow, or else I shall be like to suffer his displeasure. Now, he shall have thee by that time; but two hours ere then thou shalt dangle from the topmost battlement of the keep, by thy neck; so prepare thyself, for thou wilt surely die." He was about to leave the dungeon, when De Vere stopped him.

"Stay," said he, "stay, Ducie, my friend—yes I will still call thee my friend. Consider what the consequence of this rash act will be. Think not that I plead for my own life, for that is already half spent in this damp dungeon, with nothing to eat or drink; but it is for thine own sake that I speak to thee. Say, thou slayest me, how wilt thou escape the king's vengeance? Thou sayest there is a force already here, and how many other men can soon be gathered; dost thou consider that a whole kingdom will be ranged against thee? That—"

"Henry of Bollingbroke's throne will soon be shaken beneath him, thou would'st say," said Ducie.

"But," continued De Vere, "dost thou think that thou canst shake the throne with thy small force?" He asked this, as the hint that Ducie had thrown out led him to try and obtain all the information he could, in hopes perhaps that he might be able to communicate it to the king. On second thoughts he saw this was impossible; but still he persevered in his enquiries; scarcely knowing why he did so. In this he received no slight help from Ducie's dullness of apprehension.

"I think nothing of the kind," replied Sir John, "but, by S. George, if he takes not care, the Percy will do it."

"What! Percy of Northumberland do it," said De Vere, "not he. What can 2,000 men do against a kingdom?" This he said tauntingly, thinking that would be the best plan to draw Ducie out. He was right.

"Two thousand men," exclaimed Sir John, "who said aught about 2000 men. Why man,—the Douglas, and Worcester, and Kinderton, and Vernon, and myself, and—and—but I had forgotten what I came for—Prepare for death, for by this time to-morrow thou wilt cease to breathe." So saying, he turned to leave the dungeon.

"May God forgive thee as easily as I do," said the unfortunate De Vere.

"I need not thy prayers," was the reply, "when I want them I will ask for them." A moment after and Sir William heard the heavy bolts shot, and his footsteps receding, and then again all was still. Not long afterwards however a warder entered the dungeon, undid the chain on the knight's hands, and placed a substantial meal before him. The near prospect of death did not counterbalance the appetite caused by a long fast; so De Vere eat heartily of it, and it was fortunate he did so.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH SERVICES.

The Churchman's Diary for 1854. London, J. Masters.

WE have headed this article with the title of a Book which professes to be *the Churchman's Diary*—it is the production of a clergyman in the Church of England; let us see how far it is fit to be recognised or tolerated by that Church. We will plunge at once into the heart of the matter, and examine the

nature of the Book ; observing merely by way of prelude that it is written with all the authority of an Archbishop. First then, we 'get :—"NOTES ON THE SERVICES." After a few directions about Chancels we find—

"The Sentences, both at the beginning and in the Offertory, are to be regarded as Antiphons, and should not be read as Lessons. It is better to use one than several. The following appears to be the best arrangement of them :—

Advent.—"Repent ye," "Enter not."

Lent and Fridays.—"The Sacrifices," "Render your hearts."

Sundays and festivals.—"To the LORD."

Ferial Days.—"I will arise," "If we say."

Vigils and Wednesdays.—"I acknowledge."

This is an attempt to restore those hindrances of the reading of the Scripture, complained of in the Preface to our Prayer Book :—"For this cause be cut off Anthems, *Responds*, Initiatories and such like things as did break the reading of Scripture! As to the following directions :—

"*Benedicite* should be used during Lent, except on Sundays and Festivals : *Jubilate* on four days in the year, which are mentioned as they occur. On all other days *Te Deum* and *Benedictus*. *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis* always at Evensong, except when there are two Evening Services.

The Rubric directs that the suffrages after the Creed should be said, "*the Priest standing.*" When a *Deacon* says Prayers, he should kneel!!"

What authority for this?

"It is convenient to mark the Fast Days, for which there is no special service appointed, by the use of the Collect, "O God Whose nature and property."

The second Ember Collect seems most suited for Saturday, the other for the previous days in Ember-week.

When persons in sickness desire the prayers of the Church, notice should always be given (though not by name after the first time) at the commencement of the Litany in these words, "The Prayers of the

Church are desired for A. B." It is not necessary to give notice before the Prayer for all Estates of Men, as the congregation are advertised of the fact in the Prayer itself."

There is no authority for any of them. *Benedicite* is better not used at all, as it is merely a portion of the Apocrypha; and as a Hymn of praise, not to be compared to the *Te Deum*.

There are no Fast-days recognised in the English Church, which have not special Services; and our Church does not recognize any Romish Fasts.

There is no authority for saying that:—

"In the Litany, 'Let us pray,' is not addressed to the people, as it is after the Creed. It is the sign that the Priest is about to gather together the suffrages which have been offered before in common with the people, and to present them to God.

"The celebration of the Holy Sacrament is the principal act of Christian Worship, inasmuch as it calls directly into action the office of our great High Priest, not only to present our prayers to the FATHER, but to plead anew the merits of His own adorable Sacrifice and should therefore have all possible dignity imparted to it, by the use of music and *special vestments*! It is well, when this service can be used by itself; and it should not be begun without the intention of going through the whole. As there is one Altar, so can there be but one Priest, (acting in that capacity,) whose place is to stand *at*, i. e. in front of, the Altar at the north side, facing south-east. Clergy acting as Gospeller, and Epistler, whether Priests or Deacons, should kneel before the footpace, facing eastward. The parts of the office which may be said by them are the Gospel and Epistle, the Offertory Sentences, the two Exhortations, and the Confession.

Our Church does not recognize *special vestments* but she does recognize what is called the dry Communion—by giving directions for the conclusion of the Service in case there be "no Communion."

The directions that the "alms should be collected in bags," and "a large alms bowl *should be avoided*" seem to us to harmonize very badly with the rubric:— "*in a decent basin pro-*

vided for that purpose !" Next we have "the *elevation* of the host" pretty plainly set forth in the following words:— "In consecrating the elements, the Priest *should be careful TO LIFT THEM UP*, so that the people may see! and after the consecration he will immediately cover them up! When he communicates himself he need not use the last clause at all; that is to say, the clause which was inserted as an antidote to Transubstantiation, is to be left out! The following direction is almost too absurd to be noticed:— "In giving the blessing, the Priest should hold up the right hand open towards the people, *the fourth and fifth fingers being doubled down!* Of course in this position, and clothed in *the special vestments* before alluded to, our Priest would look like Saint somebody or other (e. g. S. Dunstan) in a mediæval stained glass window. How highly edifying! Next we are told to *cross* the Baptismal Water at the words "Sanctify this water," and the sacred fluid must "*be let off immediately*" and sink down into the foundations of the Church, lest a drop should be defiled. We do not think there is much danger of the following directions for Marriages and Churchings being generally adopted; and we are quite content to leave the matter to the parties concerned:—

"The Office for Holy Matrimony consists of *three parts*, viz., the Address to the Congregation, the Betrothal, (both of which are to take place in the Body of the Church,) and the more sacramental part, which is said at the Holy Altar. In pronouncing the first Benediction, the Priest should lay his hands on the heads of the man and woman. The Psalm (which except the woman be 'past child-bearing' should always be the 128th) *is to be said in procession!* Whenever the Holy Sacrament is celebrated, a sermon may be given instead of the Exhortation, 'All ye.'

The proper time for women to return thanks after childbirth, is just *before* the service in which they are going to take part, whether Morning or Evening Prayer; most fitly of all before the celebration of the Holy Sacrament, in which the Rubric directs them to partake. The address 'Forasmuch' should be said to the woman *near the door*. The

Psalm may be said *by the Priest as he passes into his place in the Choir*, the woman continuing kneeling "in some convenient place" near the entrance of the Church. The service ended, the woman should come forward and make her offering, unless there be an offertory.

"The object of the Office for the Visitation of the Sick is to prevent the departure of any baptized person out of the world without the Church's blessing. Should the sick person be already in a state of grace, and in the habitual use of the privileges which the Church provides, he will be of course at once entitled to it. If not, the business of the Priest is, after the manner here laid down, to effect his reconciliation. The Office, it would seem, should not be repeated.

"The *accustomed form* (Query—at Rome?) *for making a confession* is as follows, (to be said *kneeling*). "In the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST. Amen. I confess to GOD the FATHER Almighty, to His only-begotten SON JESUS CHRIST our LORD, to GOD the HOLY GHOST' AND TO THEE, FATHER, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word and deed, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault, [here comes in the confession.] For these and all my other sins which I cannot now remember I humbly beg pardon of Almighty GOD and grace to amend; and of thee, father, I ASK PENANCE, *counsel, and absolution*. And therefore I beseech GOD the FATHER Almighty, His only-begotten SON JESUS CHRIST, and GOD the HOLY GHOST, to have mercy upon me, and thee, father, to pray for me.'"

"For the Communion of the Sick the Priest should take with him the elements required, and proper vessels and linen. It is desirable to use the Prayer of Oblation before the Consecration.

"It is very desirable that the Burial Office should be celebrated chorally, and gloominess avoided in all the arrangements. The coffin, which ought to have nothing black about it, should be placed on a bier in Church before the mourners, and covered with a purple pall, with a cross of red or white. The people should be instructed to stand during the Psalm, and to sing or say the alternate verses. The last prayer is called 'the collect,' because it is to be used as such in the Communion Office, which should form a part of this office as well as of that for Holy Matrimony.

"The Communion Service is to be regarded as a protest against the abeyance of that godly discipline by which the Church has never rested till all her sinning members are brought to confess their sins and seek reconciliation."

The "procession" is not likely to come *very generally* into vogue; and Ladies are generally too modest to make themselves so prominent in the performance of the latter service. What to make of the next rules, we hardly know: we denounce it as actual flagrant Popery! It requires merely to be read; all of our Readers will be able to do this, and judge for themselves.

We next come to "Prayers for the Choir and Priest in vesting:" Viz. *on entering Church, on entering the Vestry, on putting on the Surplice or Alb: on putting on the Stole (in Latin) on putting on the Caputium! (in Latin): in passing to the Choir: In Choir (English and Latin).* Then "PREPARATION FOR THE HOLY EUCHARIST, for the *Celebrant* only." These are in *Latin* so the unlearned cannot pierce the heresy hidden under the unknown tongue, but we will turn it into English, and bring it forth into the light, and see whether the people can understand the Vernacular.

"I. *On putting on the Chasuble!* O Lord who hath said—'My yoke is easy, and my burden is light,' grant that I may so bear it that I may attain to Thy grace.

"II. *Before the Holy Eucharist.* O God, who from being unworthy makest us worthy; from being sinners, just; clean from being unclean; purify my heart and body from all contagion and foulness of sin, and make me a Minister worthy of Thy High Altars. And grant propitiously that on this High Altar, which I unworthily approach, *I may offer an acceptable VICTIM for Thy Piety, for my sins and offences, and for my countless and daily excesses, and for all standing around here, and to every one united to me by friendship or relationship, and for all faithful Christians, and may my vow and Sacrifice be acceptable to Thee through Him* who offered Himself in Sacrifice to Thee, God the Father; who liveth and reigneth Lord with Thee in the Unity of the Holy Ghost."

The Prayer *after* the celebration contains little more than thanksgiving; but what are we to think of language such as

this! How much longer will it be tolerated in the Communion of the Church of England!

How long are we to remain quiet and be told that of the—

“ECCLESIASTICAL CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES.”

The principal are,—

“1. To bow at the names of the several Persons of the Holy TRINITY, in the Doxology, and towards the Altar on entering or leaving Church.

—See *Bp. Jeremy Taylor*.

“2. To observe the ‘hours of prayer,’ as far as our circumstances permit, especially the third hour (9 A.M.), when the HOLY GHOST descended on the day of Pentecost; the sixth hour, when our LORD was nailed to the cross; and the ninth hour, when He died.

“3. To communicate, if our health permit, *fasting*.

* * * *

“5. *Not to marry during the periods following;*

From	{	Advent Sunday Septuagesima Rogation	}	until	{	8 days after the Epiphany 8 days after Easter. Trinity Sunday!	}
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And that these “RULES FOR FASTING,” are in accordance with the principles of the English Church:—

“1. Neither in *abstinence* nor in *fasting* may we eat *flesh-meat*.

“2. On Fast-days, moreover, *we should eat only one full meal, and one half meal*; the quantity allowed at collation cannot be determined, as it chiefly depends on the constitution of persons; but it is generally about the fourth part of a meal.

“If persons find difficulty in observing these rules *they should apply to their Parish Priest, or other proper authority; and on JUST CAUSE they may obtain a relaxation!*

[“The aged, the very young, the very poor, invalids, they who have to labour very hard for their daily bread, and travellers, are excused from *fasting*, but they should *abstain*.

“With fasting we should join self-denial of all kinds, prayer, almsgiving, and other works of mercy.”

Readers of the “Church Warder,” don’t injure your healths, you can “apply to your Parish Priest, and, *on just cause*, you MAY obtain a RELAXATION! Some future Edition of the Diary may contain a scale of charges for these Indulgences!

These directions are very valuable indeed, for those who have so little need of money for the poor of their Parish, that they can afford to spend so much in dresses for the Altar :—

THE ALTAR.

“The length of the Altar will vary according to the size of the Church and Chancel, but as a general rule it should not be less than six feet. It should be three feet six inches high, *and raised as much as possible above the level of the Nave.* The covering or vestment should fit closely, and be in two parts; the frontal or antependium, which hangs in front, and the superfrontal, which covers the slab, and should hang down about ten inches below. The frontal and superfrontal should each have a fringe. The linen used at the celebration ought to cover only the top and sides, hanging down only a few inches in front. The ‘Ornaments’ *proper for the Altar* are two Lights and a Cross. These should be placed on the super-Altar.

“If there are more sets of vestments than one, the following order should be observed in the use of them :—

“*White.*—From the evening of Christmas Eve to the Octave of Epiphany, inclusive, (except on the two feasts of S. Stephen and the Holy Innocents;) from the evening of Easter Eve to the Vigil of Pentecost, on Trinity Sunday, Purification, Conversion of S. Paul, Annunciation, S. John Baptist, S. Michael, S. Luke, All Saints!

“*Red.*—Vigil of Pentecost to the next Saturday, Holy Innocents, (if on a Sunday,) and all other feasts!

“*Violet.*—Ash Wednesday to Easter Eve; Advent to Christmas Eve; Ember week in September; Holy Innocents, unless on Sunday!

“*Black.*—Good Friday and funerals!

“*Green.*—All other days!

“Some ritualists say the altar should be stripped on Good Friday!

“No cushion should be allowed upon the Altar, and only one book for the Celebrant, with a small brass desk to support it.”

Such being the directions for our services, and for our Church arrangements, and for our rule of life, we will now glance down the Kalendar, and see how much of the Popish leaven has crept into its pages. First of all, we notice the information, that—

“The Festivals marked § are taken from the Calendar provided for the Church of Scotland by Abp. Laud; those marked * are connected

with observances and celebrations in the Universities and elsewhere, or are otherwise interesting."

Among the first (or § class) we find some new saints, e. g. S. Mungo on January 13: S. Serf on April 20; &c. But the * series are very *interesting* to Cardinal Wiseman, probably, but what English Churchman could find the least interest in the following * Festivals:—Corpus Christi day, June 15: Translation of the relics of S. Thomas (a Beckett) of Canterbury, on July 7: Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary on August 15! This is the atrocious blasphemy that the Virgin was taken up into Heaven, and assumed into the ever-glorious Trinity! *All Souls*, Nov. 2: S. Thomas (a Beckett) of Canterbury, Dec. 29. The Sundays through Lent have all the Popish names given to them. The first Sunday after Easter has these three names assigned to it:—"Low Sunday, or *Quasimodo*, or *Dominica in albis*."

We trust we have now sufficiently exposed the contents of this Book; of its nature we will leave our Readers to judge; and they can but form one opinion. In another article on the same subject, we intend to point out the Romeward tendencies of some other Books published under the auspices of this extreme party.

ASHMERE COURT:

A TALE OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

(Continued from page 60.)

CHAPTER XV.

DAYS rolled by; and again the LORD's day dawned on the devoted village. That day which once was a day of rejoicing for those who were sad, and of rest for those whose lot it was

to work hard during the other six, and of peace for all who loved peace, was now become, alas! a day of sorrow even to those who had scarcely known grief before, or felt what a privation it was to have the Church in the hands of a rebellious mob; and therefore, although open for their wild devotion; as far as the wiser and better portion of the community were concerned, virtually closed.

No joyous peal of bells, reminding one—according to the beautiful idea of good George Herbert—of “Angels’ music”—greeted the ear, or enlivened the heart, at the old accustomed time of service. Here and there a few were creeping towards the Lych Stile, holding down their heads as if ashamed of their errand, though it were professedly to go up to the Courts of the LORD’S House. Then appeared one or two poor souls—still loyal to God and their King, turning sadly from the scene of desecration and walking away into the meadows to meditate on His goodness and mercy; whom, in the days of olden persecution, men of whom the world was not worthy, were obliged to worship in dens and in caves of the earth. Some could scarcely help repining; but many, who had at first shrunk back from the trial, now esteemed it a joyous thing to suffer shame for His sake, who though He be above all Heavens, GOD blessed for evermore, is not ashamed to call us brethren.

The services were conducted by the same persons, and in the same manner as on the previous occasion. Many were excited, more were grieved, none were edified. And the sun set that evening in unwonted glory, and lighted up the vane on the top of the old spire, that it shone like a star, and seemed to promise that a ray of light should yet pervade the gloomy cloud which hung over all the Kingdom and the English Church, and seemed to threaten both with extinction.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXILE.

It was a wet, gloomy day when Dr. Manton, in company with Mr. Ashmere and his children, bade Ashmere farewell ; and, with feelings as sad as the atmosphere around them, set out for a foreign land. All the way from the Rectory down to the garden gate, the walk was lined by sorrowing villagers, who saw prosperity and happiness, their patrons and best friends, leaving them as it seemed for ever. The old gentleman stopped and shook hands with each poor cottager, giving them a few words of consolation and sympathy, and bidding them not to be without hope, but to trust in God, who would doubtless bring good out of the evil. In a few minutes they were in the carriage, and the driver urging on his horses at a brisk pace, they were soon lost to the sight of the watchers.

They drove by rapid stages to the coast, and having embarked from Dover, bade farewell to the white cliffs of England with sad forebodings that they might never behold them more.

* * * * *

Years rolled by—Cromwell's sun rose to the summit of its glory, and fell as rapidly. The nation had made a bold experiment, and were heartily tired of the misery and confusion, and anarchy, which their own folly and wickedness had caused ; nor had the single minded and noble General Monck any difficulty in persuading them to recall the royal family, and restore Charles Stuart to the throne of his fathers.

The people found that anarchy was not liberty ; and that what they in their ignorance and folly had blindly supposed to be freedom, was really the worst of bondage. Churches—the Temples of the God of love, were everywhere become the scenes of unhallowed quarrelling between man and man : the rights of property once invaded, were no longer safe even to the invaders:

things were growing worse and worse instead of better, and the confusion that prevailed was almost incredible. Every thing called for a restoration of the monarchy; every one demanded the return of their king. Whatever opposition was made fell to the ground before the general voice of the nation; and at length Charles II. entered in triumph into the city where his father had been condemned, and executed by a mock tribunal; and from which a few years before he had himself fled, in danger of his life!

* * * * *

There was not more joy when the king entered into Westminster, than when the parishioners of Ashmere greeted their "Parson and 'Squire" again. As soon as the carriage reached the top of the hill, they were met by a number of young men of the village, who quietly took the horses out, and insisted on drawing their old friends into the manor garden in triumph. The church bells rang out a merry peal; a flag floated proudly on the tower, and everything was gay and joyous.

Every preparation having been made by young Manton, who had preceded the party to the village, nearly all the parishioners, in number about 500, were immediately entertained on the lawn, where the old toast of Church and King was rapturously drunk and responded to, and last, not least, the health of "the Parson and the 'Squire."

(To be continued.)

THE preparatory disposition of mind, to wit, a belief of the eternal power and Godhead of the supreme Being and a conscious sense and practice of the duties, resulting thence towards God and their neighbour, is what we intend by *good heathens*; and whoever reads the ancient ethics or moral philosophy of the Greeks and Romans, and compare them with the common life of Christians, will more plainly understand what is meant hereby. *Wogan.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH WARDER.

SIR,—The words of the Rubric seem to me to explain in some measure the desire of the Church on this point, as, no doubt, derived from, and preserved by her, from ancient usage.

Rubrics generally are exegetical one of the other; but there is no corresponding Rubric in the Anglican Liturgy, which refers to the phrase "into their hands," as denoting the manner specifically in which the elements are to be accepted and conveyed. For the rubrics in the Prayer of Consecration, though containing the same expression "into his hand," yet relate to the action and necessary holding of the instruments in which the elements are contained, and in which they are in the aggregate, before division to individuals.

Reference has, therefore, been made to the Scottish Liturgy; for it has been objected, that the words in the English office, "into their hands," mean the hands of all the Communicants, and not simply the two hands of each individual communicant; and therefore the words of the Scottish Liturgy, "deliver," "to the people in due order, all humbly kneeling," have been quoted as a sort of proof that the words of the English Liturgy "deliver," "into their hands," convey no more express meaning: but because in one office the mode of reception is left entirely optional, it is therefore to be inferred that the explicit words of the other office are to be taken in a loose and general sense. I do not clearly see how the conclusion here is drawn from the premises. And when I say explicit, I do not for a moment conceive the absurdity of receiving the cup into the *palm* of the hand, because I imagine that we are so directed in relation to the bread; in one, no instrument intervenes for conveyance, since even in the Romish Church I believe, the use of silver and gold spoons for the reception of the bread has been long abolished; in the other, an instrument of conveyance must be used, and therefore naturally and reasonably, that should be taken in the usual and only possible way—and direction would here be superfluous and absurd: not so as regards the reception of the symbol of the body of Christ; were we expected to take a portion of the con-

separated bread *from the paten with our own hand*, we should of course use our finger and thumb for the purpose of *taking* it; but it is not so; the priest is directed to *deliver* it to us, of course *he* would naturally use *his* finger and thumb in doing so; but we, as recipients would naturally place our hand in that position most convenient for the reception of that which is too precious to be suffered in the smallest particle to fall to the ground—(but the rubric, as it appears to me, provides for our doing so) and if, in speaking of such holy matters, it may be allowed me to quote a homely custom in illustration, our every-day habit of receiving a piece of money, or any small substance, from another person, would in most instances, confirm the idea I entertain, from its analogy. Hence I conceive that the simple natural sense of the words of the rubric direct us to that which is in every way *more natural*, *more convenient*, and *more reverent*. Crumbs thus are not likely to fall to the ground, as is too often the case with stale and light bread. The position of the hand is a type of the reverence of the body; and if both hands are used *crossed*, a symbol is attached to the reception which brings more vividly before us, “the sign or sacrament of that great thing,” the death of Christ on the cross.

Permit me now to offer a few remarks in relation to ancient usage. In “Wheatley’s Rational Illustration of the Book of Common Prayer,” we find the following remarks on this portion of the rubric, “The rubric further directs, that the Communion must be delivered both to the clergy and laity *into their hands*; which was the most primitive and ancient way of receiving.” Euseb Hist. Eccles., (7. 6., c. 43,) relating to the heresy of Novatius, and S. Chrys, (in Ephes. 1., Hom. 3.)—Wheatley continues—“In S. Cyril’s time they received it into the hollow of their right hand, holding their left hand under their right in the form of a cross.”—And to this Archdeacon Wilberforce refers in his able work on the Holy Eucharist, p. 73, where we read—“Another pious usage * * was to receive the sacred elements with the hands crossed; and this, likewise, grew to be a rule in the Eastern Church. ‘Make thy left hand,’ says S. Cyril, in his Fifth Mystagogical Catechism, ‘as if a throne for thy right, which is on the eve of receiving the king. And having hollowed thy palm, receive the Body of Christ, saying, after it, Amen.’ This practice is referred to by Damascenus, De Jide Orthod. iv., 13. p. 271, and was enjoined by the 101st Canon of the Council in Trullo.” This canon was drawn up to do away with the abuse which had crept in, of providing little saucers or plates of gold to receive the bread.

The custom of receiving in the hands prevailed also in the West—*‘Conjunctis manibus [accipiebant.]’* (S. Aug., Epist. Parmen. ii. 13.) where the tense of the verb denotes the custom as a regular habit. And this as early as the second century.—Vide S. Perpetua,—Ruinant, p. 95.

In the first book of Ed. VI., the custom brought in by the Church of Rome, of receiving it into the mouth from the priest, was retained and ordered by the rubric. “But, however, Bucer censuring it, as savouring too much of an unlawful honour done to the elements, it was discontinued at the next review, when *the old primitive way* of delivering it *into the people’s hands* was ordered in the room of it.”—*Wheatley*.

Thus there is a strong evidence on the side of antiquity, even from the few authorities, hastily collated, to weigh down the scale, which the natural meaning of the words, and the suggestion of “convenience,” and above all, of “reverence,” had in my mind caused already to preponderate.

W. R. C.

Aberavon, October 6th, 1853.

(To the Editor of the Church Warder.)

Sir,—Can you inform me why the prayer “in time of war and tumults,” is not oftener used? What a difference might it not have made during the wars in Afghanistan, China and Caffraria! If, however, for some reason I cannot understand, we must fight in Asia and Africa without praying, there is no question that we must pray during European wars and tumults. If therefore the Lord of Kniphausen should undertake to march on London, with his twelve soldiers, the law requires us to use the prayer, and rightly, “for the battle is not to the strong.” But how much more alarming are the present “tumults” in the East than most persons would consider such a threatened invasion. In point of common sense, those who are ruining our trade by violence or fraud are our enemies; especially when they prohibit their subjects from joining our church.

Yours sincerely,

PEDRO TRAVASSOS VALDEZ, of the Inner Temple.

NOTES OF THE CIRCUIT.

DEAR SIR,—I have found the Welsh Church in a worse condition than I expected, when on the circuit. The holidays almost forgotten, the churches nearly empty, except when the judge Wightman was present. At Brecon he absented himself, I believe, from his parish church on Good Friday, and certainly in the afternoon, (unlike his brethren at Hereford, William Talfourd,) though he had plenty of spare time. His behaviour at church, however, standing during the bidding prayer, and at the end of the sermon, when so many absurdly kneel, as if they were *praying* instead of *shewing respect*, and his remaining at the holy communion at Swansea when most of the congregation absented themselves, deserve commendation. The morals of the people, judging from what passes in court, must keep pace with this neglect of their religious duties. The evidence was sometimes appalling.

The part of Herefordshire towards Wales is, I fear, at an equally low ebb. I do not altogether blame the authorities of the Church for enforcing a priest to revive rubrics and services. These are questions of law and expediency; and even in a plain case of immorality or nonconformity, it is hard to saddle the bishop with the expense of law proceedings, worse I believe than those of the Court of Chancery. Why is there no power for individuals to prosecute without his consent, and for him to reimburse out of some public fund, (as in the more serious *criminal* cases,) when the Court thinks proper? Since I was last there the Bishop of S. David's has very properly given up his English parishes to Hereford.

Hereford Cathedral is, I am sorry to say, being daubed with blue paint, which makes its ceiling fitter for a theatre than for the House of God.

P. T. V.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

EMINENT CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPISTS, BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, designed especially as Studies for the Young. By the Rev. GEORGE MAUNDER. Mason.

The writer of these biographies is a Wesleyan Minister; and to his honour be it spoken, he has not shown a sectarian or party bias, but has chosen such examples, as tend to illustrate his subject. The following is a list of the Memoirs contained in this volume. John Howard, Edward Colston, Jonas Hanway, Richard Reynolds, Robert Raikes, Granville Sharp, Thomas Clarkson, William Wilberforce, Joseph Butterworth, William Allen, David Nasmith, Elizabeth Fry, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and Sarah Martin.

In these biographies, will be found an account of the rise and progress of many of those charitable institutions, which do honour to our country; and show what christianity has done, and can do, towards relieving the necessities of our fellow beings, and educating their helpless progeny. In the biographies of Howard, Mrs Fry, and Sarah Martin, the attention of the reader is drawn to the state of prisons and prisoners, and their reform, from the early part of the last century to the present time. In those of Sharp, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Butterworth and Buxton, will be found how the slave trade has been grappled with, till it was finally driven out of this kingdom, and its colonies. And in the remaining Biographies will be found an account of the rise of the Foundling-hospital, Sunday-schools the City Mission, and several other charities, to which the poor and their children have to thank God

for raising up persons to found such noble and useful institutions.

The volume is chiefly intended for the young; and no person, old or young, who commences the reading of it, but will find the inward emotions of the heart awakened towards endeavouring to relieve the sufferings of many of our fellow beings.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION. J. H. Parker, Oxford.

This very small brochure contains two forms of devotion accommodated to the convenience of those who cannot publicly communicate; with some short devotions for the same, extracted from the works of Bishops Patrick and Wilson. Anything from the pens of these distinguished prelates must be good, and deserve to be followed; but it appears to us that those placed in such an unhappy position as to require private spiritual communion, ought to have well regulated minds; lest they fall into the temptation of usurping the priest's functions by using the prayer of consecration which is here given by both the bishops. To such persons it may be safely entrusted and prove useful.

A PLAIN ARGUMENT FOR THE CHURCH. By the Rev. S. OLIVER. J. H. Parker, Oxford.

The Vicar of Calverton has condensed into twenty-two lines, on a card board that can be put into the coat pocket, all that need be said on the subject. It is divided into five sections or verses, to each verse he gives the reference to the scrip-

ture authorities which confirm his assertion. It would be a good move to have this card tacked up in some convenient place near the entrance of churches; and if we can make room for it, we shall give the whole of it in our pages.

A DOZEN BALLADS FOR THE TIMES, ABOUT CHURCH ABUSES.
Fcap, 8vo. Bosworth, price. 6d.

We are surprised that so good a churchman and conservative should have re-published from the Daily News, a set of poems that reflect so injuriously and untruly on the Church. Where has the author gained the information that the church is paid by the State? In the ballad on the "Surplice Fee," he says:

"Away with it! this arrant shame
Is cankering all within,
(Our 'poor man's church'—Heaven
help the name!
By Mercenary sin;
Away with it! by tithe and rate,
And glebe, and pious stealth,
Good sooth, our parsons from the
state
Win quite their share of wealth."

S. MATTHEW AN EXAMPLE FOR THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.
Bruntisland. 8vo.

This excellent sermon was preached by the Bishop of S. Andrew's, on S. Matthew's day, when his lordship was enthroned in his Cathedral at Perth. It is inscribed to the dean and chapter; being the first discourse "that has been preached at the enthroning of a Scottish bishop, for nearly two cen-

turies," indeed for the last two, Scottish bishops were consecrated, more than once, with only four witnesses; so great was the fury of the persecution with which they were assailed. The object in this eloquent discourse is to stimulate the Scottish gentry to dedicate their sons to the Altar; and it is devoutly to be wished that the improved method of teaching at Trinity college, under his lordship's own auspices, will in a short time bring about such a desirable change in the minds of the Scottish gentry. From the political position of the Church for a century after the Revolution, and the penury of the clerical body, the rich and wealthy would not condescend to such low estate; and as for the presbyterian establishment, no *gentleman*, not even a respectable farmer, would educate his son for the Kirk. Yet, says the bishop, "There was a time when scions even of the royal stock were content to occupy this office which, by the mercy of God, I now hold. Is the office less royal now? are ministering angels less present now within these walls, than when the procession of every rank swept along the aisle of the metropolitan Church which is now become a desolate heap." We trust that this able and eloquent sermon will have a wide circulation; and be the happy means of inducing many of the sons of the wealthier classes in Scotland to follow S. Matthews example; "to arise from the receipt of custom, to forego the attractions of a secular calling, the post of worldly eminence, with pomp and vanity of self-seeking gratifications in behalf of the noblest and the worthiest of all employments."

THE
CHURCH WARDER,
And Domestic Magazine.

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VOL. VIII.

SHALL TURKEY LIVE OR DIE.*

THE Christian apostacy of Mohammedism has prevailed in the greatest portion of the world for about twelve centuries; and those who have embraced it are more in number than all the followers of Christ in the world. Mohammedism is a system borrowed from Christianity mixed with somewhat of Judaism; giving it the most favourable character it may be accounted a Christian heresy; and Joseph Mede asserts that it is nearer to Christianity than the ancient heresies of the Manichees, Cerinthians and Gnostics. The Turks believe the immaculate conception, the divine character and the miracles of our Lord; but they deny His Sonship and co-equality with God the Father; they consider the orthodox Christian doctrine of the Trinity in Unity as blasphemy. That apostacy was chiefly caused by disgust at the gross idolatry of both the eastern and western or papal churches, which had relapsed into a semblance of paganism; and it commenced in the year 609; in which year the Arabian prophet began privately to preach and to propagate his doctrine at Mecca; the fundamental point of which was, that "there is but one God and Mohammed is his apostle." It required three years to make fourteen proselytes;

* Shall Turkey live or die? By Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Advocate.
Bosworth.

but in the year 612 he publicly assumed the prophetic office, and after that, he began to propagate his doctrines by the sword.

Mr. Carlyle asks the question and proceeds in his own fashion, to answer it; "Shall Turkey live or die?" we say it will die; its death or downfall is clearly predicted in Scripture; but how? the prophet Daniel says "he shall be broken *without hand*," viii. 25. If we may interpret the meaning of this phrase *without hand* by similar phraseology by the same and other prophets, we should say that this mode of destruction will probably not be by the Muscovite sword; but by the sword of the Spirit; or in other words, by the conversion of the Turks to the pure religion of the gospel; for the gross paganism and the senseless idolatry which they have witnessed in the Greek and Roman Churches, have nourished that traditional disgust at the Greek and Papal, which first gave rise to the Mohammedan apostasy. The *without hand* is applied on a larger scale to denote the universal prevalence of Christianity over all the world, as the waters cover the Sea: "Thou sawest" says the prophet "till that a Stone was cut out *without hands* which smote the image;...and the Stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled *the whole earth*." Another prophet says that "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and *all nations* shall flow unto it."

We do not offer this opinion as the true answer to the question at the head of this paper; but only as a probable opinion which a very few years must now determine. And the downfall of Turkey, in whichever way it may happen, either by the material or the Spiritual sword, will prepare the way for the restoration of the long lost ten Tribes of Israel, and of the wandering outcasts in every land—the Jews—to the land of their forefathers. "The subversion" says the late Mr. Faber, "of the Turkish power will evidently occasion, as all seem to anti-

cipate, a fearful general war. This war will, I believe, be the *last* under the present order of things. It will commence indeed in Europe; but at the close of the 1260 years, or at the pouring out of the seventh vial, or at the commencement of the Time of the End (for these several matters are synchronical) it will pass into Palestine."

"When," he continues, "at the pouring out of the sixth vial Turkey shall have fallen; the kings of the whole Roman world, we are told, will be gathered to the war of that great day of God the Almighty. Thus plainly, the downfall of Turkey will be at once, both the *signal* and the *cause* of this terrible war;" and the stick of Ephraim and the stick of Judah shall be one again in the hand of God; "behold I will take the stick of Joseph which is in the hand of Ephraim, and the Tribes of Israel his fellows, and will put them with him even with the stick of Judah, and make them *one stick*; and they shall be one in mine hand. . . . Thus saith the Lord God; behold I will take the Children of Israel from among the heathen whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land: and I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all; and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all." Ezekiel xxxvii. 19-22. The time has now apparently arrived when the stick of Judah and the stick of Ephraim shall be reunited; and when the symbolical Euphrates is to be dried up, or the Mohammedan apostacy be "*broken without hand*", so as to prepare the way for the return of Israel; and Daniel informs us that "at that time shall Michael, [that is Christ] stand up, the great Prince which standeth up for the children of thy people; and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation; even to that same time; and at that time *thy people shall be delivered*; every one that shall be found written in the book." Dan. xii. 1.

We rejoice to see that the political state of the world is arousing a spirit of enquiry in the public mind; and that many tracts and papers on the subject of the war between Russia and Turkey are daily being published; among these we recommend that before us written by Mr. Carlyle, late of the Edinburgh bar, who seems to be a better churchman than he was when we had the pleasure of his acquaintance. There is no doubt but that the "unclean spirit" of jesuitism which comes "out of the mouth of the false prophet" like a frog, is the chief agent in gathering "the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God the Almighty" Rev. xvi. 13, 14.; being about the last kick of popery before its own destruction "like a great millstone, and cast into the sea;" and Mr. Carlyle seems also to be of this opinion; for he says: "Recent disclosures, however, warrant the conclusion that the pope has, although covertly, been the prime mover in the present troubles. Using France as a cat's-paw, he has revived in a stronger form his almost obsolete claims to such a protectorate of the Latin interest in the holy places as shall, at Jerusalem as elsewhere, swallow up every other. And the aggression of Russia against Turkey derives considerable excuse from the consideration that the Czar, in aiming a fleshly blow at the Sultan, is really aiming a spiritual blow at the pope. If the Catholic Church or the Christian nations are not in a condition to lift one united testimony against this new assertion of papal supremacy, we are hardly entitled to complain that our champion throws down the gauntlet of denial, provided he does not at the same time assert a Græco-Slavonian supremacy, equally unjust, and from its novelty, more pregnant with danger."

Turkey has arrived at a crisis in her affairs; and prophecy has indicated the present period as the commencement of the extension of Christianity throughout the whole dominions of the Black Horse. In the Apocalypse the rider of the Black

Horse is represented with a yoke in his hand; and a yoke is the symbol of conquest and also of a tyrannical religious domination. Since the commencement of Mohammedism in the year 609, the Christian Church throughout the whole Greek empire, has suffered under the terrible yoke of the Black Horse's rider; yet their sufferings have not produced that godly sorrow that leads to true repentance. Nevertheless, the Greek Church throughout the whole Turkish dominions, has been preserved amidst the antichristian system of the Turks, and their own corruptions for better purposes; and the time is now nearly arrived when the Eastern Church will not only throw off the yoke of Mahomet, but reform its own manifold corruptions both in faith and morals; and eventually bring their Mahometan masters under the gentle yoke of Christ. The Christians under the Turkish crescent far outnumber their masters. Of late years their condition has been greatly ameliorated; and there are many symptoms of their gradual emancipation from the yoke under which they have suffered for four centuries; during their previous fanatical fury, no Christian could be employed in either the military or the civil service of the Turkish government.

The case is now altered; some of the government offices are filled with Christians; their army and navy are officered, and the ranks are filled, with Christian officers and soldiers. We may hope, therefore, in a few years to see the church which S. Andrew founded at Byzantium, triumphing over the extinction of the Mohammedan apostacy; and the mosque of S. Sophia again consecrated to the praise and glory of Him whose "name shall be called wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." It is devoutly to be hoped that the whole Eastern Church will speedily be reformed; that she will cast away her idols of gold and of silver; and return to her first love; "For her maker is her husband; the Lord of Hosts is His name; and her Redeemer the Holy

One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall He be called. For the Lord hath called her as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth when she was refused;...for a small moment has He forsaken her; but with great mercies will He gather her. In a little wrath God hid His face from her for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will He have mercy upon her, saith the Lord our Redeemer."

IRISH NATIONAL EDUCATION.*

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," were the words of the wisest man under the Jewish Dispensation: and a wiser than Solomon has confirmed this truth when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of *such*, (viz., such little children as come unto Me,) is the Kingdom of Heaven." Now as it is an indisputable fact, that much of the character of the future man depends on the early training of the child, it is clear that the next generation will correspond *in degree*, with the nature breathed into it in its earlier stages—i. e. when it is known as "the rising generation." "Righteousness is the strength of a nation, but sin is a disgrace to any people." Education, then, is a subject of great importance, and it is a pity that men cannot be unanimous about it—some say *there is no need of any*; some that it is quite necessary, but ought to be *secular only*, entirely excluding *that* knowledge which ALONE abideth unto life eternal; others again say, that it ought not to be *wholly* secular; but they will have *no Church doctrine*, and therefore, *no real doctrine*, taught; using the Holy Bible as a common Reading Lesson, and reducing it to

* IRISH NATIONAL EDUCATION: BY THE REV. JOHN ELMES.
LONDON: HOPE & Co., GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, 1853.

the status of a Spelling Book ; others who go on right principles *generally*, make the great mistake of teaching the children of the poor, Mathematics, secular Music, &c., &c. Let us briefly consider each of these systems. 1st. Those who say there is no need of any Education. These consist of two classes ; first the wretched worthless sot, who says—" *I don't want to be better than my Father ; and why should any one else be ?*" 2ndly. Those who have very strong views on the subject themselves, and would rather have no Educational system adopted, unless it could be their own. The opinions of both these classes are worth nothing : they will do mischief of course, but they are WORTH NOTHING.

2nd. Those who advocate secular Education only. These are the Dissenters, who, having voluntarily separated themselves, have clearly no right to have any thing to say in the matter of Church Education ; and those Sectarian Romanists who have schismatically intruded into the Dioceses of Catholic Bishops, and who wish to exclude religious teaching, because it is quite clear that it cannot be *solely Romanist*. To these may be added a third class of unworthy Church-of-England-men, who pander to the schism of Nonconformists, and despise the distinctive doctrines of Catholicism. To these we answer in the Words of Inspiration, before which all infidel sophistry crumbles into dust—"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with GOD." 3rdly. Those who would have religious teaching, but not of a distinctive character. These are those Dissenters, who do not dare to assert that religious teaching is unnecessary, but who have the unparalleled audacity to expect that the Catholic Church of CHRIST in England is to be brought down to their level ; and that nothing is to be taught in our National Schools beside what *they* approve!!! Such ridiculous folly can only produce a smile! "These be they that separate themselves, *several*, having not the Spirit ; Woe unto them ! for they have gone in the way of Cain, and run greedily in the way of

Balaam for reward, and perish *in the gainsaying of Korah.*" Plain words! He that runneth may easily read them. A few days ago, a woman stopped us and asked us to read a book she held in her hand. We did so, and found it was an application for money on behalf of a *School* in some neighbouring mine. Nearly every word was spelt wrongly: we asked whether it was in connection with the Church, feeling quite sure it was not. The woman answered:—"Yes, Sir, *the Bryanite Church!*" We told her that there was "only one Church—the Holy Catholic Church; and that all who separate from that, remove themselves out of the Covenant of Grace; recommending her to call upon the Clergyman of the Parish; and ask him what he could do for the Children of the mine." She was not rude, but said "Thank you, Sir," and went her way. Such is a specimen of the kind of "Education" that is floating about *in consequence* of the disunion and apathy of Churchmen, and the shuffling obstinacy of the Legislature.

The miserable scheme of National Education in Ireland has now fallen to the ground: Dr. Whately and Dr. Murray agreed very well; but Dr. Cullen could not manage to be quiet; and as soon as he catches the regular Archbishop out of the way, he JOINS WITH THE PRESBYTERIANS in excluding from the Irish National Schools, the Religious Books which had been agreed on by Murray and Whately. What is Ireland to do? The government of England have inflicted on that Country three curses—Maynooth, the Godless Colleges and the National Society: what remains for the Irish Church to do but to set up rival Church of Ireland Schools? This step, it has taken, and we wish it all success. But *Ireland's fall is England's warning!* Whig Ministers always play off their tricks in Ireland *first*, to see how they will work in England *afterwards*; and they are now quite ready to poison *our* National Society, and make it so vile that the Church will have, for mere consistency's sake, to shake it off altogether. In the little

book before us, the Incumbent of S. John's, Limerick, has shown how inadequate, nay, worse than inadequate—how positively mischievous, all this tampering with the Religious character of a Country must be in any case, and especially in the case of Ireland. It deserves to be extensively read by those interested in the subject, and we wish it all success; though it would have been better if he had taken a higher ground in many respects. We are quite aware that great allowances are to be made in the case of any scheme for the improvement of the National Education of Ireland—but there are limits in everything, beyond which it is not safe to venture.

Irish Clergy are at a great disadvantage, but we cannot overlook the slight of the Church Catechism—that grand Expositor of Scripture and our Church's teaching, and one of the great outposts of our Faith.

But, as we said before, great allowances must be made in the case of the Irish Clergy—and we are quite willing to do so; our Readers will remember in perusing Mr. Elmes' book, that it is *imperfect*: perhaps (just now) necessarily so.

CHAPTER VIII.

DE VERE'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF HARRY HOTSPUR'S REBELLION.

(Continued from page 79.)

And how the knight with tender fire
To paint his faithful passion strove,
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never, cease to love.

SCOTT.

WHILE this scene was going on in the dungeon, the Lady Eveline Ducie sat alone in her bower. She was beautiful, so much so indeed, that it was rumoured, and not without foundation, that Eveline Ducie would yield the palm to no one

within the realm of England. Her hair which hung in long tresses down to her shoulders, was of a bright chestnut colour. Finely arched eye-lids of the same hue hung over her soft blue eyes. Her ruby lips were slightly parted, and displayed a set of pearly white teeth. Her chin was finely rounded, and her swan like neck rested upon her well turned shoulders. The graceful, close fitting boddice of velvet trimmed with ermine, reaching to the waist, showed the contour of her figure to advantage. Below this was a long flowing robe, beneath which however peeped a tiny foot and faultless ankle. She was seated in a high straight-backed oak chair; one fair hand supported her forehead, while the other hung listlessly beside her. Near her was her once favourite harp, which however had never been touched since the captivity of her lover. She evidently expected some one, from the anxiety she displayed at every sound. At last the arras of the apartment were moved aside, and a waiting maid entered followed by a stout, awkward warder, who was evidently not a little embarrassed at the novelty of his situation. At a whisper from the maid he advanced however to kiss the hand extended to him by Eveline; but so careless was he that in kneeling down he deposited his iron-clad knee right on the lady's foot, which was instantly withdrawn as if for protection, within the ample robe. As he was rising the maid whispered in his ear, "Beshrew thee for an awkward oaf," and this by no means helped him, but rather increased his confusion, so that a moment after he upset and broke the harp.

"Take care what thou art about, wilt thou, oaf," exclaimed the maid, now thoroughly enraged with her clumsy companion; at the same time she administered a box on the ear, which however took no more effect on the yeoman than if it had been given to a log of wood.

"Nay, nay, Edith," said Eveline, "be not so hard upon him, and do thou, good Bolton, seat thyself, and listen to what I have

to say to thee." Re-assured by her kind manner, the yeoman sat down and signified he was ready to receive her commands.

"Thou art to be on guard to night at S. David's tower, methinks," said Eveline, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, she continued, "Canst thou let any one pass thee there without seeing him," at the same time she put a piece of gold into his hand.

"Well lady," said he, looking at the money, "perchance he might pass me all safe, but how is he to get off the tower."

"Ha!" said Edith, "I see thou art apt, could'st thou by accident now throw a rope from—"

"I see all about it, Lady Eveline," said the warder, "thou wishest thy sweetheart, De Vere, to escape,—and so do I, so if thou wilt get him safe to S. David's Tower, I'll let him down quietly into the moat, and throw the rope after him, so that no one shall know how he got away; and, if he is in danger, he might find a worse person to help him, at a pinch, than old Harry Bolton—but, lady, I crave thy pardon, I have spoken too freely."

"Not at all good Bolton," said Eveline, who however coloured considerably at hearing De Vere stiled her sweetheart. "I like thy wit well. I will see thee well repaid. Farewell." Edith, in whose good graces Bolton had risen considerably on account of his willingness to enter into her mistress's plans, conducted the warder from the room; and Eveline smiled as she heard a slight scuffle, and something very like a kiss behind the arras.

De Vere in the mean time had, spite of his precarious situation and his uncomfortable quarters, fallen into a deep sleep. He woke on hearing some one opening the door. It was pitch dark and he expected to be led out to die at once, so he exclaimed—

"I know what ye come for, hasten your bloody work." To his no small astonishment, Eveline entered with a light.

Without saying a word she knelt down beside him, drew a key from her girdle, and in a few seconds he sprang from the ground free from his chains. The Lady Eveline looked the fetter bolts again, and turning to him said—

“Now William thou canst escape an thou wilt. Edith hath drugged the sentinel in this passage, and if thou needest any other this may help thee,” giving him a dagger. “Go to the end of this passage,” she continued, “thou wilt find the door unlocked, pass through it, and go straight through the long gallery beyond. At the end of that thou wilt find a flight of stairs, and over the third is an iron knob, pull that and a door at thy side will open, go up the flight of stairs thou wilt find there, and thou wilt reach S. David’s tower; and there the warde will let thee over the wall by a rope. Now stay not, but fly at once.”

“First,” said De Vere, taking her hand, “tell me truly; dost thou run any risk by doing this?”

“None,” answered Eveline, “now go, I pray thee.”

“Before I go,” said he, falling on one knee, “I will tell thee plainly, Eveline, I love thee—love thee dearly—say, art thou displeased?”

“Oh, William, she replied,” turning away her head, “stay not to talk thus, but flee at once.”

“Nay, but by my faith,” replied he, passionately, “I will not stir till thou givest me an answer. Eveline, dost thou love me?”

“Is this fair, De Vere,” said she, struggling to free herself, “is this manly? Think what the consequence would be to me were we discovered thus.”

“By S. George,” exclaimed he, “woe to the man that interrupts me, now De Vere is free and armed. But I see thou lovest me not. Farewell then, Lady Eveline Ducie, I thank thee kindly; but I will not avail myself of thy goodness—here I stay, and death will be welcome to me.”

"This is madness," exclaimed Eveline, "talk not thus, William ; but go, at least, I did not think thee ungrateful."

"Nor am I," said De Vere. "But, Eveline, thou lovest me, I see it in thy blue eyes, come tell me so at once."

"Well then, De Vere, I do love thee," she answered faintly, "Thou hast heard my weakness—begone." Sir William sprang to his feet, drew her to him, imprinted a kiss on her lips, and in a moment was out of the Dungeon.

"Stay one moment," said Eveline stopping him, "Know'st thou aught of a Sir Henry De Malvern. He hath been here much of late, and I promise thee, William, I like him not."

"What cognizance does he bear," asked the knight.

"A dragon with wings expanded," was the reply.

"Nay, then I know him not, replied the knight embracing her. "Farewell."

"One moment more," said Eveline. "Grant me one favour, if ever my brother falls into thy power—"

"I will treat him as my own brother, so help me heaven," said De Vere—another kiss, and he was gone. Implicitly following her directions he reached St. David's Tower, and was lowered over the wall by Bolton, who threw the rope after him. Eveline, in the mean time, locked the various doors, replaced the keys in the warder's girdle, and reached her chamber unsuspected.

CHAPTER. IX.

Away, away, to court, to show,
The near approach of dreaded foe.

SCOTT.

Sir William De Vere, as narrated in the last chapter, was let over the ramparts by Bolton, and the rope thrown over to him.

No sooner did he find himself on the edge of the moat than he crouched down in order to make sure that he was not discovered. It was a bitter cold night. The snow was falling fast, and a sharp North wind was blowing. It would have required, in ordinary circumstances, no small degree of resolution to have plunged into the moat; but De Vere knew he might be discovered every minute, and therefore as soon as he found that all was quiet he leapt in, and struck boldly out. He reached the other side half dead with cold; but the sight of the watch fires of the royal troops, inspired him with fresh vigour. The mile which separated him from them was soon passed over, and in a few moments he was challenged by an outlying sentry with—

"Who goes there."

"A friend," replied De Vere.

"The word."

"I know it not. Who is thy leader?"

"Sir Walter Blount," replied the soldier.

"Conduct me to him, prithee," said De Vere. The soldier demurred some time, but at last consented to call his captain, and this last, on hearing that he had news to communicate, immediately led him to Blount's pavillion.

On reaching the tent, they were admitted at a word from the captain of the guard, and in a moment De Vere found himself in Blount's presence. He was fully armed, and asleep, with his head on his charger's saddle; but he sprung up on hearing their footsteps. A torch was burning by his side, and by its light he recognized De Vere.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "art thou here. I thought our friend Ducie would have given us some trouble. But thou art wet and cold; what hast thou been about?"

"Methinks" replied De Vere, "that thou would'st be wet and cold also had'st thou just come out of the castle moat."

"Probably," said Blount, "but how did'st thou get in, ha! I see thou hast escaped."

"Thou art right there," rejoined De Vere, "But now let me have somewhat to eat; and do thou in the meantime order thy troops to march to wherever the king may be, at once."

"Indeed I shall do no such thing," said Blount, "My orders were to treat Ducie as a traitor unless he gave thee up by noon this day; and if he does not, of course—"

"Of course thou wilt do as I tell thee," replied De Vere. "I tell thee man I have discovered a conspiracy."

"The twentieth within the last three months," exclaimed Blount, "but what of them they all die away without coming to anything; so Bolingbroke cares nought for them now."

"Nevertheless I tell thee that this is a dangerous one," insisted De Vere. "And when I tell thee Hotspur is at the head of it—"

"I will march at day-break," said Blount. He accordingly called a knight, and gave the necessary orders. De Vere in the mean time had some refreshment, and then mounting a horse he rode off to his castle with a strong guard of men-at-arms. Great were the rejoicings of his attached followers at his re-appearance: but he did not stay long. He commended Manny for his conduct; gave him a few necessary orders as to what was to be done in his absence; and then arming himself, he rode back to Sir Walter Blount's camp. About two hours after day-break the royal troops were on their return to Windsor. We will not follow them, but merely say they arrived safe; and leave De Vere's proceedings there for another chapter. In the mean time we will remain at Ducie's castle.

Sir John Ducie, after leaving his prisoner in the way already narrated, not feeling much inclined for conversation or company, went to a separate chamber. Here, for the first time, he thought of the information he had given De Vere; and at once saw how foolish he had been.

"Fool that I was," he said, "to tell him that. How know I but that he may find some means to communicate with this Blount—but no, that is impossible; and as to escape—bah! could he unlock the chain, and open the door, what would it avail him. The warder in the passage is devoted to me, and beside, the secret way of that part of the hold—But why talk I thus—if he escapes it must be through the loop hole. Well, he's safe. But suppose Blount carries out his threat, and falls upon this castle, will Hotspur help me. He is prepared I know, but his cautious uncle will hold him back. There is the disadvantage of being a petty member in these conspiracies. I wish I had taken De Vere's advice. No I don't though, what business had he to rule me" Thus did he run on—never once considering that Percy would never be foolish enough to take his part, if he fell under the king's displeasure on account of a private quarrel. He at last threw himself down upon his couch, tired of the same current of ideas which again and again presented itself to his mind. But his sleep was troubled, and dreams of a terrible nature spoilt his rest—all turning on one point—his treatment of De Vere. Spite of this however he determined he would carry his savage design into execution, and arose betimes in the morning with that intention. But what was his astonishment to see the royal troops in full retreat.

"They shall see it yet," was his muttered remark. He then ordered the garrison to be drawn out, and the prisoner to be brought forth. In a few moments the knight who had gone on that errand, returned with the intelligence that De Vere had escaped. Nothing could exceed his rage at the news; but he could by no means find out how De Vere had got away. The warder in the passage of course stoutly denied his having been asleep; and indeed what evidence was there to be brought against him, seeing that the door of the dungeon was bolted, and the shackle-bolts were still fastened. "By the mass," said

Ducie, when he had finished his investigation ; " but he must have got through the loop hole."

As for Eveline, she laughed at her brother's perplexity, little knowing, at the same time, that she had been the means of disclosing a dangerous conspiracy. She sent for Bolton, loaded him with praises, and better still, gave him a purse of gold. With this, and another kiss from Edith, the honest warder was perfectly delighted.

CHAPTER X.

And now it came that generous mood
In the full current of his blood.

SCOTT.

DE VERE, as we said in the last chapter arrived, safely at Windsor. His first enquiry was for the Earl of Westmoreland who acted as Royal Chamberlain. That nobleman soon made his appearance, and replied in answer to De Vere's request to see the King—

"I regret Sir William De Vere to refuse this request, but our most gracious Sovereign is, as thou mayest have heard, subject to fits of melancholy, and will at such times see no one on whatever business he may come."

"And how long do these fits usually last?" asked De Vere impatiently.

"A week or so generally," was the reply ; "and this is only the second day of the present one."

"And does the King see no one?" asked De Vere.

"Not a soul," was the reply, "save sometimes the Prince ; and their interviews are generally stormy enough."

"Whereabouts is the Prince now, my lord?" asked Sir William.

"I know not, I'm sure," said Westmoreland. "Here," he added turning to a yeoman, "hast thou seen the Prince to-day."

"So please thee, my lord," answered the yeoman, "I saw him go into the park about an hour ago, with the gentlemen Martineau and De Wyvil."

"Ha! some mad trick or another," muttered the Earl, and then he added aloud, "conduct this knight to him." De Vere followed the yeoman through a number of walks, but finding he knew nothing of the Prince's whereabouts, he dismissed him and determined to search for him himself. Before long he found some fresh footmarks in the hitherto untrodden snow which lay thickly on the ground, and on looking down a walk he perceived a man, who, by his dress he rightly judged was Sir William Gascoigne, the Lord Chief Justice. Thinking that it might be as well to tell him the news, he started in pursuit of him.

The worthy Judge was evidently in a reverie. He walked sometimes very fast, sometimes very slow, sometimes his course was zig-zag, sometimes straight forward, but his head was held up, and his eyes directed constantly before him. De Vere, whose armour caused him to sink up to his knees in snow at every step, was about to call to him, when suddenly he saw the Judge trip up in one of his fast walks, and the next moment all his body disappeared except his legs, which kicked convulsively in the air. A minute after three persons, whom he rightly conjectured to be the Prince and his companions, emerged from among the trees, laughing heartily. They however soon extricated the Judge, and no sooner had he recovered his faculties, than the Prince fell on his knees and appeared to be asking his pardon. De Vere heard the last words which were, "Honoured Sir, indeed I had not intended this trap."

"Say no more Sir Prince," said the good old man, "one must forgive the follies of thy youth; yet it is time thou wert

more considerate." So saying, he shook the snow from his mantle and started off at a rapid pace, without further reproof. De Vere however determined not to let it pass so lightly, and accordingly spoke to the Prince more warmly than he would have done, had he been calmer.

"Shame on thee Sir Prince," said he, "is it thus that the heir-apparent of a mighty nation should spend his leisure hours? Surely it would be far better for thee to learn to help thy father in bearing the weight of government, than to waste thy time in frolics which would be a shame in a boy not 10 years old. It would only have been thy deserts hadst thou been sent to prison again, for this insult to thy father's faithful subject."

"Thou art right, De Vere," said the Prince frankly, "I have done wrong; but the temptation was so great, methinks I see the Judge falling into our justice trap again." Here the remembrance of the scene caused him to burst into another fit of laughter, in which he was joined by his two companions. De Vere, who had more than once rebuked the Prince for his follies, said, as he turned away—

"I had hoped Sir Prince to find thee ready for important news concerning the welfare of the state; but as I find thee employed thus, I will even seek a better person in whom to confide them."

"Nay, nay, De Vere, said the Prince seizing his hand and wringing it heartily, "speak not thus; I am foolish and headstrong it is true, yet I will try to improve. Rebuke me now as freely as thou wilt, (thou hast already acquired some right to do so,) for I deserve it; yet say not that I am utterly gone; I try, indeed I try heartily to do right, but some mad prank or another constantly causes me to go wrong. Martineau do thou and De Wyvil fill up our justice trap, lest perchance our revered parent should fall into it, and then woe to us." He then took De Vere a little apart, and said to him—

(To be continued.)

ASHMERE COURT:

A TALE OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

(Continued from page 90.)

CHAPTER XVII.

"Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE restoration of the Church to the People of England, after the state of misery and uncertainty in which they had been involved so long, was incalculably great. Like the Jews of old, returning from Babylon, and laying anew the foundation of their beautiful but revered temple, felt exceeding joy; so did all classes feel now—having regained a priceless boon which had been long lost to them.

But we must no longer delay; for our readers are doubtless getting very anxious to hear something more about Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Twittlebury. The latter had died just a year before the Restoration, and well was it for her; as this merciful release took her away from the brutal insolence of her husband, and much evil to come.

Twittlebury got worse and worse as far as character and behaviour went—till he became hateful to his friends. Consequently, when the king had ascended the throne, and every thing was on a proper footing, Mr. Howard, who had been illegally deprived of his property in the first instance, was at once restored to the Grange; while Twittlebury, an outcast on the earth, fled to the continent, and was never again heard of.

Dr. Manton, being now too old to carry on satisfactorily the high duties of his position, brought with him his only son, John Manton; who having remained in France during the rebellion, had, immediately after the Restoration, received holy orders.

Mr. Ashmere was again reinstated in his fine old manor, and the village was quite itself again.

But all this, of course, had not been accomplished without some struggle. The usurping preacher was very unwilling to yield up his authority, and his good benefice, to Dr. Manton; and he established a rival chapel in the heart of the village: but the united influence of the 'Squire and the Doctor was so great, and had always been so beneficially exercised, for the glory of GOD, and the good of their fellow men, that very few turned their backs on the Church of their Fathers; and, in less than six months, the rival building was altogether deserted; and in consequence obliged to be pulled down.

All things, therefore, were soon on their old footing again; and Ashmere was as "a city that is at unity with itself." Men saw and felt the value of their privileges; for they had experienced the results of losing them; and they felt too that union was strength, and the best safeguard against losing them again. For though Ashmere was but as a drop in a bucket—a mere "trifle" among the thousands of England; yet "TRIFLES make PERFECTION, and PERFECTION is NO TRIFLE,"—Michael Angelo never said anything truer than this.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR readers would never forgive us, nor should we deserve their pardon, or have any right to expect them to read our stories, for the future, if we left our tale in its present state, or did not make some catastrophe, or the contrary, by way of winding it up. We have mention'd somewhere, already, that the 'Squire had three daughters, Helen, Gertrude and Lucy. They were three very interesting and excellent girls; especially the latter, who was the youngest, and considered the prettiest; but this is a matter of private taste, into which we do not feel called upon to enter. Suffice it for our purpose to say, that this had been a long time the private opinion of the Doctor's

son, the Rev. John Manton, of whom we shall hereafter familiarly speak as John.

I believe he was not at all singular in his opinion ; as many disappointed gallants could have testified, had they been in good humour enough to do so.

He mentioned the subject one day to Mr. Ashmere, in a solitary walk, which they took across the woods of the court ; and was very well pleased to find that he was a great favourite of the old 'Squire, and according to his own inferences, very likely to be more closely connected with him than before. At length it was all settled between the old people that John might represent his case to the young lady herself, and if she thought the plan an agreeable one, Papa would not use any superhuman exertions to contravene her decision. So far, so good. Of course, however, the Rubicon had yet to be crossed. The die was cast to be sure, but the brook lay beyond ; and as yet he was only in up to the ankle.

It was a fine Wednesday, the day on which he made his plunge.

Up to the court he stalked, certainly, in a very *veni, vidi, vici*, style ; and found,—better luck than he expected—Miss Lucy, walking alone in the lawn.

If we may be allowed to judge, from the smiling face with which he tripped back to the parsonage, some three hours afterwards, it would seem that the young lady and gentleman managed to understand one-another very comfortably. However, if there were any doubts at all about the matter, in the minds of any of the parishioners, they were all cleared away one fine summer's day, a twelvemonth afterwards, by a vigorous peal of bells ringing out from the old tower of Ashmere Church, and setting all the parish on the alert ; for all felt an interest in the proceedings of the day.

* * * *

Dr. Manton lived to a good old age, and was succeeded in his vicarage by his son.

Mr. Ashmere survived him several years, and left his property in the parish to his eldest son, who grew up respected and beloved, and ruled his own person and his household well, as his father before him had done. His sister Helen, was married to Mr. Howard, a few months after the wedding of young Ashmere. Gertude lived with her brother, until his wedding; when she went to her sister, and lived for several years in the house of her brother-in-law—till, last but not least, she consented to the urgent wishes of a neighbouring clergyman, and changed her abode once more. "I have been young," saith David, "and now am old, and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."

Well would it be if Christian men and Christian women, in these days, would learn to appreciate the fact, that there is a work appointed of GOD for each one of them to do; and would bear in mind, while they are engaged in their labours of love, that they do them heartily, as unto the LORD and not unto men; knowing that of the LORD they will receive the reward of the inheritance; for they serve the LORD'S CHRIST.

So shall unity and good will become again universal—and dis-union and bad feeling perish out of the land.

So shall the Church again become the blessing of the nation—as a light shining in a dark place.

So shall it shine more and more unto the perfect day.

"So " GOD shall bless us, and all the ends of the world shall fear Him."

And we that are His people, and sheep of his pasture, will give Him thanks for ever, and will alway be showing forth His praise from generation to generation.

But there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that God will help men, if they will not help themselves.

They must be "Workers together with Him;" for "he that soweth little shall reap little," and "according as a man soweth, so shall he also reap."

F. C. H.

THE COLONIST;

OR WHERE IS HE?

BEING, RECOLLECTIONS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

(Continued from page 27.)

CHAPTER VII.

ONE fine day, I and Tims went into De Font's lodgings, and found a stranger there—the Reverend Jeremy Pluck. He was one of De Font's old friends, and had on his way through Oxford, claimed his acquaintance by way of convenience.

We were introduced to the traveller in a most pell mell fashion—"Tims, —, Mr. Pluck, a Cambridge Clergyman, take a biscuit: Huntley and Palmer's you know." "Well, Mr. Pluck," said De Font sitting down, "what did I hear you say about going down the river, eh?" "Why, it's not on my own account old fellow," answered Pluck; "I have been often, but I have a friend and his sister with me at the Star, and we want to go down to Nuneham, specially in order to gratify the lady, and we will take a four if you will pull one, and Miss—— shall steer." "Very good plan," suggested Tims. "I don't know exactly," muttered De Font in a kind of soliloquy. "Why?" interrogated the little parson in a tone of mute astonishment.—"I'm not quite sure." "Not quite sure about what, De Font?" "Why, about that going down to Nuneham." "Nonsense, it's a very good plan, is it not?" "Well, yes," answered De Font, "the plan is good enough, except that part about the lady! I won't go unless the lady gives up going, and stays at home! Ladies are always in the way, especially in such places!" Tims and I burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter, in which Mr. Pluck could not help joining: De Font looked daggers, but sat immovable. Mr. Pluck and his friend took the lady down in a punt, and our worthy friend stayed at home, protesting against the folly

of allowing so nice an expedition to be spoiled by such a nuisance; but forgetting all the while, that the expedition would never have been made, but for the lady's entertainment!

The day after we were walking down Ship Street towards Exeter, when we met De Font. Well! old fellow," I said, "what did you mean by talking so rudely about that lady yesterday—Mr. Pluck's friend, I mean?" "What did I mean!—rudely—Explain your words!" shouted De Font in a menacing attitude, and looking very fierce. "Explain! oh! they do'nt need much explanation," we said, "but we were positively ashamed of your uncourteous behaviour, and we thought it was only kind to tell you"—"Indeed" said De Font snappishly, suddenly raising his hand and knocking my cap off into the Street—"Hie!" cried Tims, "this wo'nt do, you seem to wish to double your rudeness: good afternoon." And so we left him, knowing well enough that by the next day he would altogether have forgotten his anger, and so it proved.

It was the end of term, and he had come to shew us his Quarters Battels, which were more than he expected, and of which he disapproved in consequence: they ran as follows:—

Mr. DE FONT'S
BATTELS.

———— COLLEGE.
EASTER TERM: 185 — .

BUTTERY, KITCHEN, &c.				£ s. d.		
	Week 1.	...	...	1	5	2
"	" 2.	...	...	1	16	0
"	" 3.	...	...	0	0	0
"	" 4.	...	...	0	0	0
"	" 5.	...	...	0	0	0
"	" 6.	...	...	0	0	0
"	" 7.	...	...	2	3	0
"	" 8.	...	...	2	0	4

(Carry Over,) £7 4 6

				£	s.	d.
(Brought Forward)	...	...	...	7	4	6
BUTTERY KITCHEN, &c.						
"	Week 9:	...	...	1	10	6
"	" 10.	...	...	1	14	0
"	" 11.	...	...	1	19	2
"	" 12.	...	...	1	19	8
"	" 13.	...	...	1	18	10
University Dues	...	...	...	0	2	9
College Dues	...	...	...	1	18	6
Tuition	...	...	...	5	5	0
Room-Rent [Cleaning Windows.]	...	...	...	0	0	0
Washing	...	...	...	1	15	6
Assessed Taxes	...	...	...	0	0	0
Shoe-Cleaning [Bed-Making]	...	...	...	0	7	6
Oil in Hall and Chapel	...	...	...	0	16	0
Servant's Fees, for Attendance, &c.	...	...	...	1	12	0
				£28	3	11

"There!" exclaimed De Font, "is not that atrocious. Only fancy, £28. 3s. 11d! What a sum!"

"Well, yes, the expenses here are quite enough, certainly; but yours might have been less. Think what it would have been if you had been in College, instead of in lodgings! Just add these items—there now," we added, taking up a piece of paper, and making the following calculation, "you would have, besides, (which I have,) first:—

			£	s.	d.
Room-rent	...	...	4	4	0
And, for Repairs in Rooms	...	...	0	7	6
And, say, for Incidental Expenses	...	...	1	0	0
So the Total	...	...			
Added to your Bill	...	...	...	28	3 11
Would come to something like	...	...	...	33	15 5

rather high Battels for this term, eh?" "Yes, uncommonly, how is it?" "Why the fault lies altogether at the door of your good dinners! I mean your *rather* too good dinners, for a working man like you!! You see the Battels for the seventh and eighth weeks must have been on the High-table; they are above the mark, and so are some of the others." "Ah!" said De Font, in a half melancholy way, "'tis a very expensive place, this Oxford, economize as one may!"

And De Font was right one way. Economize as one may, Oxford is a very expensive place; but it might be made much less so, if those whose business it is, would only look into the thousand abuses which have crept into our noble institutions. It is no good to try and eradicate the disease, if you leave the cause of the disease untouched. What would Merton, and Wykeham, and Waynflete, and Stapledon say, could they see Oxford *now*? But we are digressing: a knock at our door!—"Come in—Oh! Brush! how now old fellow, take a seat." "Thank you, what's the best news?" "Simply this, that I consider it an immense bore to be obliged to give this jolly breakfast set of mine to that scout" (like the Cambridge "Gyp," the Oxford term for a College Servant,) "the dear old cups one has used all one's College life, are too good friends to be parted!"

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRIESTLY CURSING IN LONDON.

A CORRESPONDENT SAYS—On Sunday, after the eight o'clock Mass, at the Roman Catholic Masshouse, in Duncan Terrace, Islington, the Rev. F. Oakley, a Roman Catholic Priest, (an

Oxford pervert,) proceeded to the Irish courts, in Islington, near the Angel; and, after giving the Irish people a long lecture, for sending their children to the Protestant schools, pronounced the following curse:—"We do hereby give notice, that if any persons, after this our solemn warning, do send their children to the Protestant schools (six schools were here named); or if they have been already tempted to send them, and do not instantly remove them, they shall be counted guilty of mortal sin; shall be refused all the rites and sacraments of the Church; at death the extreme unction shall be denied to them; and their bodies, either his or hers, refused burial in any cemetery belonging to the Church; the curse of God shall rest upon them, body or soul, living or dead.

ERRORS AND ABUSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH WARDER.

SIR,—Can you inform me when Her Majesty's Government intend to prosecute the Archbishops who prevent those sittings of Convocation summoned by the Queen's authority?

And can you tell me whether the Hebrew and Septuagint corroborate the singular statement, in the Bible of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in English—"Minion Copy, 8vo. Lincolns Inn Fields,"—and in that of the British & Foreign Bible Society, in Welsh—"Cambridge University"—That Ahazia was living two years *before* his father? (2 Chron. xxi, 20. xxii, 2.) Also, why the English, Welsh, and Douay Bibles, adopt different divisions of verses? Why the English, and Douay, number the Psalms differently? And if it be true that a fresh aggression has been made on the Welsh Church, by handing over part of Radnorshire to the See of Hereford?

Yours truly,

PEDRO TRAVASSOS VALDEZ.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A PLAIN COMMENTARY ON THE FOUR GOSPELS. PART XII.

Price 1s. J. H. Parker.

The twelfth part contains a wood cut of our Lord carrying His cross, and sinking from exhaustion under its weight. It may be observed, however, that the Roman soldier, in the foreground, wears a pair of English breeches, stockings, and, what is called, high-low shoes; but that, perhaps, is the taste of the Artist. The Part commences with the thirteenth chapter of S. Mark's Gospel, and finishes it: and this Part also contains the Title-page of the Second Volume. This is an excellent Commentary, and well deserving to be purchased by our readers, as a good family expositor. The type is good; and it is of two large sizes, so as to suit the eyesight of the aged readers.

SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS. Parts IV. and V. J. H. Parker. Price 1s. Second Series.

Part IV. of this Series contains Sermons for the Epiphany & Lent; viz. God manifested not by the Material Creation, but by the Incarnation; for the fifth Sunday after the Epiphany. "Heavenly Happiness;" for the sixth Sunday after Epiphany. "Better late than never;" for Septuagesima. "The principle of self denial;" for Sexagesima. "Warnings and safeguards;" for S. Matthias. "Love of God, the life of Lent;" for Quinquagesima; and "Plain reasons for observing Lent;" for Ashwednesday. Part V. continues Epiphany and Lent; and the Contents Sorrow for sin; Our Lord's Temptation, a call to godly sorrow; Our Spiritual

Warfare; Earthly Wants, a Snare; The Humility of the blessed Virgin; Refreshment in sorrow; and, Conviction of sin. These are the titles and subjects of the sermons contained in Parts IV. & V. and they are exactly suitable to the different occasions; and they are excellent remembrancers of the Holy Seasons of the Church, when we are called to penitence, self-denial, and newness of life.

A WORD TO THE CHURCH, BY A CHURCHMAN. pp.15. J.H.Parker.

The Churchman calmly reasons with his fellow Churchmen upon the danger of divisions in the Church; and he considers that the laity is to blame in not insisting on the clergy executing their office in conformity with the rubrics; intimating that if the High and the Low Church parties would "proceed according to law, and both fulfil their vows," there would be no more divisions in the Church; for he says, "the non-observance of those forms and ceremonies is the cause of our present divisions." It may be so; but we fear the cause lies deeper. He says, "Then fellow-churchmen—laymen of the Church of England—it remains with you to say whether things shall or shall not continue in their present melancholy state. If you would insist upon your clergy performing their duties decently and in order, we should never hear again of Tractarianism. If you will compel your pastors to act up to their vows, Puseyism so called will dwindle away. Show your ministers by your presence on week days at the door of your churches, that you are desirous of praying *daily* to God in public, and then

Low Churchism shall 'become a tale that is told.' It appears to us that the first part of this advice, if acted on, would throw the laity into a false position; and in a short time reverse the order of those who have, by divine appointment, the rule over us; but the latter part would soon make the daily prayers a reality. In this particular both clergy and people are mutually to blame; the priest wont read, because the people don't attend; and the people wont attend, because the priest don't read; so betwixt them the daily prayers are neglected. This is a good tract; and worthy of attention by both priest and people.

A DOZEN BALLADS FOR THE TIMES, ABOUT WHITE SLAVERY. Bosworth. Fcap. 8vo. pp, 32. Price 6d.

These pleasing Ballads are from the pen of the Author of "Proverbial Philosophy." They are very beautiful; and they hit the right nail on the head. As a specimen we select a stanza from No. V. "The Work-woman."

O Belle of the Ballroom, how little
you know

Of the *pain* that has made you so
fair;

O bride of Belgravia, hunger and
woe

Have drest you so charmingly
there!

O buyer of bargains, most cruelly
cheap,

Consider what sorrow must lurk
In toil without respite, that stran-
gers may reap

The fruit of such profitless work!

NEUROTONICS; a New View of Health and Disease. By DUNCAN NAPIER. Houlston and Stone-
man. 32nd Edition. 1854.

The derangement of the Nervous
System is the source of much suf-

fering to many; and a decayed tooth will completely unhinge the whole nerves in the body; therefore any medical treatment that will relieve or cure a complaint of the nerves, is worth the sufferers attention. The "Neurotonics" of Mr. Napier, have gone through thirty-two editions; which is a sure mark of popular favour, and a considerable proof that his treatment has been successful. Mr. Napier gives a great many cases; but he does not give the mode of treatment; neither does he say whether or not he cured his patients! and the object of his book seems to be to recommend and sell his medicines which he sends by post.

1. *The Dying Soldier*; by Rev. Wm. Sinclair. 2nd Edition. Hatchard and son.

2. *The Sure Judgment of God*, &c. Rev. Ch. Gutch. Rivingtons.

3. *Exhortation to Stability*; by Rev. Holland Lomas. Rivingtons.

4. *Ann Cowman*; by a Clergyman. Rivingtons.

5. *The Duty of Public Worship Proved*. Francis Fox. Rivingtons.

6. *The Poor Churchman's Calendar of Feasts and Fasts*. Rivingtons.

7. "*We are Able!*" Rivingtons.

Mr. Harrison is a trump; and these interesting tracts are all published by him; and shew that he is well deserving of the patronage not only of the Leeds Clergy, but of others throughout the kingdom.

1. The writer of this tale of sin, suffering and punishment, is we believe, the brother of the Venerable the Archdeacon of Middlesex; and it professes to be founded on facts; of which we have no doubt, as it gives evidence of the reality of life. The soldier was a medical student who had the misfortune of having a sceptical father and a fanatical mother. In the course of his medi-

cal studies he formed associations with young men who led him into the vices of drinking, smoking, gambling and other unmentionables. These led to picking and stealing, and expulsion from his father's house; poverty and distress and the loss of character led him to enlist as a soldier, and he was sent to the East Indies; here he might have risen; but his evil genius, in the shape of dissolute companions, led him into scrapes, and at last affected his health so that it was necessary to discharge him; and he returned home to find he had caused the death of both his parents; at last he is introduced to the reader on his death bed, as a reclaimed and penitent prodigal. It is pleasing to think that he was brought to a proper state of mind by his captain, a really "devout centurian." The tale is most interesting and affecting; and will much delight the philanthropist.

2. This excellent sermon was preached on the occasion of the destruction of a mill in Leeds, and the loss of several lives; it was published by request; and to which Mr. Gutch has prefixed a letter to the owner of the Mill, on the state of his work people, and his duty towards them. He treats this calamitous accident as a just judgment on the owner, and on his foreman, who was of the most abandoned character; one who had most shamefully abused his power, and taken advantage of his position, as a foreman, to seduce "the young girls under his charge;" and whose conversation both in and out of the mill, had "been profane and indecent in the extreme." Mr. Gutch charges all these immoralities, and the destruction of the property, to avarice—to the love of money, which is truly the root of all evil. In his sermon he says, "Many of you

know what a character that mill bears for the vice and profaness, the unchecked profligacy, the unblushing wickedness of its work people, both within and without its walls.—I am therefore not surprised that this judgment should have burst upon it; indeed I have long expected it." And in a note he adds, "The repeated exclamation, at the time of the accident, of the poor woman who died after lingering fifteen days, was 'this cursed Mill of Hammond's—oh this cursed Mill.'" As the preacher intreats his hearers to pray for the conversion of "the rich and the covetous, and the unmerciful;" it is to be feared that all these sins were combined in the owner of this "cursed mill." We hope the parties implicated will lay Mr. Gutch's words to their hearts, and wipe off the foul reproach from their mill.

3. This "Exhortation to Stability," was delivered on the occasion of Mr. Lomas' resignation of the incumbency of S. Lokes Church, Leeds; in which he remarks on the two great revivals that have taken place in the Church of England; that of Wesleyan Methodism, and that by the Oxford Divines, commonly called Puseyism. Of course he gives the preference to the latter; and he laments the discredit which the secessions to Rome have thrown upon the principles of the Church, which have been revived within our own memories. He exhorts his hearers to "throw themselves heartily into the Church's system. Do not be half churchmen, half dissenters." He describes the nature of the modern revival, which he denominates "the Sacramental System;" He says, "They pointed out the Apostolic Succession, as conveying in a direct line from the very hands of Christ Himself placed upon the heads of the Twelve, the very au-

thority, power and commission which they, and none but they, received, to direct and govern and teach the Christian Church and all its members." Many ignorant people reject this doctrine as popish; but it is one of the fundamental doctrines of the universal Church; and it was only revived or brought to public notice, but not introduced as a distinctive feature; for it is a reality possessed by the Church in general, and by the Church of England in particular; and to which none of the sects either can or do lay claim. Hence their fierce animosity to it, on the principle of *sour grapes*.

4. Ann Cowman's "Sketch," is a simple but very affecting and brief narrative of the patient suffering and the humble resignation of a poor canal boatman's daughter. Disease, contracted in a cotton mill, produced paralysis; and she was bedridden; but the good seed which had been sown in her youth, produced the good fruit of holiness with patience, through which we doubt not she will inherit the promises. The narrative is affecting; and the unostentatious kindness of the clergyman who visited her, and administered the eucharist, is most exemplary.

5. This is the fifteenth edition of a Tract by Francis Fox, formerly Vicar of Reading, which he had published for the use of his parishioners; of which the Christian Knowledge Society published "many editions;" but which they dropped out of their List in the year 1825. This will give some idea of the worth of the book, which was originally published in the Jacobite era of the Church. Clergymen and Catechists will find it well fitted for teaching the duty of public worship; with excellent directions for a devout

behaviour in church; and a good account is added of the use and method of Book of Common Prayer. It is arranged in the method of question and answer. We recommend it to our clerical readers.

6. The Poor Churchman's Calendar, is a list of the Fasts and Festivals of the Church, with a very brief account of Each; and it is intended to supply information respecting those times and seasons which the Church of England has appointed to be kept holy; with a few plain instructions for guidance. We recommend the rich churchmen to give it gratis to their poor brothers in Christ, who will be much benefited, and the churches better filled on holidays, by it.

7. This is a capital Sermon which had been preached on S. James's day, 1847, in the parish church of Leeds. The subject is the petition of Zebadees wife in favour of her sons; and particularly their answer to our Lord's question—whether or not they were able to drink of His cup of afflictions, and to be baptized with that baptism of blood wherein he was baptized. It is printed in the shape and size of a tract for distribution; and shows how sure it is that like the favoured brethren, "we know not what we ask," when we petition for worldly wealth and distinction. It is addressed chiefly to the young, to induce them to endure the cross, as the sure ladder to reach the crown. The elder brother suffered in *deed* by the sword of Herod, within about eight years from the time their mother petitioned for their temporal advancement; and the younger brother suffered in *will*; and both sustained bonds and imprisonments; and the latter banishment in his old age.

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VOL. VIII.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

It is with much satisfaction and great thankfulness that we remark the great zeal and the mighty efforts that are now making in every place for the extension of Christ's kingdom, by the erection of churches, where great populations have suddenly sprung up. In no place have this zeal and these efforts been more exerted than in the populous parish of S. Pancras, a species of suburb of London, which is now nearly covered with bricks and mortar; and its population amounts to about 200,000. Several circumstances have contributed to increase its population; one of which is, that the Termini of the Birmingham and Great Northern Railways are both situated within the parish; the numerous staffs of their officials and servants require accommodation in their immediate neighbourhood; but in particular the clearing out of many of the old parts of central London, where the poor and labouring classes mostly did congregate, to make room for new and spacious streets, and other improvements, has dislodged that description of the people; and as they must live somewhere they have colonised S. Pancras. In consequence, within the last seven years, the population has increased enormously; at the rate, it is said, of four thousand annually.

Before this sudden increase took place, the population had far outgrown the Church accommodation; and in the year

1842, "The S. Pancras Church Extension Fund," was instituted; the object of which was to make grants to district Committees, towards the erection of additional churches and chapels in the parish, and of parsonage houses for the clergy; and for supplying moderate stipends for clergymen in those districts, where there is, as yet, no consecrated place of worship.

Until the appointment of the present most zealous Vicar in 1847, the Society languished, and would most probably have become extinct; but Canon Dale infused new life and vigour into it, from the moment that he saw and understood the deplorably destitute condition of his parish. During his incumbency the ancient parish church has been rebuilt and enlarged; the original church had only room for 159 worshippers and no more, now it is seated for 800; five new large churches have been built and consecrated; two of which have been erected by the private munificence of two individuals, at an expense of over £20,000, who are seeking, and we hope will obtain treasure in heaven; five temporary churches have been erected, for the accomodation of the inhabitants of those places where it is intended to build and endow district churches; and by these exertions, nearly 10,000 worshippers have been rescued from that state of semi-infidelity that has afflicted large portions of that great and populous parish.

Four clergymen, for whom churches are not yet built, are wholly maintained from this parochial Church Extension Fund; these labour among the poor of those districts where there is at present no consecrated place of worship. There are forty-two clergymen resident in the parish, who are fully occupied with pastoral duties; and upwards of 2,000 children that were formerly altogether neglected, are now brought under Christian instruction. All these effects have been accomplished by the zeal and the unceasing exertions of the Vicar, Mr. Dale; and since the institution of the Fund, the sum of £17,546 2s. 10d. $\frac{1}{2}$ has been raised within the parish, and chiefly at the parish church

in Euston Square. This sum has not been hoarded up, but has been appropriated to the purposes for which it was offered by the faithful at the church doors. But, much as has been done by the Vicar and the general Committee, whose exertions are never slackened, yet the good work does not keep pace with the necessities of the parish, owing to the deficient supply of the sinews of building and endowing. And now may the Vicar and clergy of the parish say with the great apostle of the Gentiles: "If we have sown unto you *spiritual* things, is it a *great matter* if we shall reap your *worldly* things?"

For the encouragement of other parishes to go and do likewise, we extract two paragraphs from the Statement or Report of the Committee for Church Extension in S. Pancras:

"Seven years have now elapsed since the S. Pancras Church Extension Fund, which seemed to be fast verging towards extinction, and the receipts of which had dwindled down to less than £300 annually, was revived by a Special Appeal. This Appeal not only produced in the first year the sum of £2505 2s. 11d., but led to results still more important, and more permanently beneficial, in the formation of Local or District Committees, for the erection and endowment of particular Churches. These Local Committees, together with the General Committee, have raised in the aggregate, within seven years, a sum little short of Thirty-five Thousand Pounds.

"While, however, so much seems to have been accomplished, there is still the most urgent necessity for increased and extended efforts. The results of the census in 1851, as it respects the statistics of religious worship, have indeed proved the numerical superiority of the members of the Church of England in S. Pancras, to those of all other denominations of Christians combined; but at the same time they have made public the preponderance of practical unbelievers over both. The proportion of accommodation—whether in churches or chapels—to the gross population OUGHT, on the authority of the

Registrar, to be 58 in 100. The sittings provided by the Church of England in S. Pancras ARE 92,190, or 19·8 in 100; by fifteen denominations of Dissenters, 17,661, or 10·6 in 100; by the Romanists, 1,204, or 0·7 in 100; making altogether but 30·6 in 100, and thus leaving 28 in every 100, or 45,539 immortal souls in all, without even the possibility of attending religious worship of any description whatever. It will further appear, from the same most useful and important document already cited (Census of 1851; Religious worship; published by authority.), that the aggregate of attendance at the three Lord's day services, as returned by actual enumeration on Sunday, March 31, 1851, bears yet more striking evidence to the comparative efficiency of the Church in the great Parish of S. Pancras. At the three services on that day were counted 49,251 in the 29 places of worship of the Established Church; 22,735 or less than one-half, in the 35 Chapels of the various denominations of Dissenters. Surely, then, it needs no other argument to prove how effectual have been the labours of this Association in promoting practical Christianity in S. Pancras; and to afford, in the retrospect of that which has been accomplished, the strongest encouragement to attempt that which is still remaining to be done."

As in some sort a contrast to the proceedings of the Committee of the Church Extension Fund in S. Pancras parish, we may state the apathy of the people in Scotland, and the penurious hoarding up of what has been contributed for the support of a body of men who have suffered with patience the utmost amount of poverty, by a Society on a larger scale, including in fact a National Church. "The fifteenth annual Report of the Scottish Episcopal Church Society" is now before us, which contains an abstract of the accounts for last year; from which we regret to see, that with a "Capital Stock" of over £17,000, they are still obliged to borrow from their Bankers. But we rejoice to mark the tone of improved confidence in which the

Report is drawn up; and we doubt not, that by the exercise of a more liberal expenditure, the causes of the complaints hitherto exhibited in the Society's Reports will be altogether removed.

The Report asserts with great truth, "that the members of the Episcopal Communion in that country, have not contributed towards the necessities of their Church in any measure proportionate to their means, as compared with the contributions and means of other religious bodies around them, or proportionate to the wants they have been called upon to supply." There cannot be the least doubt, but that churchmen would give to God more liberally and cheerfully, if they did not see their alms and oblations diverted from the service of God, to be invested in heritable securities and Railway Debentures. A large item in the annual balance sheet is Capital Stock amounting to £17,240, on which the utmost interest which they can show for this Stock is £578. 8 11. The managers of this Society have allowed themselves to be embarrassed with this large sum, rendered unavailable; and now it may be difficult and even attended with loss, to call it up; yet it might be gradually recovered; and it would be much better employed in loans to congregations for building churches, parsonages and schools on the principle so ably detailed by a writer in the *Scottish Magazine*. In consequence of the extension of the Church in Scotland, the demands on the funds of the Society are annually increasing; but we are of opinion, that it would be more for the glory of God and the extension of His Kingdom, if the Society shewed more faith in His providential care. The hoarding up system proceeds from want of faith—"O ye of little faith;" and were the amount annually offered by their own people and in England, more liberally dispensed, there cannot be a doubt but the contributions would also be more liberal. One of their objects ought to be "to foster and encourage the exertions" of newly formed congregations which would start up in

many places, if the fostering encouragement of this Society was extended to them; until by their own exertions, they could relieve the Society from annual drafts on it, which in turn would be disposable to other new congregations. In the very able Report now before us, it is said:—

“No congregation however poor, should (under the circumstances of our Church) depend *entirely* upon any voluntary charitable association. In every incumbency a struggle should be made towards independence. Every congregation should commence forming a permanent endowment fund, by the interest of which, the Society’s funds may be gradually relieved, and made available for fostering the infancy of *other* congregations. The powers of the Society have their limits, and past experience shows that we have come to those limits, nay, that we are passing them. For the last two years the Committee have had to provide for a deficiency of £500 each year, and therefore it is now evident, that with its present income, except greater exertions shall in future be made by the incumbencies receiving assistance, a necessary reduction of grants must be the consequence; the whole expenditure of the Society must be revised and brought down to a lower scale than even the present one, inadequate as it is. It is impossible for this Society, of itself, to sustain permanently as an endowment, all the poorer incumbencies of the Church. It can do much in aiding them to *sustain themselves*, but at the present rate of increase of schools and congregations, it is evidently impossible for the Society, as almoner of the Church’s bounty, to meet the demands made upon it, except there be a more liberal and active co-operation on the part of those who are to be the recipients.”

It would therefore appear, after all, that this Society is in a great measure a delusion; that they “keep the word of promise to the ear, but break it to the hope” of the poorer and more recently gathered congregations; and they seek to deter other

congregations from being formed, by the threat of reducing the grants; and by the solemn mockery of recommending such congregations as cannot raise £40 per annum for their own pastor, to form "a permanent endowment fund" for themselves *and others*. The Greek Calends would arrive before such a consummation could be accomplished, however devoutly it might be wished; and in the mean time, the Society having shifted these incumbencies off their books, would have more leisure to accumulate "Capital Stock," and lend it out on Heritable securities and Railway Debentures; a system which would be much more to the advantage of the conveyancers, than for the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

How different are the systems of these two Societies; the one expending the offerings of the faithful on the objects for which they were contributed; the other hoarding up the gifts which were liberally offered to God; doing no more than they can possibly help; and threatening to reduce their grants, and perhaps to withdraw them altogether. Look on this picture and on that, and say whose managers deserve to be supported. We hope however, that a spirit of greater trust in divine providence will hereafter actuate the managing Committee, and that they will be eventually cured of that itch for accumulating Capital Stock, which proceeds from their littleness of faith.

DE VERE'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF HARRY HOTSPUR'S REBELLION.

(Continued from page 115.)

CHAPTER X.

"Doubtless, Sir William, thou thinkest that a multitude of counsellors is good; so do I and; I would I had more, and better ones. But there thou see'st my parliament; and indeed,

much more obedient are they than that same House of Commons; who, notwithstanding they said that my father did quite right in dethroning Richard, make it a point of contradicting him on every point now. Ha!" continued the Prince, with a smile, "my father pushed him from the throne as quietly as thou would'st have turned a yeoman out of thine own chair, at the head of thy board, had he dared to assume it."

"And will be turned out as easily himself," said De Vere, "unless this dangerous conspiracy—"

"Bah!" exclaimed the Prince, "another conspiracy; I loathe the word. Why, man, this is the twentieth I have heard of within a month; and only one which bears any token of danger, is the news concerning those southern barons, which De Malvern brought."

"Ha! Sir Prince," said De Vere, starting at the name, "De Malvern—bears he not a dragon for a crest?"

"Right," said the Prince, "but what of him?"

"He is an emissary of Hotspur, then," said De Vere, "who is at the head of this plot." The Prince turned to him, took off his glove and gave it him, saying as he did so—

"Take this gage, De Vere, and ride to Alnwick. Spare not thy steed,—ride to Alnwick, and say to Harry Hotspur, that this is my gauntlet; lay it at his feet, and tell him that he may appoint any place within the four seas of Britain, and thither will I repair with ten knights, and let him come with the like number; and I will do him battle, hand to hand, any way he likes—on horseback or on foot; with lance, with sword, or mace, dagger, or battle-axe; aye, or with our bare hands; and let our rights to this realm of England, be decided there and then."

"I fear me, Sir Prince, that this will hardly be right," said De Vere, "a noble prince must not peril his life in combat with a traitor, though he be an Earl's son, or one of the best lances in England."

"There again," said the Prince, impatiently, "the benefit of these cautious councillors; always, 'I fear me my liege;' 'Or, 'that will hardly do my liege,' or—but thou art right, De Vere—What ho! hither good De Wyvil."

The Prince's companion soon appeared, and received orders to summon Sir Walter Blount, another knight, at once. "Run," concluded the prince, "as if we had a wager of a flagon of sack between us." De Wyvil immediately started; and, ere long returned with the knights, and then retired to some distance.

"Good Blount," said the Prince, "take with thee a thousand men, and go to the southern barons, especially those of Kent and Sussex, and order them to be ready to join us at a moment's notice. And lest they should be false, do thou, Sir Edward Howard, take the like number, and warn the Cliffords, the Clares, and the Nevilles. And now, De Vere," he continued, "this afternoon we will meet in council, and concert other measures for the welfare of the country."

CHAPTER XI.

Time rolls his ceaseless course,

SCOTT.

WE must now pass over a period of six months; during which, nothing of much importance was done, on either side, except that each party was strengthening itself—as much as possible. Lords Kynderton and Vernon were both secured by the conspirators; who also made great attempts to gain over Lord Henry Molineux, a powerful Westmoreland Baron; who, however, remained faithful to Bolingbroke. At last June arrived, and the conspirators assembled their forces. Kynderton and Vernon, Ducie and Chandos, joined their troops, and marched Northward; while Worcester collected a large body

of Cheshire yeomen, and awaited the approach of his kinsman; Douglas, also, had retired into Scotland, and only awaited the signal, to march at once.

In the mean time everything appeared to be considered secure by Bolingbroke, as no visible preparations were made against surprise; but this apathy was only counterfeited; for the king, in reality, was not a little alarmed at a conspiracy in which so many great and powerful noblemen were concerned; and was, therefore, secretly preparing to meet the probable struggle. For this purpose the barons along the Welsh Marches, were ordered to be ready to join the royal standard, at a moment's notice: as Henry IV. rightly conjectured, the conspirators would make Wales the theatre of the war. The Kentish and Sussex barons also had been repeatedly warned to prepare; and one Sussex Lord, Sir Raymond de Iden, had already marched to Windsor, and placed his forces at the king's disposal. The royal troops at Windsor did not exceed 4000, even with De Iden's contingent; but Henry knew he could at any time call the Cliffords, Clares, Nevilles, and other Western Barons to his standard; and, failing these, the country was generally well disposed towards him.

At length the crisis arrived. Hotspur assumed command of the rebels; his father being "sore sicke at his holde." He was immediately joined by Archibald Douglas, with a numerous body of retainers, and some Scottish Knights: and ere he arrived at Shrewsbury, (where he was to communicate with Glendwr, and effect a junction if possible,) Kynderton, Vernon, Ducie, Chandos, and Worcester, had joined his standard, and thus swelled his number to 14,000 men; but unfortunately for him Glendwr had not come up, and he was obliged to wait for him.

Immediately upon Hotspur's starting, Molineux had left a sufficient guard in his castle, and, with the rest, had strained every nerve to reach Bolingbroke; but that monarch had

already received the intelligence; and, with the decision which had before now helped him at a pinch, and which was so characteristic of him, had marched with his little army, and was on the way to Shrewsbury, which he reached the evening before Hotspur appeared before the walls. On his march he had been joined by the rest of his supporters, and his army was the same in point of numbers as Hotspur's, viz. 14,000. The night passed away in fruitless attempts on the King's side to make peace with the conspirators, and he sent the Abbot of Shrewsbury with proposals for an accomodation, but they were rejected, and a full defiance was sent to Bolingbroke by the Percy's charging him, among other offences, with making away with Richard the Second, and detaining the Earl of March prisoner. This determined the King to meet the rebels ere Glendwr could come up, and accordingly next morning, he led out his troops after having, at the prayers of his son and more immediate attendants, put on plain armour; while Sir Walter Blount, the Earl of Westmoreland, and two other knights—Sir John Otway, and Sir Edward Witherington—were cased in the royal arms, and were consequently rendered conspicuous to the enemy. Both armies were soon drawn up in battle array; when De Vere, who was near the Prince, proposed that a small body of men-at-arms should be detached to take Percy's archers' in flank when that leader charged with his cavalry.

"Well said, my trusty De Vere," said the Prince; "detach thy retainers and fall upon them." De Vere obeyed though reluctantly, for he saw the tall form of Ducie just opposite to him among the enemy's ranks. Drawing off his forces, he made a circuit so as to take the enemy in flank; but the manœuvre though executed amidst the confusion of drawing up the army, did not escape Hotspur's eagle eye. Turning to the Douglas, he said:

"Sir Archibald, does not yonder troop threaten us with an attack on the flank?"

"Methinks it ought to be looked to," said Douglas after eying the band for a moment. "Canst thou guess whose followers they are?"

"De Vere's," cried Hotspur, and putting spurs to his charger he dashed to that part of the line where Sir John Ducie was stationed; as soon as he saw that baron he cried out:

"My Lord Ducie thou seest yonder band of horse, they are De Vere's followers, and methinks Sir William is among them; do thou ride out and guard our flank."

"I'll take care he escapes me not now," muttered Ducie, handling his weighty battle-axe as though he were very fond and careful of it, and then turning to his followers he gave the necessary orders and rode forth from the line to meet De Vere.

CHAPTER XII.

And charge with all thy chivalry.

By this time the battle had commenced in earnest. The archers on either side advanced and discharged tremendous flights of arrows at each other, and at the mail-clad men opposed to them. But this did not spit the fiery soul of Hotspur, who spurred to the front of his array and shouted:

"Back, back, good yeomen, and let our chivalry charge." The archers obeyed, and the royal bowmen, perceiving the coming storm, discharged a volley and then nimbly sought refuge behind the royal lines. Prince Henry, wearing his helmet with the three plumes in it, came to the front of the army and shouted with all his might:

"Now sirs for your ladies' lips upon them. A moi,* Hot-

* When a knight wished to single out another in the melee, he shouted these words signifying "To me."

spur." Nor was the Percy behindhand; he waved his lance around his head, and then placing it in rest, dashed on followed by all his chivalry, who rent the air with a shout of "Espérance Percy."

"S. George for Bolingbroke," cried Henry of Monmouth as he also rushed on with his cavalry. Scarcely had he spoken the words when Hotspur was upon him, and the Prince was hurled to the ground, and unhelmed, with a severe wound in the face, while Percy passed him like a thunderbolt; the Prince's lance had carried away the vizor of his antagonist's helmet, and this afterwards proved fatal to Hotspur. A moment after and Sir John Otway fell, cleft to the teeth, by a blow from Percy's battle axe. Nor had Douglas been idle. He singled out the Earl of Westmoreland, and attacked him so furiously with his lance, that the Earl was unhorsed, and shortly after slain by a man-at-arms. He next met Sir Walter Blount, whose left arm he broke, and ere the unfortunate knight could rein in his steed, he encountered the thrust of Sir David Home, a Scotch knight, who laid him dead on the plain. Sir Edward Witherington was slain at the beginning of the mêlée, by an unknown hand, and Hotspur and the Douglas seeing no one else in royal armour, dashed simultaneously forward towards the King's standard, which flew in the centre of the royal line. So furious had the charge been, that Henry's troops were driven in, and the battle was to all appearance lost.

But it is time to return to Prince Henry. For a moment he lay stunned and senseless on the ground, and Worcester, who followed close upon his nephew, perceiving this, directed his lance at the Prince's face; and had not Molineux seen the danger, Agincourt would never have been won. As it was, however, that baron spurred madly forward, and struck Worcester, on the chest, with his lance; the cuirass of proof resisted the thrust, but the lance head gliding up, it pierced the bracings of the gorget, and Worcester fell with the lance

through his throat. De Iden having slain two of the enemy, one with his lance, and the other with his battle axe, sprang from his saddle at the same moment as Worcester fell, and catching that nobleman's horse, he assisted the prince to mount, saying, as he did so—

“Sir Prince, the glory of England rests upon thee,” and, perceiving Henry's eye directed towards Westmoreland's corpse, he added—“Westmoreland.”

“Follow me, Sirs,” cried the gallant youth, drawing a battle axe from saddle bow, and turning to a few knights and men-at arms, whom De Iden had managed to keep together—“Harry Monmouth to the rescue,” he continued, laying a knight dead at his feet. On he flew, supported by Molineux, De Iden, Clifford, and two or three other barons, who speedily restored the battle by their exertions. As for the Prince he seemed gifted with ubiquity; from one rank to another he flew, encouraging his party both by words and example; and so strenuous were his exertions that in a short time the tide was turned, and victory seemed to declare itself for Bolingbroke. Hotspur, who had almost captured the royal standard, perceived this, and endeavoured to rally his troops—but it was too late, they had fallen into confusion, and were hotly pressed upon by the Prince and his victorious soldiers.

We will now leave the battle for a time and return to Sir William de Vere.

That Baron, as we have stated, was detached from the main body of the army, by the Prince, in order to attack Percy's archers, and Sir John Ducie was sent by Hotspur to oppose him. Sir William was not a little put out at having to leave the ranks; but when he saw Ducie opposite to him, his joy therefore was increased in proportion; when he perceived a troop of horse under, his foeman's pennon, drawn out to oppose him—Riding to the front of his retainers he shouted to Sir John—

"What ho ! there ! Sir John Ducie, I challenge thee to meet me here hand to hand."

"Villain," exclaimed the other, riding forward, "that is the last challenge thou shalt ever utter."

"Were this to be my last word," said De Vere, "it should be to call thee Traitor."

"Die, dog," roared Ducie, in a rage ; and dashing the spurs rowel deep into his charger, he came furiously on. But his passion defeated his purpose ; for his steed rearing madly, owing to another prick of the spur, just as the knights met, De Vere's lance was plunged deeply into the animals chest, and Ducie fell, with the huge beast upon him. His left arm was broken, and his helmet rolled off. Discouraged by his fall, his retainers gave way before the impetuous charge of De Vere's men, and in a few minutes they were broken through ; thus exposing the archers, who were completely dispersed by the men-at-arms. De Vere then led his followers to the battle, which still raged fiercely.

Hotspur, the reader will remember, was endeavouring to rally his men, when we left him ; and if example could have won the victory, Bolingbroke would no longer have been King of merry England—Brandishing his sword, he forced his way through the fight, wherever it raged the thickest, and sought to find the King. Still shouting his war cry of "Esperance Percy." At length Prince Henry crossed his path, the Percy's eye flashed fire, he raised his sword, and dashed on shouting, "Esper—." An arrow struck him in the eye, the brand fell from his hand, the reins escaped his grasp, and he fell a corpse at the King's feet.

At this moment the Douglas rode up, and seeing Hotspur's fall he cried out, "Alas ! my gallant friend, hast thou fallen ?" then raising his voice he continued, "Where art thou Bolingbroke ? thou darest not cross thy steel with mine." The King

who was close by would have accepted the challenge, but the Prince thrust himself before him, saying,

"I best can answer that question Sir Scot," and with that he dealt the Douglas a blow with his battle-axe which made him reel in his saddle; ere he could recover himself, De Malvern was at his side, and catching Sir Archibald's rein he led him off, saying,

"Save thyself my Lord for all is lost." Douglas put spurs to his charger and galloped off.

"Stay false Scot," shouted the Prince enraged at seeing his prey escape.

"Die bloody son of a bloody father," cried De Malvern aiming a blow at the Prince's head: he received it on his shield, and mortally wounded De Malvern, whose helmet flew off as he fell from his horse. Henry recognised him and exclaimed: "Ha! traitor, thy time is come at last."

"Had not my plot miscarried thou wouldst not have said that," replied De Malvern, "traitor—aye to thee and liar too, but to Hotspur true as..... He turned on his side and expired instantly.

A short time after this Douglas's charger stumbled and fell, and ere his rider could raise him again, De Vere who had just come up, fell upon him and made him a prisoner. Vernon and Kynderton had already shared the same fate, and soon after Sir William Chandos fell alive into Prince Henry's hands. The victory was complete; and thus was the battle of Shrewsbury lost and won.

CHAPTER XIII.

Council was held of life and death.

It was evening ere the Prince gave up the pursuit and hastened to where the regal standard was still flying. Beneath it

to his great joy, he perceived his father, surrounded by those of the knights of the body-guard, who had survived the furious onset of Hotspur and his followers. Spurring his charger into the centre of the circle, he sprang from his saddle and falling on his knees before the King, exclaimed—

"I thank God, my liege, that I see thee safe."

"My son," replied the King raising him, "I thank God that thou art spared to me; I feared the Douglas had been too much for thee. Thou didst not slay him, didst thou?"

"The Douglas is prisoner with Sir William De Vere my liege," replied the Prince, "the traitor De Malvern thrust himself before me, so I slew him."

"I rejoice to hear that he is dead," said the King; "what prisoners have we, Sir Herald?" This question was addressed to a herald who approached at the moment.

"So please thee, my liege," was the reply, "Sir Archibald Douglas,—"

"Bring him hither," said Henry interrupting him. In a short time the captive nobleman was brought in, under a guard of men-at-arms.

"Sir Archibald, Earl of Angus," said the King sternly, "thou art free without ransom, being a foreign knight; but mark me, Sir knight: if ever I find thee in arms again in the ranks of traitors, thy head shall pay the forfeit."

"I accept thy courtesy," replied the Douglas in a tone as haughty as his own; "but Sir King, if I had found thee to-day thou hadst not been here to speak to me thus."

"Methinks," put in the Prince, stepping forward, "that I found thee, Sir Archibald; and had not"—

"Thou didst find me, my brave boy," interrupted the Douglas, "and I rejoice that that same knight did intercept thee—but what boots talking now." Sir King I thank thee for thy courtesy, and Sir Prince, I honour thee for thy courage; fare-

well fair Sirs." So saying, he sprang upon a charger that was standing near, and giving it the spur was soon out of sight.

"Continue thy list, Sir Herald," said the King as soon as he was gone.

"Lord Kynderton."

"To the block with him, instantly," said the King, "we will spare none of them."

The Prince turned to Martineau, and leading him aside spoke to him earnestly for a few minutes—the latter mounted his horse and rode off, while the Prince returned to his father's side. In the mean time the herald had gone on with his list.

"The Lord Vernon,—"

"Lead him to the block," said the King; "and the traitor Worcester—what of him?"

"He is dead, my liege," replied Molineux, stepping forward.

"God rest his soul, traitor though he was—read on, Sir Herald," said Henry.

"There are no other prisoners of note, so please thee, my liege," said the herald; "they are Sir Everard Home, Sir James Douglas, Sir Sholto Douglas, Sir Henry Musgrave, Sir—"

"Release the Scottish knights," said the King, "and for those of our own subjects, put them in ward until our further pleasure be known. What killed have we, Sir Herald?" he continued to another who brought up the list of the slain.

"Sir Walter Blount, Sir John Otway, Sir Edward Witherington, the Earl of Westmoreland, and of knights and gentlemen of coat armour four hundred; of the meaner sort two thousand four hundred and eighty. Of the rebels—the Earl of Worcester, Sir Henry Percy, Sir Henry De Malvern, Sir David Home, Sir William Lindsay, and fourteen knights of the name of Douglas; of knights and gentlemen of coat armour eight hundred and sixty-three; and of the lesser sort four thousand and seventy-six,"

"Now God be praised for this victory," said the King, "but

is there no intelligence concerning Sir William Chandos and Sir John Ducie; I would not they should escape."

"Sir King," said the Prince, "Sir William Chandos is my prisoner, and I would beg of thee to spare him; as sure I am that—"

"What!" exclaimed the King angrily, "what! spare the hoary traitor Chandos—no, I would sooner have spared Hotspur himself. What ho! there, bring William of Chandos hither instantly; I will condemn him myself."

At this moment, Martineau rode up and exclaimed—"Sir Prince, the prisoner has escaped."

"Chandos sayest thou?" cried Bolingbroke, "Blount—ha! I had, forgotten—but some knight, one who loves his King take horse and pursue." Twenty knights were in the saddle immediately, but stopped when Henry added "But no, let him to his hold, I can crush the dotard there. Who brought the news?" he asked abruptly.

"I did, so please thee my liege," said Martineau stepping forward, and trembling in every limb with fear.

"And who art thou?"

"Hugh de Martineau, squire to the Prince Henry of Monmouth," was the reply.

"For his sake I pardon thee—saw any one how this youth bore him in the battle?" said the King turning, to those around him.

"Marry, that did I," said Molineux, "he cleft down two men-at-arms and a knight by me; what else he may have done, I know not."

"Kneel, Hugh de Martineau," said Bolingbroke. "The young man obeyed, and the King drawing his sword laid it on his shoulder, saying, "I dub thee knight—arise Sir Hugh de Martineau; but hark ye, our royal eye is on thee, so beware." Tears came to the knight's eyes as he rose, but dashing them away with his gauntlet, he retrated to the Prince's side.

"Why, how now," said Henry, "what mean those tears."

"De Wyvil, Sir Prince," was the reply, "he lies cleft to the teeth by a false Scot, but his foeman lies beside him." He added no more; for the King called for De Vere.

"Sir William," said he, as the baron stepped forward, "methinks thou wert the first to warn our royal son of this conspiracy; kneel." De Vere obeyed, and Bolingbroke taking off the broad blue riband of the garter, flung it around his neck.

"And now, fair Sirs, to Shrewsbury, there to thank God for this great victory; to-morrow we will further reward our faithful subjects." The assembly then dispersed; and the barons assembling their followers, left the field to those appointed to bury the dead.

ANNETSLEIGH:

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

"OURS is a model Parish," said Sir George Annet to his brother William, as they rode down the steep hill above Annetsleigh, and gradually came in sight of the Village.

There it lay beneath their feet; nestled among green trees; and looking like a little Paradise, the abode of everything honest and true. "A model Parish," answered his companion, "I am glad to hear it; and I trust indeed, it may be true." "Well! you can judge for yourself presently." "Very true; but if you call it a model Parish you must have some grounds, George, surely: come tell me what they are." "Grounds! why in the first place, there is no dissenting meeting-house of any kind in the Parish; our worthy Vicar is a sound Churchman, and so is his Curate Mr. Benson; the Church, which ten years ago was hardly in a safe condition, has been thoroughly restored; all the

windows fitted with stained glass, and everything done 'decently and in order,' and the congregations are very good, on Sundays especially, and not bad on week days." His brother was silent for a few minutes, as if in deep thought; at last he said: "aye, George, a splendid shell indeed; but you appear to have stopped without giving me any account of the kernel of the model Parish, which I consider by far the most important part, after all." "The kernel!" was the answer, "have I not been telling you of the progress of Church principles in this village; of the absence of dissent; and of the flourishing state of the Parish?" "Oh! yes, but these things are, at best, but aids to holiness, in your people. I do not want to know about what I can see for myself, but about the Parishioners. Can Mr. Warborough, your Vicar, give any good account of them?" "Have I not mentioned already, William, that there are no Dissenters in the Parish, and that the congregations are good: I may add that there is very little crime in the village; and all these things seem to betoken a healthy tone—do they not?" "Why George, to say the truth, these good fruits appear to me to be of a very negative character, and I can scarcely divine the real state of things from such an account. With the one exception of the good congregations, you seem only to tell me what the people *are not*; I want to know what they *are*." This question seemed to puzzle Sir George; he did not say anything to his brother, but turning his horse's head towards a narrow lane which led by a short cut to Annetsleigh Manor, they presently found themselves at the Lodge-gate. "Here are Cecilia and Bridget, running down the Park in their garden bonnets," said Sir George, "your god-children, William, and the namesakes of those blessed Saints on whose days they were born." His brother made no answer to this, but turning to his nieces began talking rapidly, telling them how delighted he was to see them again after so long an absence, and adding his hopes that they would soon be better friends than ever. In spite of their uncle's grave face,

the laughing damsels could hardly lavish their joy too freely; for this was a favorite uncle, and one they had not seen for several years. A little farther on they met Lady Annet, accompanied as usual, by a wretched little asthmatic "King Charles," which was the abomination of everybody, because it was always getting in everybody's way; and no greater offence could be given to its mistress, than any one stepping on its little fat toes. But the old Lady was very glad to see Mr. Annet; and soon after, the whole party were seated in the house, talking over all manner of things, till the arrival of *The Times* turned the direction of all the party to the aggressive behaviour of the Czar, which was just beginning to attract public attention. In this manner the time passed away till the first dinner bell rang, which separated the merry party for awhile; and when the second bell rang they all sat down around Sir George's hospitable board, together with Mr. Warborough and Mr. Benson, who had been requested to meet them. When the ladies had left the room, Mr. Annet soon appropriated Mr. Warborough to himself; and gradually drew him away from the subjects under consideration, to that of the internal management of his Parish. Mr. Warborough at first talked away freely enough, just as Sir George had done, and stopped where Sir George had done, and when his friend questioned him if he had nothing more to say in answer to the command: "Give full proof of thy ministry," he said—"Oh! and I forgot to say, that your worthy brother and I have quite succeeded in shutting the public-houses on Sunday; and by a selection of a few books from both our libraries, and the purchase of a few others, we have established a very fair Parochial Library," "Really," said Mr. Annet, "do'n't you perceive my dear friend, you are merely adding to the beauty of your shell, as I told George this morning; and I can get nothing more out of either of you; must I be obliged to crack it to see for myself, or will you tell me about the nut?" Mr. Warborough hesitated, as if he scarcely knew how to begin; at last he said—

"Why that, my dear Sir, is rather a large subject to enter upon just now. If you had the care of a large Parish, you would easily see how difficult a matter it is to state anything about individuals; let me see—my Sunday Communicants average seventy, and my Saint's-day ones average twenty-five: most of the children too, are baptized; and the attendance on the National School averages three hundred boys and girls, and nearly four hundred on the Sunday School. The congregations are good, and perhaps I may add attentive; but I must admit I could wish to see them more so." What Mr. Annet would have said to this unsatisfactory answer, was prevented by Sir George's calling to the two gentlemen, who in their earnest conversation did not perceive that the Curate had already left the room, and that their host was standing in the doorway waiting for them to pass.

In a few minutes they were in the drawing-room, where Mr. Warborough at once joined Lady Annet, who began to amuse him with an account of some almost miraculous feat performed by Charley, the dog, that morning. Mr. Benson busied himself with Miss Cecilia; while Miss Bridget commenced playing some new tune on the Piano—"quite new uncle, just arrived from D'Almaine's." Her uncle listened for a little time; but the serious thoughts occasioned by the conversation in which he had just been engaged oppressed him so, that he pushed his chair a little aside, and taking up a Volume, which he was glad to find was "George Herberts Poems," he began to read. At half-part ten o'clock Mr. Warborough read five or six verses of a chapter in the New Testament, and as many prayers, and having pronounced the blessing, he took his leave; and the rest of the party immediately separated for the night.

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM A MOTHER TO HER SON.

It appears, from the "British Protestant," that the following letter is really genuine; and, although it may seem incredible to many of our readers; yet to those acquainted with the true nature of popery, it only carries conviction on the face of it, that it emanated from a priest who must have dictated the letter to the deluded mother. Popery seems, now that it is in the "deadthraw"; that is, in its last agonies, to be exhibiting itself in its true colours, and forcing, on unwilling and liberal protestants, a conviction of the satanical nature of its system. The prophet says that its former friends, supporters and worshippers, when near, the end of her course will *hate* her, make her desolate and burn her with fire; and truly she is using every art all over the world to force her votaries and dupes to hate and destroy her; and it is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."—Isaiah xlix, 15.

"A man's foes shall be they of his own household"—Matth. x. 36.

A fearful confirmation of the truth of these declarations of God's Word has lately been brought before our notice; showing how the scorching influence of Popery can, and does dry up the fountain of a mother's love which, it has been beautifully remarked, "flows as naturally and spontaneously to her offspring as the milk to her breasts." The circumstances were related by the Rev. Thomas Vores who occupied the chair at the evening meeting of the Protestant society at Hastings.

The Chairman said, that he held in his hands the English translation of a letter which had lately been written by a Roman Catholic female in Germany, to her son residing at Hastings, who was in a consumption; and who had lately renounced Romanism and had become a sincere believer in the Lord

Jesus Christ. This youth received the sacrament, monthly, at the hands of the reverend Chairman who was, therefore, well acquainted with him. The young German had recently written a tender and affectionate letter to his mother, explaining the change which had taken place in his religious views, and recommending the pure and simple Gospel to her acceptance. The dying son received a most bitter reply in the following letter, which served to confirm the statements made by Dr. Cumming as to the terrific influence of the Roman Catholic system. The Chairman then read the translation of the letter; which produced a profound sensation in the whole assembly. The following is a copy:—

“A——, Germany, Jan. 4, 1854.

“Sou,—Your letter, which has filled me with horror and anxiety, has remained unanswered until now; and if I followed my own wishes, I should leave it unnoticed, since it is of so hellish a nature, I now, however, take up the pen, with these inquiries:—What has induced you to forsake the only true religion and Mother Church? Who has been the develish instrument at work to deceive your youthful mind? Damnation is their portion; the holy Mother Mary curses *them* and *you*. Yes! and could I have known that a child of mine could ever have acted such a part as you have, by forsaking the only Church by which you can be saved, I would have taken a knife, and have destroyed thee with my own hand at thy birth. Yes, I should then have done the Church a holy service. I would sooner have sunk into the grave myself, than have given birth to such an apostate. I damn the moment that I conceived thee, and the breasts that gave thee suck. Oh, the sinful miserable heretics of England! poor fools! I suppose they rejoice over their demoniac; but their day will come when they will have to give an account of their great sin. If it were not for the Holy Mary, I must sink under this overwhelming sorrow. Blessed Virgin, she comforts me, she encamps round

about me, she is never absent from my side. My adorable priest is all (in all to me—he is doubly dear to me—now that you have brought everlasting shame and disgrace upon me and my family ;—who, from their former position in life, and their high attainments in the holy Church, formed no mean object of respect and esteem.

Oh, if you could see my bitter tears shed in consequence of your disobedience and contempt of all the holy laws which you were taught from your earliest childhood ! Your education, which has been so carefully attended to, ought to have kept you in the path of duty ; ignorance you cannot, dare not plead. No, your abilities and talents are of a high order ; surely my tears will make you give up this sinful notion, and return to the bosom of the Holy Mary. If you willfully remain as you are, there is no hope for you—you are everlastingly damned ;—you will carry to the grave the branded mark in your forehead of apostate, heretic, and deserter—you have broken your holy confirmation oath and have betrayed your holy faith ; therefore shame and curses follow you from me. Can you vainly say, as you pretend to do, in your fiend-like letter both to me and to our holy guide, that you have found peace in that ungodly—that fallen Church ? I believe it not ;—since there is but one true Church, and which you have basely left. That darkness has given place to gospel light, and that, through “the book which you can read in England freely—that there is to be found and read from the Queen’s palace to the beggars’ miserable abode.” This you may believe, if you choose, to be “the only way of bringing men out” of what you profanely call worse than heathen superstition ; but you will find it, when too late to be a lie, and such impious ideas as these come only from the father of lies. I curse the hour that I allowed you to leave my roof—sooner would I have starved, had I known the fearful end to which you have come.

Your uncle will settle all his property on you if you will cast

aside this wicked, foolish religion you have so madly taken up ; if you do not, he intends to give it to the convent of —. Mary stands and intercedes for you—she stands ready to receive you back again ; and the holy Father Peter stands praying for you, and will rejoice over you, because he repented before it was too late. You beg me no longer to pray to our most holy Mother ; that she cannot help me—that it is her Son alone who is the only mediator between God and man. Imp that thou art ; thus to insult me and our spiritual advisers. I rest satisfied in what they tell me ; and if that book, you talk so much about. was right or necessary for us to read, they would be the last to keep it from us. Until you renounce these sinful, damnable notions, call me no longer mother ; I answer not the name ; and should you live ever to return, there is no home under your once parental roof. No, my curse remains with you, from this time forth.

“Your sorrowing but firm believer in the Holy Mary,

“C. M. J.”

British Protestant.

A PROTESTANT AND A POPISH ISLAND CONTRASTED.

“We have just returned,” says a gentleman in a letter to his friends at home, “from a most delightful trip to Pitcairns Island, and the Gambier Islands. We spent a week at the former, among these truly fascinating islanders. Of course you have heard of them—they are the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. The next week we spent at the Gambier Island, where the French Missionaries are paramount. I was at church at Pitcairns on the Sunday ; and the following, at Gambier ; and though I grieve to say, not very religiously inclined, yet I shall never forget the contrast I saw. The Pitcairns are, without a doubt, the purest, most virtuous, and faultless community in the world. There are no people like

them; all of the protestant religion, or rather true religion. They do not know what religious controversy means: and, their attention, decorum, their beautiful singing, and their devotion were quite enchanting.

“On the other hand, the Gambier islanders, are only removed from savages, by being taught the Jesuit religion, and to clothe themselves. They are perfect slaves to the Missionaries, both in mind and body; and are fast diminishing in number, owing to the cruelties practised upon them, by those scoundrels; one of whom I grieve to say is an Irishman. Nothing could be more imposing than the Cathedral, filled with at least nine hundred savages, the king, queen, and royal family, with all their subjects. Nothing, certainly could exceed the external decorum of these people. The men, on one side; the nuns, (about seventy in number), on the other; and, the other women in the centre. They chaunted the Latin service with a wild savage howl.”

REFORMATION IN FRANCE.

In the month of July, 1853, sixteen heads of families at *Sauveterre*, declared before the Council of the presbytery of *Agen*, their resolution to embrace the reformed religion, on the following Sunday. The Imperial attorney general, the judge of instruction, and fifteen gendarmes, repaired to that commune, and held an inquiry. On the 23rd. August, forty heads of families declared to the Commissary, Lafitte, that they persisted in their resolution; on the 1st., September, the Consistory received them into its communion; appointed the pasteur of *Agen* to exercise his ministerial functions among them; and ordered a place of worship to be built for them, which was commenced in October last. *French Paper.*

APPREHENSIONS OF ROME'S APPROACHING DOOM.

On March the 7, of this same year, the Roman Correspondent of the *Weekly Telegraph*, a popish newspaper, published in

Dublin, quotes the following paragraph from the "Apostolic Indult," lately published at Rome by the Cardinal Vicar. It bears evident marks of alarm, and of that failing of men's hearts, for fear of those changes which are coming on the earth: and an undefined foreboding of unknown evils, and of certain destruction; which agitates the minds of the Lawless man and his hierarchy:—

"A single glance attentively given to the circumstances, of these our most unhappy times, might suffice to overwhelm us, with fears for a future, still more disastrous, towards which we are approaching. Apprehensions, but too well founded, of wars, whose consequences are ever fatal; a scarcity of harvests, occasioning in most places distress, from the increased dearness of provisions; the alarm of contagious disease, which has formerly brought, as we may well remember, such destruction to life in these countries; swarms of perverse beings, enemies to God and man—who issuing forth from tenebrous assemblies of conspiracy, in defiance of the hate and execration of all, continue to threaten in a manner the most treacherous, the lives of peaceable citizens; and attempt by infamous writings, to overthrow every institution of Christian and civil society. All these present a prospect so desolating, as to strike with dismay whomsoever possesses faith, or retains religion in his heart."

INVOLUNTARY ignorance is not charged against you as a fault; but your fault is this, you neglect to enquire into the things you are ignorant of. *S. Augustine.*

THINK what shame it will be to have it said, that many honest heathens spent more thoughts about a future life, and loved it more, while it was a mere *conjecture* with them, than we do, now it is a *certainty*. *Dean Young.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Carlisle Anthem—"O GIVE THANKS." By Cantator. Cooper, Gough Square.

Cantator need not conceal his name under an anonymous designation; for this beautiful Composition will soon draw him out. It is arranged for four voices, with an organ or pianoforte accompaniment. It deserves success, and we hope it will obtain it, and become a general favourite.

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH: a Ballad.
R. Cocks & Co.

This is a very pretty ballad; written by Mr. Robson, and composed by Mr. Cherry. We have pleasure in directing the attention of such of our readers to it, as delight in music; and, as that is a general taste, we doubt not but this ballad will be highly popular.

THE SWEET VESPER BELLS OF ANCONA. R. Cocks & Co.

This ballad is both written and composed by Mr. Parry; and he has illustrated it with a sketch of the Convent or Monastery of Ancona, perched on the top of a perpendicular rock; and overlooking a rock-bound lake. Mr. Parry has dedicated his ballad to Miss Rushbrook, which is a great mistake; he should have inscribed it to Cardinal Wiseman, as its Ave Maria Chorus smells strongly of the Masshouse; nevertheless the music is very pretty.

CASES OF CONSCIENCE; or Lessons in Morals for the use of the Laity.
By PASCAL the Younger. Sixth Edition. Bosworth.

This is the Sixth Edition of this delightful book; and it is prefaced by a letter to Mr. Gladstone, who, he says, is most justly indignant that, by means of a certain work called a "Philosophical Catechism for the use of Primary Schools," there are taught, in the Kingdom of Naples, under the veil of religion, "principles at once false, base and demoralizing * * No more cunning plot ever was devised, at least by man, against the freedom, the happiness, the virtue of mankind." Mr. G. deplors that he has "seen perjury, the daughter of fraud, the mother of cruelty and violence stalk abroad in a Christian kingdom, under the sanction of its government." We would recommend Mr. Gladstone, and those concerned, to ascertain whether or not this same philosophical catechism has been substituted in Ireland for Dr. Whately's Evidences of Christianity. It is worth the enquiry.

Clement XIV. condemned the Society of Jesuits "as an irreconcilable enemy to the well-being of Christendom;" but Pius VII., with singular gratitude to his Protestant benefactors, restored them as the best and most experienced rowers of S. Peter's Boat. Such experienced sons of Belial did not find it very difficult to humbug Pius VII.; for it was, as Mr. Newman said when he contemplated the perpetuation of any iniquity, previous to his apostacy, "it was necessary for their position." It seems there was a villain of the name of Busembaum one of their Society, who published

"The Marrow of Modern Theology," in Westphalia, in the year 1645, which, in less than a century, went through 200 Editions. We marvel whether or not this infamous work was any way connected with the Scottish work, "The Marrow of Modern Divinity," which made itself famous about the same date? The family likeness seems so striking, that we shall be obliged to any of our northern subscribers to enlighten us. Busembaum's work was so immoral, that it was ordered to be burnt by the hangman's hands, in the different cities of France. When the Society was restored from suspended animation, "it was a point of honour to vindicate their great apostle of iniquity;" but "the name itself of Busembaum still stank too strongly in the nostrils, even of popedom, to be openly brought forward;" and therefore as he was not to be thought of, or at least not be spoken of, the Jesuits pitched upon Alfonso Liguori, a Neapolitan Bishop, as a fitting cat's-paw. He was "simple, pious, zealous, but at the same time credulous and imaginative to the verge of madness." In less than 30 years after his death, the Jesuits persuaded Pius VII. to give him the popish title of Saint; and the "Sacred Congregation," solemnly declared that "in all the writings of Alfonso Liguori, there was not a word that could justly be found fault with." This might be true; but they substituted the infamous work of Busembaum, which had been burnt by the hangman for its immorality, as the genuine production of the new Saint! One of the developements of S. Alfonso, alias Busembaum, is, that no one shall have a conscience; but shall be under the *direction* of a priest. This developement is now reduced to practice in England, and Dr. Wise-

man has written it down that in the Roman "Catholic Church no one is ever allowed to trust himself in spiritual matters. The sovereign Pontiff is obliged to submit himself to the *direction* of another in whatever concerns his own soul," and Busembaum himself says. "we ought ever to hold it as a *fixed principle*, that *what I see white, I BELIEVE to be black*, if the hierarchical Church *so define it to be!*" Read, says Paschal the Younger, "these lessons which no man in the Church of Rome dares call in question, or may be refused absolution for practising, and then think what any zealous 'faithful,' what any priest, what any bishop, archbishop, or cardinal can mean by SWEARING before the highest or the lowest court in England? What! but to persuade belief of just that which it is expedient for his church, should be believed!" The question may now be asked, and it remains to be answered, can men who hold such principles, whom no oath can bind, and who have no other object than the aggrandisement of the Court of Rome, be fit persons to be legislators in a free and Christian Country, where all its institutions are antagonistic to Rome?

We recommend all our readers to buy and study this cheap and clever book, where they will find the key for many of the public transactions of late years.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. Dean & Son.

The two before us are the well known Stories of Whittington and his Cat: Cinderella and the Glass Slipper. They are both very charmingly dramatised by Miss Corner; beautifully illustrated by Crow-

quill; and they are just the thing to captivate young and happy people.

CYCLOPÆDIA BIBLIOGHICA. Darling, 1854.

Nos. 16, 17, 18, and 19 of this noble work, have now been published. The names begin with continuation of the works of Platina the historian of the Popes; they end with the writings of William Ford Vance, formerly the assistant curate of S. John's Chapel, Bedford Row; and his works, chiefly sermons, are carried into the 19 number, which will probably be the last of this most useful work. Lists are given of the publications of the two great Societies for promoting Christian Knowledge, and for the Propagation of the Gospel. The contents, also, are given of the Quarterly Review, from its commencement in 1809, till 1853, in ninety-three volumes. It was "founded by Sir Walter Scott, and others of the Tory party, to counterbalance the increasing popularity of the Edinburgh Review." To those who have not already subscribed for this national work we would strongly recommend them to do so; for, to authors, preachers, students and literary men, it is invaluable; to libraries, indispensable; and to booksellers, of the greatest importance.

A PLAIN COMMENTARY ON THE FOUR GOSPELS. J. H. Parker.

Part XIV. contains chapter ix to the end of chapter xii. of S. Luke's Gospel: and it is illustrated with a frontispiece, of the return of the Prodigal Son. In this Part, the authors explanatory notes and com-

mentaries are longer than in the former Parts: consequently the interest of the work is greater, and more useful; but we think the author has fallen into a mistake respecting the feast which Martha made for our Lord, which could not be, as he says, at Bethany, but in Lower Galilee; whither Lazarus, with his Sisters, had retired for safety after our Lord had raised him from the dead; for the Pharisees had threatened to kill him, because they could not refute that event; and this entertainment occurred on our Lord's last journey to Jerusalem, and whilst He was still in Lower Galilee. If these remarks shall ever meet the eye of the Author; we hope he will correct this mistake, in another edition of this good work.

SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS. Parts VI. & VII. J. H. Parker.

Part VI. is for the "Holy Week," and contains—"The Passion the theme for meditation; Knowledge Gained by Meditation; Truth Realized by Meditation; Fellowship Maintained by Meditation; The Soul purified by Meditation; Looking unto Jesus; Buried with Christ. Part VII. for Easter contains—Easter Joy; Christ the First Fruits; First to Mary Magdalene; The Journey to Emmaus; Communion with Christ in Solitude; The Written Word; Communion with Christ in Holy Scripture; Christians called to be Followers of the Apostles. These excellent Sermons are still continued; and must be very suggestive of subjects and themes on which to construct other sermons to those whose parochial duties occupy their time so wholly, as to leave little time for study or composition.

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THE FOUR SORE JUDGMENTS.

THE four great instruments of divine chastisement are at present in the world, for the punishment of guilty nations which would not be awakened to a sense of their national sins, by the blessings which they have enjoyed during forty years of rest; therefore God the Almighty has been pleased to send the Sword and the Famine, and the Noisome Beast and the Pestilence, to cut off from the earth, man and beast. He has sent the sword of the Russian upon the territories of the Black Horse, to avenge the crimes of former generations; and as the countries over which the star called *Warmwood* has shed its malignant influence, "*repented not* of the works of their hands, that they should not worship devils, and idols of gold and silver, and brass and stone, and of wood—nor of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their fornication, nor of their thefts," when the Turkish woe fell upon the Eastern Empire; so now it may be safely predicted that the Western Empire will experience its share of suffering under the wrath of the Lamb; and before this war on which we are now only entering, is terminated, it is probable that S. John's hyperbole will be realised, that the destruction of life in this treading of "the great wine press of the wrath of God," will be so enormous that, the blood shall come, "even unto the horse bridles." And as God threatened his own peculiar people, for the very same sin.

of idolatry, with which He has accused the Roman Church, by the pen of S. John, that He would break the staff of bread in Jerusalem ; so the same prophetic words may be applied to us, that we shall eat the bread by weight ; " So will I send upon you famine and evil beasts, and they shall bereave thee ; and pestilence and blood, shall pass through thee ; and I will bring the sword upon thee."

By the blessing of God, two of these sore judgments, the sword, and the noisome beast, are far removed from our doors ; we only hear thereof ; we hear of wars and the desolation of kingdoms and we must pay their expenses ; for their penalty is commuted into our pockets ; but our own soil has been free from the ravages of war, and from the edge of the sword for many years. The divine mercy has also relieved us from the peril of the noisome beast ; from which our highly favoured country is entirely free. These are subjects for our most sincere and hearty thanks and praise, which ought to be shewn in our hearts and lives as well as on our lips ; for lip-thanks will be of small account unless accompanied by obedience.

But to famine and pestilence we are constantly exposed. To some parties famine may exist as surely in the midst of abundance, as if there was an actual scarcity of the fruits of the earth. The avarice of the importers of, and wholesale dealers in grain, and other provisions purposely create an *artificial* scarcity ; a rise in the price of the necessities of life immediately succeeds, beyond the means of the poor man ; for a man may be poor in purse, although he may not be a labourer in the field or an artizan in the shop. To such, dearth becomes famine ; artificially created by the avarice of the rich man who is thus the scourge of the poor man, whatever may be his relative position in society ; and thus the avaricious man may lay the foundation for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day. For it is not so much the scarcity of provisions as of money to buy them, that causes a

famine to some kind of people, and consequently their liability to disease.

But besides these causes, there are others which may at any time, whether in plenty or in want, be the springs of many of those diseases "which flesh is heir to." The labouring classes in all large towns are subject to danger from effluvia arising from decomposed animal and vegetable matter, that lay the foundation of diseases which, if they do not cause immediate death; yet debilitate their frames, degenerate their race, and shorten their lives.

Although we may escape the sword and the noisome beast; yet there are strong fears that we may suffer from that sad pestilence the cholera. Filthiness and intemperance seem to be its chief feeders. Habitual drunkards are highly predisposed to the attack of cholera; and their debilitated frames make them less able to resist its ravages; they are generally its first victims; and many lives might be saved were habits of temperance more common among the labouring and mechanical classes. The cholera of the year 1849, was said to have been the most severe epidemic which has affected England for years; for in London alone, there fell sixteen thousand persons. It was remarked by the curious in statistics, that the number of cases and of deaths was greatly increased during the first two days of each week; for which they accounted by the indulgence in spirituous liquors which followed the receipt of wages on Saturday night. The money spent in drink of course reduced the means of comfort at their homes; which, with the want of cleanliness in their habitations, became the feeders of this dire pestilence.

Of many instances that might be adduced, we may take the town of Newcastle on Tyne, with a population of ninety thousand; when we find that of these, fifteen thousand lived in a quarter of the town where there was neither drain nor cess-pool to remove, even from sight, the horrible filth of every descrip-

tion which there accumulated on the surface, undisturbed by either dustman or scavenger. Notwithstanding the excellent and extensive drainage of London, there are many such filthy quarters in it ; which will be the seed beds for the next visit of that awful pestilence. During its absence we slumber in contented indolence ; but when it makes its appearance in our courts and lanes and back slums, then out starts a whole host of sanitarians, with armies of scavengers ; there the dwellings of the poor which are as much their *castles*, as are the houses of the rich, are invaded and ransacked, and so long as the fright lasts there appears cleanliness and whitewashing on the surface ; but when it pleases God to say to the destroying angel it is enough ; stay now thine hand ; *as if* He had repented Him of the evil ; then all the sanitary precautions are neglected, filth of all sorts is again allowed to accumulate, and disease to be generated without let or hindrance. But it is only the habitations of the poor that the zeal of sanatory commissions attack. The rich man's dwelling is left unvisited ; no entrances are effected and no enquiries are made whether or not his dwelling is clean ; because in such cases that would be an unconstitutional interference with the liberty of the subject and the rights of property !

But there are other causes that operate for the production of cholera besides unclean dwellings and foul sewers. Drunkenness is perhaps the chief cause of cholera, as it is also of delirium tremens, and several other diseases of the nervous system ; of this latter disease a Mr. Gough in his autobiography has given the following graphic account of it, as he himself experienced it :—

“ For three days I endured more agony than pen could describe, even were it guided by the hand of a Dante. Who can tell the horrors of that horrible malady, aggravated as it is by the most ever abiding consciousness that it is self-sought ? Hideous faces appeared on the walls, and on the ceiling and

on floors; foul things crept along the bed clothes, and glaring eyes peered into mine. I was at one time surrounded by millions of monstrous spiders, who crawled slowly—slowly over every limb; whilst heated drops of perspiration would start to my brow, and my limbs would shiver until the bed rattled again. Strange lights would dance before my eyes, and then suddenly the very blackness of darkness would appal me by its dense gloom. All at once, whilst gazing at a frightful creation of my distempered mind, I seemed struck with sudden blindness. I knew a candle was burning in the room—but I could not see it. All was so pitchy dark. I lost the sense of feeling too; for I endeavoured to grasp my arm in one hand, but consciousness was gone. I put my hand to my side, my head, but felt nothing, and still I knew my limbs and frame were there. And then the scene would change. I was falling swiftly as an arrow far down into some terrible abyss; and so like reality was it, that as I fell, I could see the rocky sides of the horrible shaft where mocking, gibing, mowing, fiend-like forms were perched; and I could feel the air rushing past me, making my hair stream out by the force of the unwholesome blast. Then the paroxysm sometimes ceased for a few moments, and I would sink back on my pallet drenched with perspiration, utterly exhausted, and feeling a dreadful certainty of the renewal of my torments." (p. 70.)

Drunkenness is also one of the chief causes of Crime as the citations from a report of a Temperance Convention will show:—In addressing the grand jury at Liverpool in August 1846, Judge Wightman said, "he found from a perusal of the depositions that one unfailing cause of four-fifths of these crimes was, as it was in every other calendar, the besetting sin of drunkenness." Judge Erskine stated at the Salisbury Assizes in 1844, that ninety nine cases out of every hundred were for intemperance. At Glasgow the presiding Judge said, that "more than eighty criminals had been tried and sentenced to punishment;.

and that with scarcely a single exception, the whole of the crimes had been committed under the influence of intoxicating liquors. From the evidence that appeared before him as a judge, it seemed that every evil in Glasgow began and ended in *whiskey*."

We are not tee-totalers, neither would we wish to deprive working men of their necessary refreshment; for experience affords ample evidence that with the use of an habitual moderate allowance of malt or spirituous liquors, a long life of active exertion may be sustained; but we do wish that more temperance was observed on their pay night. Such temperance however can hardly be expected where we see by the Directory the preponderance of public houses over all other trades for the supply of food. Of bakers, butchers, grocers and other trades for eatables, there are 10,790; but of public houses there are upwards of 11,000; leaving a majority in favour of the latter of 210. A great proportion of the intoxication prevalent among the poorest people arises from insufficiency of food; and the least allowance of beer or gin then more readily takes effect.

ANNETSLEIGH:

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

CHAPTER II.

THE breakfast hour was at eight at Annetsleigh Manor; but the Visitor rose earlier, and took a walk on the lawn. When the clock struck, he hastened back to the House and found the family assembled in the breakfast-parlor, and waiting for him. Immediately after the meal there was family prayer.

"You do not approve of this book, do you George?" said

his brother, taking up the Diary in which the Lessons for the day had been found out: "you cannot have read it, surely?"

"Oh! William," replied Sir George, "it is a most excellent little Diary, and no Churchman should be without it; it is the fullest I ever met with, and contains a most admirable Directory of the Services of the Church."

"You think so?"

"Oh! yes, I am sure of it; Mr. Warborough gave it to me, I believe he knows the Author well; but why do you object?"

"Object! George, I do not simply object, I regard the book in a very different light, and I hope to be able to convince you that my suspicions are by no means unfounded."

"William, to be plain with you, I don't understand you in the least; I can remember the time when you would have hailed such a book as this with delight."

"Perhaps so;" was the answer, "I judge nothing however prematurely, and I am not prepared to make, or to answer, unqualified assertions. Without discussing my former or my present views, let us calmly consider this book. I will not even say its tendencies, which will be evident enough, but the book itself, to my mind, needs no Expositor."

"What! you mean it speaks for itself; and you are quite right; for the Editor is a firm son of the Church, and a rigid observer of the rubric of the Church of England."

"Were you ever at his church, George?"

"No, but he is one of Mr. Warborough's most intimate friends, and he assures me, though I need no assurances with that book before me, of his soundness, and most exalted orthodoxy."

"You are certainly a warm admirer of our Editor, George: I too know him—by sight I mean, and have often attended at his church."

"Oh! then, you are an eye-witness of the perfect carrying out of this most lovely and Catholic system; of course he fol-

lows his own directory; and if so, it must have been a treat indeed to have seen everything done decently and in order."

"Anything but 'in order,' George, I assure you!"

"Not in order! what can you mean? I can never believe that any Clergyman can publish so truly orthodox and Catholic a book as this, and not do his utmost to carry it out in his own church, with all the exactness in his power."

"Oh! yes, he does; but not in order: If you had read this directory, you could scarcely fail to perceive that it violates the rubric in all directions."

"Upon my word, William," answered Sir George rather hastily, "your prejudice, I must tell you, is unbounded; but see—here is the Diary, and here is a Prayer Book: I challenge you to show me a single instance, in which the former contradicts the latter."

"That, I am sorry to say, is very easily done," said his brother taking the Prayer Book and opening it at the twenty-fifth article: "see!" he said, "this article states expressly that 'The Sacraments were not ordained of Christ *to be gazed upon*,' and in the twenty-eighth article I read 'The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, *lifted up*, or worshipped: and yet the writer in your Diary most flatly contradicts both these plain commands, by saying—'In consecrating the elements, the Priest should be careful *to lift them up*, so that the people *may see*.' [or gaze]—is this to act 'in order?'"

"I must say to you, William, that unless you can shew me something more tangible than this, I can only pity your prejudice."

"Well! I have no hesitation in denouncing the short Latin Prayer before the Holy Communion, for the Celebrant to use secretly, as flagrant popery. The blasphemy of beseeching God to 'accept this victim which I offer to Thy Piety,' and this too, *the 'victim' then being offered*; the elements then being

consecrated— ‘for my own sins, and the sins of all standing round me, and for the world,’ &c. Whereas Christ by His one oblation of Himself, ONCE offered, *has* made a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, satisfaction, and oblation for the sins of the whole world; and having by Himself purged our sins, hath sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on High. The sacrifice is complete, though going on in Heaven throughout eternity; and it is vain and blasphemous to attempt to perform it in dumb show here below, and ask the Father to receive ‘this victim’ of bread and wine, as a sacrifice for sin!”

“I cannot see, William, that you have established your point; can you tell me of anything done in the Editor’s church directly opposed to the rubrics; not what you can choose to call contrary to their spirit, but actually at variance with this letter?”

“Nothing easier! I have not been at S. Bennet’s for many months, and I do not intend ever to go again. But I will tell you what I saw; and I choose the dogma of ‘Prayers for the Dead,’ which the Vicar teaches by violations of Scripture, of the Church of England, and of the Rubrics; for you must know, that these extreme Rubricians strain them as far as they can, and tell you that you are insubordinate and irregular, if you do not keep them rigidly; but at last they burst through the barrier themselves, and sport beyond it as far as they dare—telling *you* that you *must* obey the Rubrics exactly, yet breaking them themselves; telling you that the Bishops must be obeyed as successors of the Apostles, yet disobeying them themselves, whenever they presume to check their Romeward tendencies, and exert their authority to prevent Romish innovations.”

“William,” said Sir George, pettishly, “pray confine yourself to the point you said you could prove; do you not perceive you have launched out into invectives against conscientious Priests, who cannot make up their minds to prefer pleasing

captious Prelates, whom an unworthy Government has forced on the Church, to doing their duty."

"Well, I will take one point: 'Prayers for the Dead.' Do you consider that the Church of England sanctions, or God's Word allows, the practice of praying for the Souls of the dead?"

"Perhaps not, William, but really—what has that to do with the matter in hand; there is nothing in the Diary about Prayers for the Dead!"

"No, I don't suppose the Editor would be rash enough boldly to avow such a doctrine just now; but if you go to S. Bennet, the first thing which will attract your attention probably, is the inscription of 'Jesu Mercy,' which occurs on nearly all the Head-Stones, and which, I need scarcely tell you, is a prayer for the dead."

"Aye, William, this was careless certainly, in the good Vicar to allow such an inscription to have ever been put up by his parishioners; but we are all liable to do careless things, and you surely cannot call this any overstraining of the Rubrics."

"Certainly not; but I left the churchyard and attended Morning Service within the walls, and now I hope I may satisfy you as to the violation of the Rubrics, as I promised to do."

"Very well! I cannot say I fear the result."

"We shall see! I will say nothing of the way of conducting Morning Prayer, although I noticed several irregularities—I mean several merely Romish customs, introduced as far as I could see for no earthly purpose, unless perhaps, from a love of everything with a Romanistic tendency. But at the Communion Service, the Vicar took it upon himself to alter, not the Rubrics merely, but the actual words of the Service itself. You know the formula 'Let us pray for the whole state of Christ's Church militant here on earth!'"

"Yes! well! what of that?"

"The words 'militant here on earth' were added expressly

to exclude the notion of prayers for the dead, at the same time that the prayer for those departed in the faith was excluded from the end of this prayer. Yet the Vicar on this, and on several other occasions when I heard him—in fact, I hear he makes it his invariable rule—merely said ‘Let us pray;’ and moreover, when he came to the part of the prayer, whence the prayer for the dead was excluded by the Reformers, he made a silent pause of some minutes, during which I suppose he supplied the missing words; at all events, he left just time enough for any one who chose to do so! At the Consecration too, he elevated both the Paten and the Chalice, far above his head; and when they were consecrated, he prostrated himself nearly flat on the floor before them; and I should have told you, before the Consecration one of the Deacons openly mixed water with the wine; and after the celebration, the Vicar cleared the remains in the Chalice, and then rinsed it out three times, drinking the water each time: in all this, I need not say he went far beyond the simple directions of the Church of England, and in fact, carried out as fully as possible the ritual of the corrupt and idolatrous Church of Rome. The Vicar would not dare to preach Transubstantiation, but the manner in which he celebrated the Holy Communion, made the doctrine more clear to the eyes of the uneducated, than any amount of sermons could ever have done.”

“Really, William, if such be the case, I cannot altogether approve, unless I find all this sanctioned by the first Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth.”

“Yes, my dear George, but what shall we do with that? it is not binding on us, surely.”

“It is certainly the most perfect of prayers, and our present form has been altered from it by Puritanical agency; it is therefore, our birth-right so to say, and it is our privilege to follow it.”

“I cannot see it in that light; but see here is Mr. War-

borough. How do you do this morning? you are come just in time my good friend to decide our controversy."

"We will walk down and see the church if you like, and we can talk on the way."

"Very good: that is a fine old tower, and I am longing to see the church; my taste you know, lies very much that way."

(To be continued.)

MONASTIC ESTABLISHMENTS.

To the Roman Catholic Noblemen and Gentlemen who Signed the Remonstrance against the Motion in Parliament for Inquiries into the Laws Relating to Monastic Establishments.

We, the undersigned, have seen a declaration, emanating from several Roman Catholic noblemen and gentlemen, which affords us a legitimate occasion of disabusing them of many erroneous impressions that have been instilled into them concerning the motives and intentions which have induced us to desire an inquiry into the laws affecting conventual establishments in the British dominions.

Inquiries have been instituted into all public bodies, universities, cathedrals, endowed schools, corporations of cities and towns—all bodies, in short, which claim to be governed by laws peculiar to themselves—and also into some private institutions. These inquiries have not been resented as "*insults*," or "*proofs of hatred and fear*," and, though sometimes objected to on account of legal immunities or chartered rights, reasons of public expediency have been held sufficient to overrule even those objections; and such are the reasons which induce us to take the steps we are now doing, and in which we intend to persevere. The claims which the Popes in all times have asserted, of a right to the temporal and spiritual dominion over all Christian princes and states, although compelled to be in abeyance whenever they dare not enforce them, have never been abandoned or modified. At length, five years ago, the Pope proclaimed a virtual crusade against England, and made that attack on the prero-

gatives of the Crown, and independence of this nation, which the Queen, by the advice of Lord John Russell, met by the Ecclesiastical Titles Act.

This resistance called forth from Cardinal Wiseman a covert, and from Bishop Ullathorne an open declaration, that the steps taken by the Holy See were only meant for the better management of those who recognized the authority of the Pope, and were by no means intended to assert his jurisdiction over those who denied that authority.

But this declaration was proved to be a mere deception, intended to blind the eyes of Protestants to the real objects of the Court of Rome, by the publication of a letter from Monsignore Luquet, Bishop of Hesebon, Apostolic Nuncio in Switzerland, to the present Sir Robert Peel, dated Rome, 27th March, 1851, in which he makes the following avowal:—

"You said that 'the Rome of to-day is still the Rome of Gregory VII.' I will add that it is also the Rome of Gregory I., to whom England is indebted for the faith. That great and holy Pope, as you are aware, was moved with compassion for the souls of your forefathers, at the sight of the English slaves exposed for sale in the Roman market. *He then made against your country an aggression, the result of which was to liberate the freemen in it from a much harder slavery—the slavery of infidelity.* THE AGGRESSION OF PIUS IX., BE WELL ASSURED OF IT, HAS THE SAME OBJECT. For the freemen of England, the single and ardent desire of Pius IX., AS OF ALL OF US, is to *break in pieces the chain under which, in the name of liberty, Protestantism crushes your souls.* I will add more, and I pray you to remember it. I will add, that the aggression of Pius IX., like that of St. Gregory, will have for its certain result the restoration of a great number among you to the interior liberty, which only belongs to the children of God."

Thus, the attack upon the prerogatives of the Queen, was not meant to be only a measure for the guidance of Roman Catholics, but an attack on the Protestant faith and constitution of the whole British empire. In furtherance of this attack, the public organs of the Roman Catholics have declared as follows:—"We will obey God rather than men, and we respect the authority of the Vicar of Christ infinitely more than we do any Act of Parliament. But this is 'divided allegiance!' It is nothing of the kind; for we consider that our allegiance is due to the ROMAN THRONE, the image of the throne 'invisible, FIRST OF ALL; and secondly, and in an infinitely lower

sense, to mere earthly states and governments. Whatever may be our own feelings with regard to the boasted 'British Constitution,' they are as nothing, and less than nothing, compared with our devoted loyalty to the HOLY SEE. Perish a thousand kings and queens and parliaments, rather than that it should be in the slightest degree tarnished. Our devoted attachment to the Holy See is such that we would gladly shed our best life's blood rather than ever seem to deny or doubt its SUPREME authority; but we could not say this of any earthly sovereign. As the spiritual exceeds the temporal in importance, so does loyalty to the HOLY SEE transcend that which we pay to the Queen of England."

In order to carry these maxims into practice, several members of the House of Commons have declared that they are sent there by the Irish Roman priests as their delegates, and that these priests are the only true and lawful constituents of Ireland. Accordingly, an Irish Roman Archbishop writes to Lord John Russel in 1851, that "No apology can plead with the people if those members do not exert themselves in stopping the present penal enactment. Opposition—stern persevering opposition—to your hateful measure, in season and out of season, is the paramount duty of every Irish member of parliament, *as well as opposition to every other measure you propose*, until you abandon the bill which in an evil hour you proposed."

Following up the same spirit of determination to exalt the power of the Bishop of Rome above that of the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, one of the deputies of the priests, now sitting in the House of Commons, declared at a meeting, at which many of the Roman Catholic noblemen and gentlemen who have signed the address were present, that "we must cast away the evil spirit which led our ancestors to ruin; build up again the filial attachment to Rome which they subverted and destroyed; tax our purses for that Papal exchequer which they perfidiously drained; *identify our interests with those of Rome*; regard her honour as our dearest earthly possession."

And this is not all.—one of these members of the House of Commons, who boasted that he was not the representative of all the subjects of the Queen, but the delegate of the priests—whose prior allegiance is not to the Sovereign of Great Britain, but to the Bishop of Rome, published his avowed intention to foster this foreign prince's defiance of the rights of his Sovereign:—"Calm your perturbation, ye excellent individuals, and submit with decent dignity to the inevitable. It is even so—it will be so yet more and more

you are only at the beginning of your perplexity. *The Pope will speak more loudly than ever, and what is more, he will be listened to ;* he will turn over your musty acts of parliament with finger and thumb, scrutinising them with a most irreverent audacity, examining those which concern him; and when he has found these, rejecting some and tolerating others with as much freedom as you use when you handle oranges in a shop, selecting the soft and the sweet, contemptuously rejecting the sour and rotten. And then—O dreadful thought!—he will insist on being obeyed. What! The bill was read three times in each house of parliament! It was thrice passed, engrossed on parchment, garnished with a waxen appendage by way of seal, and has had read over it, pronounced by Royal lips, the mysterious and creative fiat, *La Reine le veut!* The Queen wills it, the Lords will it, the Commons will it. What does it want to complete the perfect fashion of a law? Nothing of solemnity, nothing of force, which the imperial sceptre of this kingdom could give, is wanting to it. But truly it may want the sanction of religion. The Pope snuffs disdainfully at it; an *Italian priest* will have none of it: it trenches upon *his rights*, or rather upon his duties, it violates the integrity of those interests which he is set to guard; and therefore Commons, Lords, Queen, wax, parchment, and all avail it very little. You may call it law if you please; you may enter it on your roll; you may print it in the yearly volume of your statutes, but, before long, you will have to repeal or alter it, *in order to procure the sanction of a foreign potentate*, without which it has not in the end, the value of a tenpenny nail."

It must be remembered that, so far as we have been able to learn, none of the noblemen and gentlemen who signed the above-mentioned remonstrance, have ever disavowed their participation in the sentiments so ostentatiously put forth by their co-religionists in the newspapers devoted exclusively to their cause.

We have incurred the danger of being prolix, in order that that which we assert may have now the most irrefragable proof. We have proved that is the avowed intention of the Bishop of Rome to subjugate the Queen and the people of this realm to his jurisdiction; and that he is encouraged and supported by many Roman Catholics who labour to accomplish this end; and the late Lord Shrewsbury declared in his letter to Lord John Russel, that "the immense majority of the Irish that are in Rome are anti-English"—showing what sort of aid the Pope counts upon having.

The peculiar characteristic of the English constitution is personal

liberty. All constitutions which have been promulgated in other European states have wanted this essential element: and until this principle can be destroyed, or obliterated, we can afford to set the counsels of Rome at naught. Therefore it is that we are very jealous of the establishment of institutions which involve the renunciation of the right to personal liberty in their inmates, as all conventual institutions do, or which require the surrender of a man's free will to his *superior*, as the Jesuit organization does. It is contrary to this our principle of personal liberty, that any person should be immured or ruled by constraint of any kind.

In all other countries monastic institutions are under legal regulations. Before the Reformation there were nearly 600 such establishments in England, and 195 in Scotland. The priesthood enjoyed nearly one-half of England, says Mr. Hallam, and a greater portion in some countries of Europe. The immense power thus acquired to the Papacy has been the cause of terrible reactions in all ages. But we hold prevention a better thing than cure.

Monastic institutions are ruled by, and are the creatures of the Roman Canon Law, which was, at all times, by Roman Catholic Sovereigns and Roman Catholic Bishops, rejected in this country. The object intended by increasing these institutions is in order to force by degrees the recognition of the Roman law as an important step in the carrying forward of that Popish aggression which, we are determined, shall never succeed in this land.

We do not believe it possible effectually to interfere with the internal management of convents; and we cannot ignore the historical facts, that wherever the Romish priests have been dominant, women are kept in seclusion, and unmarried men have alone access to them: that they are subjected to corporal punishment, under the pretence of discipline; that the priests insist that whenever a nun attempts to escape from this seclusion and discipline, the arm of the civil power should be employed to force her to return; and thus every part of the system is in violation of the principles of the British constitution. We intend to prevent the re-establishment of that system here. And in so doing we claim to be in our rights, as your fellow-subjects. For the law which removed your political disabilities, gave to us express securities against your spiritual powers; providing, by penal clauses, for the suppression of all your regular orders of men; and although it left your female orders to the operation of the common law, yet it did not thereby legalize them, much less declare them ex-

empt from legal supervision. .

We therefore declare to you, that the present question in the House of Commons, respecting the mode of enquiry into conventual establishments, is in itself of little importance ; but that we, and all the protestants in this country, from, we trust, the Queen on the Throne to the lowest peasant in our land, are united in fixed determination that the power of the See of Rome shall not advance one step in these dominions. The feelings of the whole Protestant community have been outraged and insulted. The people have remained quiet, because they relied upon their rulers in the administration of the Queen's government and in the houses of parliament, to defend them from this Papal aggression ; but if they find themselves betrayed—if they have reasons to apprehend that priestly power is extending—that the number of those is increasing who avow their superior devotion to an Italian priest over that which they owe to the Sovereign of these realms, it will be found that the spirit which produced the Reformation of old will again break forth ; and the people may take some rough way of resistance, which all will condemn, but for which they who abet the Pope will be alone responsible.

From these premises it follows, that it is impossible for those who believe that the blessings of civil and religious liberty have flowed from the resistance made to the usurpation of the see of Rome 300 years ago, to cease their present resistance to the new attempt now made to re-establish those usurpations again. To this attempt, we cannot but regard the establishment of your regular orders amongst us a mighty help. We own to just as much "fear of the Romish religion" as our ancestors had when they passed the "Act for the further Limitation of the Crown, and better securing the Liberties of the People,"—just as much, and no more. Nothing, therefore, can put an end to our determination to bring all Romish institutions under the dominion of English laws, until that object is attained.

REGENERATION once given and received, can never be *totally* lost any more than baptism, reiterated in the whole thing ; but justification may be granted and accepted and take place for a time ; and yet may cease afterwards both totally and finally... our Church looks upon it as certain by God's word, that all children baptised are so far justified, inasmuch as if they die before actual sin, they are undoubtedly saved. *Waterland,*

DE VERE'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF HARRY HOTSPUR'S REBELLION.

(Continued from page 148.)

CHAPTER XIV.

He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse.

SCOTT.

No sooner had night closed over the scene, than a man who had hitherto laid perfectly motionless beside a heap of slain, rose to his feet and cautiously looked about him. Those burying the dead were at some distance; and the torches which they used served to warn the fugitives of their situation. Having ascertained that he was not observed, the man searched about till he found a sword and shield; and then he left the field of battle and walked hastily towards the spot where De Vere and Ducie had met.

"The blood hounds," he muttered, as he walked swiftly on, "one would think that they need not have been quite so covetous, not one of my seventy good bezants have they left me; S. Luke to speed, and had I not held my breath till I had like to have turned black in the face, they would not have left me my life either; the Virgin's curse be on them, and when they spoke of the good knight, and wished for the gold crest on his helmet, and called him a mountain of flesh, I had near come to life then, but I did not, better luck. I fear me too the dogs will have found the horses ere this, and if so, why—ha! a horse's footsteps, a foe it must be, I'll e'en turn Bolingbroke's soldier for once. God's curse be on him."

So saying, the man halted and listened to the sounds which

were now fast approaching. At length the horseman was close to him, and he cried:—

“Stand! who goes there?”

“A friend,” was the reply.

“Aye, but to whom?”

“The king.” By this time the horseman was at his side.

“Give the word.”

“Death to Bolingbroke,” was the reply, accompanied by a sweeping sword cut which the other with difficulty avoided.

“Stay! stay thine hand,” cried he, “I am a friend, who art thou?”

“Sir William Chandos,” was the answer.

“A good knight, and in the right cause,” said the other.

How didst thou escape, Sir Knight, but we waste time, bear me company, I pray thee, for some little distance.”

“Willingly,” replied Chandos, and as they proceeded together he continued, “I was taken by Henry of Monmouth. After he took me I was led to his lodgings in Shrewsbury where I stayed till sunset; when a squire came to me and whispered to me to follow him. I obeyed and he led me through the guards to a clump of trees outside the town. Here a horse was tied up. “Wait till night,” said he, “and then off with what speed thou mayest; but mind, not to thine own castle.” And ere I could speak another word he was gone. So at night I started and rode this way without meeting a soul but thee.”

“And well met we are,” said the other, “we can be of use to one another.” They went on in silence till they reached a small stream, where bodies were once more pretty freely scattered about. Here the footman halted and whistled. After a short pause the whistle was answered and then he called out “Come on! Stephen Heron, all is safe.” A moment after, and the tramp of horses was heard, and soon two steeds ready caparisoned, on one of which was a page, made their appearance.

The moon had by this time risen far enough to give a little light.

"This way, Stephen," said the other once more, "the good knight is close here, methinks."

"Close here, William Neville," answered the page, "there he is," he continued pointing to a figure which lay crushed beneath a dead charger. The whole party proceeded to the place, and there they found Sir John Ducie, (for that baron was the object of their search,) to all appearance dead. His helmet was torn off, and a charger had planted his foot on his face, inflicting a ghastly wound, the left arm was doubled beneath the body, and the right leg was crushed beneath the gigantic horse. "He is dead, poor, poor, master," said Neville bending over the inanimate form "and they have left him here, for whom he would have spilt his own blood. But alack! the gratitude of this—Praised be to God! he is still alive," he continued joyfully, "he breathes; undo the corslet Heron, and do thou, Sir William, help me to drag him from beneath the horse."

Sir Chandos sprang from his steed, and he and the squire succeeded in drawing the wounded knight from his perilous position. They then placed him upon the page's horse, and mounting their own steeds, they set off at full gallop towards Sir John Ducie's castle, where they arrived on the third day, accompanied by several stragglers who joined them on the way.

We must now account for William Neville's presence on the field of battle. It will be remembered that when Ducie was overthrown by De Vere, it was at some distance from where the main armies were engaged, and that on that baron's fall his men were dispersed. Neville was a good way from where his master had fallen, and knew nothing of it till Heron told him, upon which he ordered the page to conceal himself in the thicket with a couple of horses and wait for him, "for;" said he "one of our knights will be sure to take care of our master, and for my part, I swear by our Lady that I will slay De Vere

an I get the opportunity." With this intention he followed in this baron's train, but finding that he was likely to be discovered, he dropped softly from his horse upon a heap of slain, and there remained till fortune had declared for Bolingbroke. Scarcely was the battle over, when three or four of De Vere's men-at-arms who were busy plundering the slain, came up to him and one of them exclaimed,

"Ho! Conradé, here lies Ducie's squire perchance some gold may be got from his carcase." As he spoke he caught the squire's girdle and tearing it off ripped it open and there he found the seventy bezants which Neville mourned the loss of so much. This was a rich prize, so the others collected round the finder and an equal division took place. All this time the squire was obliged to hold his breath for fear of discovery, as the men-at-arms stood close by him. When all had stowed away their share of the spoil, the one who had spoken first said,

"I would I had thought of it, I would have torn off the crest of yon traitor Ducie's casque, for by my fay it was pure gold."

"Art sure," said Conrade, "that yon mountain of flesh is dead?"

"Dead," was the reply, "Aye as his own charger, and that our lord's lance has stricken to the heart. By the mass I will go back."

"Thou had'st better not," said another, "for our lord's trumpets are blowing, and yonder is his pennon, it were as well to join it," and with that the worthy soldiers departed.

Had any one watched Neville closely during this conversation, they would have seen his hand clutch a dagger which lay near it, more than once; but he restrained himself and remained till night-fall, when he carried off Ducie as has been narrated.

CHAPTER XV.

Then if thy lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high ;
Our slogan is their lyke wake dirge,
Our meat the grave where they shall lie.

We must now condense the events of a month into a few lines. The Earl of Northumberland and Scroop received a pardon, on condition of remaining quiet. Kynderton and Vernon were beheaded on the field of Shrewsbury. Owen Glendwr who had viewed the battle from an oak, (till lately standing) retreated to his mountain fastnesses, and never made head against Henry again ; especially after the arrival of the Prince of Wales to conduct the war. Douglas retired to Scotland ; and at length was killed at Vernueil in France, where the French and their Scotch auxiliaries were destroyed by John, Duke of Bedford, (A.D. 1424). Sir William Chandos was unfortunate enough to fall into the king's hands three weeks after the battle, and was consigned to the Tower of London. His retainers deserted his hold, which was seized upon and held for the king by Sir Alberic Conyers, with a body of knights and men-at-arms.

The king in the mean time resided at Windsor with his son, who had given up his wild companions for a time ; and who then learnt the lessons of king craft, which joined to his own heroic and good disposition, afterwards made him one of the most popular kings who ever sat on the English throne. De Vere was retained at court for purposes to be seen hereafter ; while Clifford, Molineux, De Ider, and other barons scoured the country at the head of their retainers and quickly reduced all those who refused to acknowledge the king's authority. Nearly the only exception to this, was Sir John Ducie's castle which, that baron, though still unable to wear armour, determined to defend to the last, as he knew he could expect no

mercy. And this he was further induced to do as the castle, was strong and well stocked with provisions ; and moreover the garrison was very large, as fugitives from all parts flocked thither as their last stronghold. Sir Edward Howard with about 400 men had in vain attempted to reduce it ; and after spending a fortnight before the walls, he sent to the king for assistance. A thousand men under the command of Sir Oswald Threlkeld, a knight of the royal body guard, were immediately dispatched ; and on their arrival invested the castle in form, and then summoned it to surrender, on pain of death to the garrison.

Sir George Gaston, one of Chandos' retainers, who acted as Seneschal of the castle, received the summons and bore it to Ducie. He found the baron in his chamber, seated in a chair of state and his wounded limb propped up with cushions. His face was frightfully disfigured, as the nose was broken, and the torn cheeks, having healed, had drawn up the corners of his mouth. At his feet sat the lady Eveline who had watched him all through his sickness, and now endeavoured to drive away the cloud upon his brow by all those little attentions which woman alone knows how to show.

"How now, Gaston," said he, as the knight entered, "what meant that trumpet blast?"

"So please thee, fair sir, another summons," was the reply.

"It pleases me not," replied Ducie testily ; "but to what use is their summoning us, yon fool, Howard, doth but waste his time."

"Aye, but Sir John, said Gaston, "we have now Sir Oswald Threlkeld, with 1,400 royal troops before the walls."

"Confusion seize them," roared the baron. "Here Sir George, thine arm I pray thee ; I will to the walls myself and give them their answer."

"Nay brother," said Eveline, interposing, "irritate not the king farther I beseech thee, because we must surrender sooner

or later; Sir George," she continued, turning to the knight, "were there no conditions offered?"

"None lady, save pain of death if we refused."

"Nay then brother," said Eveline, "surrender I pray thee, Remember De Vere."

"May the blackest pit of hell receive him," exclaimed Ducie foaming at the mouth with rage. "He called me traitor, he foiled me twice; he brought me to this, and to his friendship I owe this," pointing to his disfigured face, "and thou girl," he added, addressing Eveline, who sat trembling at this burst of passion, "if ever thou speakest his name in my ears again, may our Lady have mercy on thee, for I will none. Methinks thou lovest him yet; thou dost, I know; and now minion I see how he escaped, but we will try if thou canst deliver thyself from the same dungeon as easily. What ho! Edgar Heron."

A louder and impatient blast from the royal trumpets interrupted him, and seizing Gaston's arm he rose from his seat and tottered to the walls, leaving his sister in a fainting condition.

It may be imagined that Ducie was in no very fit humour to receive an envoy, coming on such a disagreeable message. He went, still leaning on Gaston's arm, to the barbican; and so horrible a spectacle was he, that his own retainers who had not seen him since his return, sprang out of his way thinking him to be the enemy of mankind. When he reached the barbican, he roared out, in a voice of thunder, to the herald on the other side of the moat:—

(To be continued.)

THE COLONIST; OR WHERE IS HE?

BEING, RECOLLECTIONS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

(Continued from page 123.)

"Ah! but those poor scouts are so badly paid, poor fellows;

what would they do without these little privileges now and then?"

"Badly paid! Oxford scouts badly paid!"

"Yes, I think so!"

"Do you? Well, listen a moment; nay, to make it quite clear, I'll put it down on paper. Take, for example, our staircase:—there is John and his son: see what John gets a year; now then.—There are eleven men on the staircase, each of whom pay him £1. every term, and the other expenses:

	£	s.	d.
Eleven men paying to the man £1 ...	11	0	0
Do. paying 5s. to the son	2	15	0
Cleaning Windows, at 5s. paid by each man	2	15	0
Bed-making, at £1. 7. 0d. paid by each man	14	17	0

So you see the Terminal Income of my

Scout is 31 7 0

And for three Terms, multiply by... .. 3

£94 1 0

which is my Scout's annual pay; besides which he gets every thing that is left from every in-door meal; he expects one's brooms, china, &c., at the end of one's time; and he also has something for attendance in Hall. As to their greediness, do you know that my friend Oxenford told me, that his scout grumbled because he ate *all* his Commons.

"Ah!" interposed De Font, who had been silent all this time—that is where the money goes! hem, hem! ugh!"

"Well!" said Brush, "there is certainly some truth in all this."

"Truth!" cried De Font, 'tis the key to the whole mystery; fancy that fellow!"

"What fellow?"

"Why! you know."

"No, I don't know; you are not in College, and so you have *no scout!*"

"Ah! no, good gracious, if I had been in College, it would have cost me precious dear this term indeed!—By the bye, Brush, do you want to buy a little wine? I could sell you a little very good, very cheap—my father sent me three dozen from Brighton, and I have only used five bottles—I want to dispose of the rest; I have left off buying Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, because they make me drink my wine!"

"Oh! my dear fellow, and what *do* you think your father gave you the wine *for*?"

"Well! he meant me to drink it, but t'is ridiculous to drink so much wine; I would rather sell a little of it."

"Nonsense—I'll not buy it; and I beg to inform you, that as soon as you set up as 'wine and spirit merchant,' I shall wish you good morning: the idea is absurd!"

"Absurd or not, I've left off eating Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, because they make me drink my wine; and so I have three dozen of port and sherry left on my hands!"

"Left on your hands! my dear fellow—port and sherry were not intended to be left on your *hands*; one would think you imagined they were intended for your morning ablutions; hands indeed!—

But no, whatever you may think,
Sherry and port were made to drink.

"Well! I suppose you'll allow me to manage my own business as I like, won't you; what do you mean?"

"Mean? why simply what I say, that your father gave you wine to drink with your friends; and you have taken it into your head to fancy that you ought not to eat biscuit, because they make you do the very thing your father intended you to do with your three dozen of wine!"

"Fancy!—biscuit! what do you mean? explain your words!"

"They don't seem to me to need any explanation, De Font!"

"Well you won't buy the wine?"

"No! of course not!"

"Very well then, good bye—good bye Tims." So saying our worthy friend took his departure, though we knew well enough he would soon return, forgetful altogether of his ire—how could he do otherwise?

(To be continued.)

PRINCE ALBERT'S SPEECH.

The bicentenary festival of the sons of the Clergy was celebrated on Wednesday, May 10th, at St. Paul's; and in the evening by a dinner at Merchant Taylor's Hall; after which the Prince delivered a speech which deserves to be preserved; and a part of which we now subjoin:—

"My Lord Mayor,—Allow me to return you on my own behalf, and on that of the Royal Family, my best thanks for the manner in which you have proposed our health; and to you gentlemen for the cordial response you have made to the toast. I am indeed highly gratified to have been a witness to the two-hundreth anniversary of this festival; testifying as it does, that the people of this country do not relax in efforts which they have once undertaken, and do not forsake the spirit which animated their forefathers. When our ancestors purified the Christian faith, and shook off the yoke of a domineering priesthood, they felt that the key stone of that wonderful fabric which had grown up in the dark times of the middle ages, was the celibacy of the clergy; and they shrewdly foresaw that their reformed faith and newly-won religious liberty would, on the contrary, only be secure in the hands of a

clergy united with the people by every sympathy—national, personal, and domestic. Gentlemen, this nation has enjoyed for three hundred years the blessing of a church establishment which rests upon this basis; and it cannot be too grateful for the advantages offered by the fact, that the Christian ministers not only preach the doctrines of Christianity, but live among their congregations; an example for the discharge of every christian duty, as husbands, fathers and masters of families; themselves capable of fathoming the whole depth of human feelings, desires and difficulties. While we must gratefully acknowledge that they have, as a body, worthily fulfilled this high and difficult task, we must bear in mind that we deny them an equal participation in one of the actuating motives of life; the one which among the children of this generation exercises, perhaps of necessity, the strongest influence; I mean the desire for the acquisition and accumulation of the good things of this world. Gentlemen, the appellation of ‘a money-making parson’ is not only a reproach, but a condemnation for a clergyman, depriving him at once of all influence over his congregation. Yet this man who has to shun opportunities of acquiring wealth, open to most of us, and who has himself often, only a scanty life-income allotted to him for his services, has a wife and children like ourselves; and we wish him to have the same solicitude for their welfare which we feel for our own. Are we not bound then, to do what we can to relieve his mind from anxiety; and to preserve his children from destitution when it shall please the Almighty to remove him from the scene of his labours; You have given an answer in the affirmative by your presence here to day; and although this institution can do materially but little; morally it gives a public recognition of the claims which the sons of the clergy have upon the sympathy and the liberality of the community at large; and as such it is of the greatest value. May it con-

tinue for hundreds of years as a bond of union between the clergy and the laity ; and on each recurring centenary, may it find the nation ever advancing in prosperity, civilization and piety."

Every sentence of this speech was made emphatic with cheers ; and it may be added that his royal highness generously subscribed a hundred guineas.

S. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

Some time ago Mr. Westerton, church warden of S. Paul's, Knightsbridge, presented to the Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell the incumbent, a series of complaints touching the manner of performing the service. They were generally, that the choristers with the clergy carrying the vessels used in the service of the church, march in procession from the vestry, to the "high altar ; that they approached it with bows, genuflections and incurvations ;" that they bow to a massive cross, and with much ceremony place the vessels near the altar ; that the service is intoned with much emphatic gesticulation and bowing ; that a cross has been placed on the altar ; that a credence table has been set up ; that vessels and robes such as are used by the Roman Catholic priests are borne and worn by the clergy ; that bouquets of flowers and "other foreign frippery" are placed about the church ; that the offertory is appropriated for the purchase of this "meretricious trumpery ;" and that candlesticks set upon the communion table.

Mr. Westerton memorialized archdeacon Sinclair, who replied that he cannot legally receive any presentment except at a visitation ; but the bishop replied to each count in order.

He says that Mr. Liddell did not introduce the several practices set forth in the memorial ; but continued them as he found them ; that Mr. Liddell has agreed to discontinue the

procession of the clergy bearing the communion vessels and elements; as it is "a distinct imitation of the practice of the Roman Church." He states that Mr. Liddell denies the bowings, genuflections and gesticulations; that he sent two confidential persons to the church on purpose to observe whether or not these gesticulations &c. were practiced, who did not observe any of these practices; that Mr. Liddell had endeavoured to restrain these practices in others, and is not inclined to any such extravagance himself; that the bishop does not approve of the practice of intoning in parish churches; but that he would rather hear the prayers well intoned, than badly read; that what Mr. Westerton designates a "high altar," is not an altar at all, except in a figurative sense; that it is not of stone, but of wood; and that it is not fixed but moveable; that when the church was consecrated, its height did not attract his notice; that it is now the property of the parish and cannot be removed; that he would rather not see candlesticks in parish churches; but he is not prepared to order their removal, when they have been placed there for many years; that the cross is objectionable, but when he ordered it to be removed he was told that its removal would wound the feelings of the congregation; but that he would be glad of its removal; that he sees no objection to a credence table and the use of flowers, but is opposed to their being paid for out of the offertories.

At the annual meeting for the election of the churchwardens, Mr. Westerton was re-elected; and the vestry passed a resolution authorising the removal of the super-altar, the credence table, the cross and the candlesticks. They protested against paying the washing and choristers out of the alms-chest; and recorded their strong disapproval of the "procession," and the practice of intoning the Service.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS. J. H. Parker, Oxford.

Part II. of this good work is for Easter; and the Contents are, Communion with Christ in ordinances; Communion with Christ in his charges laid on us; Communion with Christ in receiving his blessing; Christ the way to heaven; Christ lifted up, drawing us to Him. This part contains only five sermons; but their quality makes up for their deficiency in number; and we wish the work that success which it deserves.

A PLAIN COMMENTARY ON THE FOUR HOLY GOSPELS. J. H. Parker, Oxford.

Part XV. of this useful work is now before us. The frontispiece is a group of children kneeling round the feet of our Lord, who is extending His arms in the attitude of blessing them; poets and painters are usually bad historians; for the sacred writers tell us that he took them up in His arms. This Part commences at the thirteenth chapter of S. Luke's Gospel, and concludes at the end of the sixteenth chapter with the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, of which a very good explanation is given. We strongly recommend these two series of works to our readers, as useful family books suited for both the young and the old.

MAMMA'S BUDGET; Houlston & Stoneman, & Wertheim & Macintosh. London, 1854.

The two brothers, or the little cowslip gatherers, is the first of a

series of little volumes intended for little Christians under twelve years of age. The story is very natural and pretty, and the author's design is, to impress on the minds of the rising generation, the duty of exhibiting Christian principles when performing acts of kindness and charity. It is very neatly got up; and it is embellished with wood cuts.

JESUITS AND JESUITISM; by the Rev. R. Montgomery. Woolridge, London.

This is an extract for the times, from the "Luther" of that great moral poet Mr. R. Montgomery. The poetry is beautiful; and the subject is most interesting; but it is impossible to do justice to this beautiful poem in such a notice as our space will permit; it must be read to be appreciated. The price is only fourpence; and it gives a fine view of the foundation and superstructure of Jesuitism; with a most instructive peep into the recesses of the confessional; some extracts from which we shall give in a future number.

LITTLE BY LITTLE; or how *Russia the Little has become Russia the Great.* No I. crown 8vo., Houlston & Stoneman.

This is the first number of a small work, price one penny, giving an outline of the success of Russian diplomacy; and of her aggressions on the various nations which skirt her frontier. It commences with the "Will of Peter the Great;" which gives the key to the policy of the Russian government since the days of Czar Peter; at whose accession

the population of that empire was fifteen millions ; but at the present day the "population of Russia proper, Russia stolen, and Russia protected after one hundred and fifty years action upon the instructions laid down in the 'will of Peter the Great,' is NINETY MILLIONS." Besides the Will, there is a brief enumeration of all the provinces and countries that have been added to that vast empire and stolen not conquered from their immediate neighbours. In the simplicity of our imagination we have frequently asked our own heart, whether or not the woe denounced by Isaiah against those who "join house to house, and lay field to field, till there be no place; that they may be placed alone in the earth;" may be applicable to princes who join city to city and province to province, till there be no place for other kingdoms; but that Russia shall stand alone in the earth? But we have been seriously disposed to think that Southern Europe is very likely to be again partitioned by the Russian barbarians, as the Roman empire was in the sixth century by the Goths and Vandals. In this small work, there is a very compendious account of all the spoliations and robberies of neighbouring territories; and of the arts, not the valour, by which constant additions are being made to that vast and unwieldy empire. The price is only one penny; and it is worth the money.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE; by the Association, 20, Great Coram St.

There is a Gazette published by an association formed for the purpose of promoting the repeal of all the taxes on knowledge; and it is distributed gratis to such as ourselves. It contains much interesting information on the state of taxation on paper and such-like things; which self-interest ingeniously calls knowledge. The duty on paper is considerable; but it does not much affect the public; nevertheless the revenue would be greatly affected by the loss of it; yet the public would derive little or no advantage from its repeal. The manufacturer of paper, and the large publishers, would be the only gainers by it; hence we can appreciate the motives of Mr. Cowan the large paper maker, and Chambers as publishers, whose gains would be immense. By the repeal of a penny stamp on newspaper supplements, it has been calculated that the "Times" has realized an annual sum of about £40,000; but the public have known no diminution of the price of that paper. So prices would remain as they are, for we could not reduce our price; nor could any of the cheap periodicals now in existence, reduce theirs; so it becomes a publisher's and paper-maker's question, in which the knowledge-seeking public have little interest. We are therefore opposed to the repeal of these taxes; why should not knowledge pay taxes as well as food and labour?

IN a letter to Mr. Nelson, Bishop Bull says: "I am so far from thinking that salvation is to be found only in unity with the Church of Rome, that on the contrary, I verily believe, they are *in great danger* of their salvation who live in her communion; that is, who own her erroneous doctrines and join in her corrupt worship."

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JULY, 1854.

Vol. VIII.

THE DEAD SEA.*

THE appearance of the Angels to Abraham whilst he sat in the tent-door during the heat of the day; his intercession with the Judge of all the Earth; and the preservation of Lot, have been subjects of awful interest in all ages; and during the last two centuries, the researches of learned and enterprising men have made the wonders of the Dead Sea familiar to most of us. In general, however, the minds of these travellers rested on the supposed fact that the guilty cities of the plain were submerged under the waters of the Dead Sea. The researches, however, of Monsieur de Saulcy, a French *savant*, have discovered the ruins of these cities on the borders of the lake, but closer to it now than before their destruction. It is evident from the scripture account of their overthrow that their destruction was not caused by water, but by fire: "Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah, brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and He overthrew those cities and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities and that which grew upon the ground...and lo the smoke of the country went up as that smoke of a furnace."

Previous to that awful event, the Plain was remarkably fertile and well-watered; so much so, as to be compared "even to the garden of Eden and like the land of Egypt;" but as a warning to us, and as a punishment for the sins of its original inhabitants; for the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord, exceedingly, the climate is now most fearfully

* Vestiges of Divine Vengeance; or the Dead Sea, and the Cities of the Plain; by Mr. E. Tayler.—Wertheim & Macintosh. 1854.

unhealthy, all its coasts abound with noisome and pestilential vapours; and there is an almost total absence of food and water on this dreary coast. The Dead Sea is enclosed on every side by lofty mountains, composed chiefly of salt; this occasions an excessive heat, which, with the close and stifling blast of the hot sirocca wind, causes such an absorption of the water of the sea, as carries off the waters of the Jordan that is constantly running into it, at the rate daily of six millions of tons, but this immense volume of water is altogether absorbed by the enormous heat in this valley of death; "for," says Lieutenant Lynch, "so great is the evaporation going on during the summer, that it is positively perceptible to the naked eye. At one time to day, the sea assumed an aspect peculiarly sombre; unstirred by the wind, it lay smooth and unruffled like an inland lake. The great evaporation enclosed it in a thin transparent vapour, its purple tinge contrasting strangely with the extraordinary colour of the sea beneath, and where they blended in the distance, giving it the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. It seemed a vast cauldron of metal, fused, but motionless."

The River Jordan which runs from the North to the South, discharges its waters into the Dead Sea at the northern end; and some have been of opinion, that previous to the destruction of the guilty cities, that river had flowed through the valley of the "Salt Sea" into the upper end of the Red Sea; but this has been shown to be entirely a mistake, as the Red Sea is itself eighteen hundred feet higher than the level of the Dead Sea; besides, Moses makes no mention of the Jordan, when relating the passage of the Red Sea, which he must have done, because had that river run into the Red Sea, the children of Israel must have crossed it at that point; for it is certain that their line of march lay round the east side of the Dead Sea. It would appear that in Abraham's time there had been a lake, although on a much smaller scale; for we read that the four kings "were joined together in the vale of Siddim, *which is the Salt Sea*," and that "the Vale of Siddim was full of slime pits," or bitumen, then as it is at present. It is probable, therefore, that after the destruction of these cities by fire and brimstone, the valley had undergone some change, the effect of volcanic action; for Lieutenant Lynch of the U. S. navy found such an immense difference in the soundings, as makes this idea at

least plausible. At the Southern end of the lake Mr. Lynch found that the depth of water varied from two feet to fourteen for the space of about ten miles. He kept up continual soundings; and all of a sudden the lead sank from fourteen feet to *thirteen hundred* feet of water. This deeper part, therefore might be the original lake; and says Mr. Tayler, "this very marked contrast in the relative depths of the two divisions of the asphaltic lake, certainly points to a difference of origin. And since Scripture seems plainly to assert that the Vale of Siddim was converted into the Salt Sea at the overthrow of Sodom and its neighbouring cities, we are decidedly of opinion, that the southern bay of the lake was formed by the inundation of the waters during that fearful catastrophe."

Moses specifies Salt as one of the chief means by which "all the plain of Jordan" was from fertility and beauty rendered barren and desolate; for, says he "the whole land thereof is *brimstone and salt* and burning; that it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon, like the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim, which the Lord overthrew in His anger and in His wrath." Deut. xxix, 23. "In the course of ages," says Mr. Tayler, "the rains would continually wash away the salt, and carry it into the lake; and this would abundantly account for the unparalled saltiness of the waters of the Dead Sea, as all writers who have expressed their opinion on this subject have agreed." Touching the taste of the water M. de Saulcy says "I scarcely believe the world produces any water more abominably offensive, although clear and limpid in appearance. At first it seems to have the taste of ordinary salt water; but in less than a second it acts with such nauseous effect upon the lips, the tongue, and the palate, that your stomach instantly rejects it with insufferable disgust. It seems to be a compound of salt, coloquintid, and oil, with the additional property of inflicting an acute sensation of burning. In vain you clear your mouth of this horrible liquid; it acts so violently upon the mucous system, that the taste remains for some minutes, causing at the same time a painful contraction of the throat. The water of the Dead Sea at the northern point is atrociously bitter and salt; but it is lemonade, compared with what we rashly tasted at Rabath-el-Djamous." The water, however, is exceedingly buoyant; and Dr. Robinson, who could not swim, "could turn, sit, stand, lie, or swim in the

water without difficulty...upon coming out I perceived nothing of the salt crust upon the body, of which so many speak. There was a slight pricking sensation, especially where the skin had been chafed; and a sort of greasy feeling, as of oil upon the skin, which lasted for several hours."

Of the aspect and phenomena of this unnatural sea, Dr. Robinson says: "it lies in a deep cauldron surrounded by lofty cliffs of naked limestone rock, and exposed for seven or eight months in each year to the unclouded beams of a burning sun. Nothing, therefore, but sterility and death-like solitude can be looked for upon its shores; and nothing else, also, is actually found, except in those parts where there are fountains or streams of fresh water."

An opinion has long prevailed that no animal life could exist in or near the waters of this sea; but Dr. Robinson saw birds in great numbers frequently flying over it; and M. de Sauley saw a flock of wild ducks settle on the water out of gun-shot, where they began sporting and diving with perfect unconcern; insects were found on the beach; and rooks flew about among the rent cliffs of the steep hills which border the lake. But above all, the American party lived for several days in their boats exploring the northern end of the lake; and experienced a storm on it; "the wind freshened to a gale, and presented an agitated surface of foaming brine; the spray, evaporating as it fell, left incrustations of salt upon our clothes, our hands, and faces: and while it conveyed a prickly sensation wherever it touched the skin, was, above all, exceedingly painful to the eyes.....The sea had assumed a threatening aspect, and the fretted mountains, sharp and incinerated, loomed terrific on either side; and fetid sulphureous springs trickled down its ravines; we did not despair; awe-struck but not terrified; fearing the worst, yet hoping for the best, we prepared to spend a dreary night upon the dreariest waste we had ever seen. At 5.58 the wind instantaneously abated, and with it the sea as rapidly fell; the water, from its ponderous quality, settling as soon as the agitating cause had ceased to act. Within twenty minutes from the time we bore away from a sea which threatened to engulf us, we were pulling away at a rapid rate over a placid sheet of water that scarcely rippled beneath us."

We come, now, to that part of Mr. Tayler's very interesting book, which treats of the discovery of the ruins of Sodom,

now called *Esdoum*, and the other cities of the plain; the merit of which is undoubtedly due to M. de Sauley. On the morning of January 12, 1851, De Sauley and his party were passing by a "hillock fifteen yards in diameter, *covered with large rough stones that looked as if they had been burnt*; and which constituted at some remote and unascertainable period, a part of a round structure, immediately commanding the shore. Being acquainted with the language, he questioned his Arab guide, Abou-Daouk, who informed him that it was an ancient castle, named in Arabic the "Heap of fallen stones." He asked again, "Where was the town of Sodom?" and the Arab answered "here" "And did this ruin belong to the condemned city?" "Assuredly." "Are there other vestiges of Sodom?" "Yes, there are a great many." "Where are they?" "There and there;" pointing to the extremity of the Salt mountain which we had just wound along, and the plain planted with acacias, extending to the foot of the mountains towards Ouad-ez-Zouera.

On his return from Kerack and the eastern coast, De Sauley examined the ruins which his guides persisted in calling from traditional knowledge, Djebel-Esdoum, or Sodom. He says, "Forty-six minutes past two have arrived, when we find ourselves again precisely in front (and ten yards distant on the left) of the collection of ruins, bearing the name of Redjem-el-Mizorrhel. The water's edge is scarcely forty or fifty yards to our right; whilst the foot of the mountain is only thirty yards from the road we are following. When we reach the ruins we are marching north by west. By fifty-two minutes past two we turn west-north-west. The sea is then eighty yards off; and the foot of the mountain distant 150 yards. The shore having thus become wider, exposes to our view large blocks of stone, worn by time; and in the midst of these we soon distinguish regular rows, being the foundations of ancient walls. We are now unquestionably in the midst of ruins..... To our left the Djebel-Esdoum has ceased to form a single mass; and we have arrived in front of the vast excrescences or projecting hillocks, bordering the northern part of this mountain. On these hillocks, which present an extensive surface, disjointed accumulations appear, exhibiting positive and infallible evidence of the existence on this point of a *very considerable town*. We wind slowly round the foot of these

ruins; so that it is impossible to mistake their origin....By seven minutes past three we cross the dry bed of a torrent, fifteen yards wide. Here the hillocks, covered with ruins, are divided by a ravine, and form two distinct masses, bearing on their surface the huge fragments which the Arabs accompanying us are unanimous in calling Esdoun (Sodom). In the plain itself, beyond the bed of the torrent, appears a numerous line of stone blocks, remains of the primeval habitations.....We passed the limits of the ruins of Sodom by eleven minutes past three; we reach the ruins of Zoar or Secor, by thirty minutes past three; it has thus taken us nineteen minutes to pass from one place to the other, which implies that the distance is somewhat less than 2,000 yards, or a mile and a quarter according to English measurement. I was thus perfectly justified in affirming at an earlier page, that the relative situations of the ruins of Sodom and Zoar exactly corresponded with, and confirmed all the circumstances of the narrative transmitted to us by the Bible of the flight of Lot; this flight having been accomplished within the interval of time between the first break of day and the full rise of the sun."

There seems to be no reason why we should doubt that the ruins described by M. De Saulcy are really those of Sodom and Zoar; both of which cities were on the South-west side of the Dead Sea. It is by the traditional information of the Arabs living in the neighbourhood and constantly traversing the shores of the lake, that De Saulcy discovered these ruins which the Arabs call Kharbet Esdoun, or the Ruins of Sodom.

At the extreme northern shore of the lake M. De Saulcy discovered the ruins of Gomorrah, called by the Arabs Kharbet-Goumran. Space will not permit us to give an outline of these ruins but De Saulcy establishes the fact of their position at the northern end; as those of Sodom are at the southern extremity of the Dead Sea. And here, again, the corruption of the language and the traditional account of his Arab guides, fully correspond with the original name of Gomorrah which is now called Goumran, as Sodom is denominated Esdoun. The former seems to have been the most important city of the five doomed ones which are now collectively called the Pentapolis. De Saulcy also discovered the ruins of Zeboim which are now traditionally called Kharbet-Sebaan. These stupendous ruins or *Kharbets* are very considerable; and "several terrific craters

—three at least—surround the site which I lay down for Zeboim; and they must have accomplished instantaneously the destruction of this guilty city; the explosions proceeding from three directions, must have reduced it to atoms at once." The market place of El-Thaemeh was visited by De Saulcy, and his Arab guide informed him that there were extensive ruins on the neighbouring heights, which he concluded were those of the Admah of Scripture, which was destroyed at the same time with the others; but these he did not explore. The modern name may be a traditional corruption of the ancient Admah.

Here now is a glorious field for Mr. Layard, who has so successfully explored the ruins of Nineveh; similar exertions on the shores of the Dead Sea might bring great discoveries to light, and put to shame the scoffing unbeliever. De Saulcy has done great service to the cause of truth; but he lacks the persevering industry of an Englishman; and therefore we would strongly recommend Mr. Layard to go, armed with government patronage, and explore the ruins himself; as the way has been so admirably cleared by the Frenchman and the American. We cannot conclude this sketch without acknowledging our obligation to Mr. Tayler, for having given such an admirable abridgment of Lieutenant Lynch and M. De Saulcy's books. Mr. Tayler's little work consists of two parts; the first treats of the Dead Sea, its dangers, its explorers and its history; chiefly derived from Mr. Lynch's nautical exploration of the sea itself. The second considers the probable sites of the destroyed cities; and inquiries into the credibility and value of De Saulcy's discovery; to which he gives his decided approbation.

W. C. P.

DE VERE'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF HARRY HOTSPUR'S REBELLION.

(Continued from page 184.)

"Hark, ye dog of a herald, tell those that sent you, that ere we put our throats into Bolingbroke's hands we will feed on the

stones of which this hold of mine is built, and if thou or one like thee brings me such another message, be assured he shall dangle from yonder staff in the place of the banner that now waves there. Commend me to thy masters, and tell them I will cut the throats of any prisoners I may take. Thou hast my answer—begone. The moat is deep and the walls are high, but ye may heap up dead bodies as high as the one, and fill up the other with them, ere John Ducie yields." Weakness and rage were too much for him, and he fainted in Gaston's arms.

No sooner had the herald returned, than an assault was commenced on all side. Showers of arrows flew from the archery on either side, pavisses were advanced against the walls, scaling ladders were reared, and a floating bridge was thrown across the moat, and the postern was attacked. Nor were the besieged idle; trunks of trees, stones, dead bodies, and boiling pitch and tar, were hurled over upon those close to the wall, while the mangonels and cross-bows sent their death-dealing missiles in a constant shower upon those farther off. But, in spite of this desperate defence, Sir Oswald Threlkeld succeeded in obtaining a footing on the battlements. Gaston rushed upon him; and a furious hand-to-hand combat took place on the very battlements of the ramparts. At length Gaston was cleft to the teeth by a blow from his adversary, and fell into the moat, and almost at the same moment the postern was forced, and the besiegers rushed on, headed by Sir Edward Howard. Those on the walls perceiving this fled to the keep, but many were too late, and the drawbridge over the inner moat was drawn up just as the royal troops were on the point of rushing across it. Enraged at the stout resistance they had met with they showed no quarter, and slaughtered all those that fell into their power. Upwards of three hundred of the garrison were slain; nor did the royalists escape altogether, for more than two hundred bit the dust.

Sir Oswald contented himself with taking possession of what he had won, and sent the news of his success to the king, begging reinforcements at the same time, as the keep was almost impregnable, and it was garrisoned by eight hundred desperate men.

CHAPTER XVE.

Isabella.—Show some pity.

Angelo.—I show it most of all when I show justice.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Sir William De Vere and the Abbot of Shrewsbury were closetted with the king, when the knight who bore the news of the capture of the outer works of Ducie's castle arrived. The king's rage was great when he heard of the desperate defence made, and of the threats and conduct of Ducie, and he was about to send a large reinforcement, when an exclamation from De Vere stopped him.

"I would," said he, not knowing he was speaking aloud, "I would I was there."

"Why so, De Vere?" asked Henry, sharply.

"Because, my liege, methinks I could save the farther shedding of blood."

"Sayest thou so?" said the king; "and now, methinks I have heard of certain passages between thee and this same traitor, Ducie; is it not so?" De Vere assented, and then narrated the circumstances of their early friendship, of his attachment to Evelyn, of his imprisonment and escape, and of the conversation between Ducie and himself, when he learnt the particulars of the conspiracy. When he had finished his story Henry sat in deep thought for a few moments, and then said, suddenly—

"So! there is a woman in the case, is there? then, by my

fay, the castle is our own. Go thither at once, De Vere, take thy retainers with thee, summon them to surrender, and, if they will not, thou must assault and take the hold as soon as possible. Thou shalt command the army—come for thy commission before thou leavest; and now begone, and the sooner thou art ready the better.

When De Vere had left the room the Abbot of Shrewsbury addressed the King: "What measures wilt thou pursue with regard to these misguided men, my liege?"

"Death, Sir Abbot, is their due, and death they must suffer."

"Nay! but my liege, thou must have patience with thine erring subjects, and methinks if these poor men——"

"Patience!" interrupted Henry; "how can any one be patient when a traitor like Ducie defies me thus, and my subjects are afraid to attack him—aye, afraid! Why, Sir Abbot, yon Oswald Threlkeld fears to assail the castle, because, forsooth, there are eight hundred men in it, and so he dallies and dallies, till some night a sortie will be made and the outworks regained; and then De Vere, whom thou knowest full well I was going to send to Wales, must needs offer to go thither instead; and yet thou tellest me to have patience—as if any man could, when pestered as I am with sturdy foes and sluggish friends."

"Nay! but good my liege," said the Abbot mildly, "thou shouldest take a lesson from the holy Job, who lost sons and daughters, lands and wealth, all at once, and then was struck sore sick, yet he would not curse God, though by so doing he might have been free from all his sorrows."

"And what became of this same—how call ye him? Job, is it not?"

"Why! good, my liege; after a time, the Lord, to reward his patience, cured him and he had other sons and daughters, and died a rich man."

"By my faith a good ending, Sir Abbot," said Henry, and then taking writing materials, he ordered the abbot to draw out a commission for De Vere; while he himself wrote some few lines on a sheet of parchment, to which he affixed his signature, as he did to the commission also when it was drawn out. He had scarcely done so, ere De Vere entered the royal presence.

"Ha! Sir William, thou art expeditious," said the king, "here is thy commission, and hark ye, offer life and liberty to the soldiers, on condition of immediate surrender; and, for the knights, we would that they be brought to London, and there confined till our farther pleasure be known."

"And for Ducie, my liege?"

"To the dungeon with him!—that same dungeon in which thou wert confined—and, on the third day, death! There is the warrant for thee—see thou actest up to it."

De Vere fell on his knees: "My liege," said he, "methinks I have deserved some good at thy hands."

"And thou hast had thy reward, De Vere; what farther would'st thou?"

"Grant me Ducie's life, my——"

"Hell and thunder!" roared the king, springing up and pacing the room; "spare Ducie!—spare the arch traitor who calls my heralds dogs, and swears he will cut the throats of his prisoners? surely, Sir William, thou art mad!—and thou too, of all other men, to ask his life—thou! to whom he hath proved himself a traitor, and on whom he hath inflicted such a deadly insult! No, Sir William! death to the traitor!"

"In mercy, my liege," said De Vere, attempting to get in a word.

"I will have *no* mercy," said Henry, sternly; "I will know of no such word towards rebels—but mercy towards my true subjects demands that justice should be done towards those who would destroy the peace of these realms, and the quiet-

ude of all true men; and justice shall *be* done. On thine allegiance, De Vere—nay! not a word!”—for De Vere attempted to speak—“on thy allegiance I charge thee, see my commands executed to the letter; and, now, stay no longer, or thou wilt but anger me. Farewell!”

De Vere rose and left the apartment without venturing a syllable, for he saw the king's rage was not to be trifled with, and in a few minutes was on the march with his retinue. About an hour after he left Windsor a knight overtook him, and delivered a packet to him. De Vere, supposing it to be further orders, cut the silk which bound it with his dagger, and found a letter enclosed, with an intimation that it was not to be read till Ducie was about to be executed. Thinking it must be some orders about his death, he thrust it into his helmet with a sigh, for he had long ago forgiven Ducie, as far as he himself was concerned; and, besides, he remembered his promise to Eveline. It was with a heavy heart, therefore, that he pursued his way, as he had determined to execute the King's orders, though he should lose the regard of the dearest object the earth contained.

CHAPTER XVII.

This is the latest parle we will admit,
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst.

HENRY V.

Sir Oswald Threlkeld, however, was not, as the King said in his passion, afraid to attack the keep. Day and night he endeavoured to mine the walls or make breaches by means of his battering rams and petraryæ. Three several times did he attempt to storm the castle, but each time he was driven back

by the besieged, who acted under the orders of Sir Lionel Holland, a knight of well-proved prowess. In these assaults some two hundred of the royal troops were killed, while the garrison lost scarcely more than a score. Sir Oswald Threlkeld then turned the siege into a blockade, and endeavoured to starve out the besieged. This was severely felt by Ducie's men, as a great quantity of provisions were taken when the outer works of the castle fell into the hands of the royalist troops.

Such was the state of things when De Vere arrived to assume the command. He brought with him one thousand men and twenty knights; and thus the royal force amounted to two thousand men; a force sufficient to storm or blockade the keep, unless it surrendered. Sir Oswald was not sorry to have the command taken from him, as he felt that, *now*, if the castle still held out, it would not be his fault.

The same evening that he arrived, Sir William accompanied the herald to the edge of the inner moat. A loud blast of the trumpet brought Holland to the wall, upon which the herald summoned him to surrender instantly, and, at the same time, proclaimed the royal pardon to those soldiers who chose to lay down their arms.

Sir Lionel answered fiercely, "Take thyself off Sir Herald, or, by my fay, it shall be worse for thee." At the same time he ordered one of a group of archers, who were standing by, to let fly at him. The man hesitated; upon which Holland struck him in the face with his gauntleted fist, and seizing the bow, he fitted an arrow and aimed it at the herald. Fortunately De Vere saw the action and caught it on his shield; and then, noticing the discontented looks of the archers, he raised his voice and cried:—

"Hear, all ye that bear not the rank of knights—our most gracious sovereign offers a free pardon to all of ye, on condition of instant surrender; and to knights a fair trial by a court of

their peers, Sir John Ducie excepted."

"Hark ye, Sir Baron," cried Holland, "we would not take thy king's pardon, were it offered to us; and if thou would'st have this castle for the king, why, take it!" So saying he walked away.

De Vere added a few words to those on the walls, reiterating the promise of pardon, and pointing out to them that it was madness not to surrender. He added, that the next morning he should assault the keep, so that they had better make haste and decide; and then he returned to his men,

The night, at least the early part of it, was spent by the knights in the castle, in making every preparation prudence could dictate for the next day's conflict. The soldiers obeyed their orders sullenly, and when ordered to rest themselves, they collected in groups and discussed the utility of holding out. Hitherto they had fought and bled with the courage of despair, as they expected nothing but death if taken; but now a proclamation had been made, promising them life—moreover they were short of provisions and harrassed with repelling repeated assaults—and one of their number, besides, had been struck for no fault—and the law of arms had been transgressed in one of their leaders shooting at a herald, whose person was sacred. Added to this was their certainty of De Vere's acting up to what he had said. It was unanimously determined to surrender, just as Holland and the rest of the knights made their appearance to set them in order.

"Sound the reveille," said Holland to a trumpeter. The man took no notice, and Holland, seizing the trumpet, blew the signal himself; but no one obeyed. The knights attempted to induce them to stir, but to no use—they were received by cries of "Surrender! surrender!" The warders on the wall, hearing the cry, hastened to their comrades, and in a few seconds the mutineers were drawn up, not to repel De Vere, but to keep their own leaders from using their swords, for more

than one man-at-arms was cut down in the attempt to reduce the men to obedience.

In the mean time the royal troops got into order on hearing the reveille in the keep, and Sir William De Vere hastened from rank to rank to encourage them with the hope of success. As he was thus engaged Sir Oswald addressed him:—

"Methinks, Sir Baron, yon rebels intend a sortie, for I see all the warders are quitting the walls."

"By my faith, I think so too," replied De Vere, "but no, they would not surely leave the walls unguarded—however, this is the moment for action. What ho! Sir Walter Manny, advance the floating bridge—on, archers, with the pavisses—men-at-arms, carry forward the ladders—and, Sir Oswald, do thou and the royal troops guard against a surprise."

In a few moments the bridge was thrown over the moat, the ladders were raised, and De Vere mounted at the head of his men without opposition. Here they perceived at once what the reason was. In the inner court of the castle the men-at-arms and archers formed a solid square, which the knights attempted, in vain, by threats and promises to induce them to break and go to the walls. So intent were the leaders upon this, that it was not until De Vere's men were pouring into the court, with shouts of "St. George for Bolingbroke!" that they perceived the castle was in the hands of the royalists.

"Throw down your arms!" shouted De Vere, but the order was needless, for as soon as the garrison saw the assailants pouring over the walls, they simultaneously threw down their arms. Holland, perceiving that all was lost, cried to the knights, "Sirs, at least, we will fight to the last!" and without waiting another moment, he rushed upon De Vere with a shout of "St. Michael! St. Michael! a Holland! But he had met his match, for Sir William stepping back, avoided the blow aimed at him, and ere his antagonist could recover himself, he closed with and threw him to the ground. In another minute

he was a prisoner. The others, to the number of twenty-five, were taken also, after a stout resistance, in which they were all more or less wounded. And thus the castle fell into the hands of the royalists. The gates were opened, the garrison marched out, and after some necessary delay, the prisoners were sent off under a sufficient guard, with the exception of Ducie, of whom more will be said in a future chapter.

(To be continued.)

THE CONSECRATION OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PENDEEN, CORNWALL.

S. John's Church, Pendeen, which was opened for divine service in Nov., 1852, was consecrated on the 18th, inst. by the Lord Bishop of the diocese. A large white banner, with the inscription, "Her foundations are upon the Holy Hills," beautifully painted, waved majestically from the North West battlements of the tower; and two others were placed at the East and West extremities of the churchyard; the one nearest the entrance bearing the inscription, "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion," and the other "Holiness unto the Lord." At ten o'clock parties from a distance began to arrive in rapid succession, and by eleven the parsonage grounds were crowded with carriages, and the approach to the church seemed a living stream concentrating from every quarter. There was a very large attendance of the clergy. At half-past eleven the Bishop proceeded to the church, and was received by the clergy at the south porch. Samuel Borlase, Esq., of Castle Horneck, accompanied by the churchwardens, Mr. White of Trewellard, and Mr. Trezise of Carnvorih, presented the pet-

ition for consecration; and the Bishop, having expressed his readiness to consecrate, entered the church, followed by the clergy, and proceeded along the aisle to the altar, reading alternate verses with the clergy, of the 24th psalm. The Rev. Chancellor Martin read the deed of consecration, and the prayers were offered up by the Bishop with great solemnity, and so audibly and distinctly, that they were heard and devoutly responded to from the remotest parts of the church. The consecration service being ended, the Rev. R. Aitken, the incumbent, commenced the service for the day, the whole of which was intoned; and the Responses, Versicles, Venite, Te Deum and Benedictus, were chanted by the congregation with great fervor, and with evidently heartfelt devotion. The congregational singing, conducted by one of the incumbent's sons who presided at the organ, was singularly solemn and devotional. The whole mass united with one heart and full voice, causing the edifice to reverberate with songs of praise. The Rev. T. Pascoe and the Rev. M. N. Peters read the appointed lessons;—the epistle was read by the Rural Dean, and the gospel by the Archdeacon. The Bishop celebrated the holy communion, and administered to about two hundred communicants. The Rev. W. S. White preached an appropriate sermon from Hab., 2nd chap., 11th v. "The stone shall cry out of the walls, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it." After giving a description of the nature of symbolical teaching, and instances of its suitability for conveying truth, he dwelt affectingly upon the obligations and privileges of the congregation which statedly assembled in this church; so much having been done for their spiritual benefit at so great a sacrifice; and the solemn and saving truths of the gospel being so earnestly and faithfully pressed on their attention. He told them that their responsibilities were very great; that the stones and the timber would witness against any unfaithfulness on their part; and he trusted that the result would finally be to the glory of God

and their own everlasting joy and happiness. At the conclusion of the service, the Bishop consecrated the church-yard. In the afternoon the service was intoned by the Rev. R. Collins; and the lessons were read by the Revs. W. Haslam and W. Broadley. The Rev. Lockyer Williams preached from Deut., 12th chap., 11th v. "Then there shall be a place which the Lord your God shall choose to cause his name to dwell there, &c." The preacher observed that the Heathen worshipped where they chose and as they chose; but it was not so with the Israelites who were God's people and were bound to obedience in every matter; yet their wilfulness evidenced itself by their consecrating groves and high places of their own choosing, as places for worship. Still when they returned to obedience, God always vouchsafed His promised presence and their promised blessings. After renouncing one species of sin, however, they quickly fell into another; and imagined that it was enough to worship where and as it had been appointed, without regarding the spirit and state of mind in which they worshipped; and thus their sacrifices and services, because the true spirit of worship was wanting, became an abomination instead of an acceptable service. He then showed that although there was unquestionably much of will-worship in the present day, there was also much of what was even more hateful to God, namely, a dead and formal worship, a drawing near unto God with the lips while the heart was far from him. There was the right place and the right words; but the quickening, sanctifying spirit by which alone acceptable worship could be offered, was too often wanting; and wherever this was the case, forms of worship could only be a detriment and a hardening to the soul, as well as an offence unto God. He then most touchingly confessed that the sin of formal worship had long been his; but that God had in mercy awakened him to a sense of his condition; forgiven him his many trespasses and offences; and delivered him from the spirit of bondage in which he had been so long

unconsciously held. With the most affectionate and tender earnestness, he entreated such of his brethren of the clergy, who might be in the same condition in which he had been, to seek the same deliverance through the merits of the atoning blood of Christ, by incessant prayer; that they might obtain the same most blessed and most needful benefit for their own souls' peace, and for effective ministration, and the same most glorious gift of grace; that they might henceforth worship God in the spirit, and preach the gospel, no longer in word only, but with power, which was able to save themselves and those who heard them. The sermon was a most masterly composition; and it was delivered with great earnestness, depth of feeling, and effect. In the evening the Rev. C. S. Aitken, the son of the Incumbent, preached from Psalm 48, 8th v.—“As we have heard so have we seen, in the city of the Lord of Hosts, in the city of our God; God will establish it for ever.” The preacher commenced by proving the fact that the strengthening and trial of our faith was the purpose of God in His dealings with His people. After adducing a variety of instances from scripture history, he graphically described the position of the Israelites at the Red Sea. The Egyptians were behind them; the sea was before them; and where was the way of escape? “Speak unto the people that they go forward.” When faith obeyed the waters were divided, becoming a defence on the right hand and on the left; and a highway was made in the depths of the sea. He shewed that although the way of salvation by faith was easy, yet it was difficult. Our sins were pursuing us; the wrath of God was hovering over us; the open side which we had pierced; the hands and feet which we had nailed; the head which we had crowned with thorns; the sacred face which we had spit upon, were before us; and although the command had been given, “look unto me; and believe on me and be saved;” still the guilt-conscious soul shrunk from the venture, looking here and there for other ways

of deliverance, while there was but one only, most sure, most safe way ; a high road, a beaten path, by which saints and martyrs, the holy and the good, had gone before ; which myriads of sinners had trodden ; which, once touched, gave pardon and life, and peace and salvation ; the rent veil of the Redeemer's flesh, through which the veriest outcast might believingly, thankfully, joyously, triumphantly pass to the holiest of all—the bosom of a reconciled God. The congregation was perfectly electrified when he came to his closing climax. As we have heard, so have we seen ; God has never dishonoured either the loving or the trembling confidence of living faith, and he never will. As we have heard, so have we seen ; to his honour, to the glory of his name we speak it.—Our whole experience, the experience of every believer, is outspoken in one short sentence, “ as we have heard, so have we seen.” He has promised us mercy, and forgiveness, and grace, and help, and love, and blessing, and we have proved him to be the faithful and the true. And when the last trial is passed ; when the prepared mansions are ours ; then for the first time we shall not be able to say “ as we have heard, so have we seen, in the city of our God ” ; for eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart to conceive what God hath prepared for them that love him. In the eternal city, in the house not made with hands, we shall see what no tongue has ever described, what mortal eye cannot look upon ; heaven the dwelling place of God ; heaven the eternal inheritance of our elder brother, which he has purchased for us with his blood ; heaven, the rest of the weary ; the home of the faithful and the blessed ; heaven will be the believer's portion, the lot of his inheritance, and God will establish it for ever. It is impossible to give a correct conception of the thrilling eloquence of this youthful, most talented, extemporaneous preacher. After the service was ended, all continued to kneel for a considerable period, as if each soul of the crowded mass

was unwilling to be the first to disturb the hallowed feeling and heavenly influence which seemed to fill the church. We are persuaded that many will long remember the services of the day; and by some it is to be hoped they will never be forgotten.

The church is perhaps the most correct and beautiful ecclesiastical edifice in the county. Its length is 135 feet, its breadth at the transepts 65, and its height from the floor 41 feet. All the windows are filled with stained glass, in which there are some beautifully painted medallions. In the centre lancet of the west window there is an emblazoned cross, emblematical of the atonement, with "It is finished" under it. In the south lancet, a baptismal font, with the inscription, "Baptism," and in the north a pierced heart, with "Repentance" under it. In the top of all the three there is the emblem of the Trinity, and at the bottom of each the St. Andrew's cross. The eastern window is a most splendid work of art, furnished by the Ladies' Guild, London. The medallions are the emblems of the evangelists, the sacred monogram, the Lamb, and the descending Dove. The white mediæval pattern is like inlaid burnished silver on a blue ground, alternated with patterns in gold; and the effect of the whole is a subdued splendour, which gains both upon the mind and the eye, the longer and more closely it is examined. The window is 18 feet high by 9 feet 6 inches broad, and consists of five lancets. The commandments, Lord's Prayer and creed, beautifully engraved in early English characters on marble slabs, are placed on each side of the Chancel arch, which is an extremely beautiful and imposing piece of architecture. Throughout the church, there are texts of scripture in early English, most judiciously selected and arranged; forming an addition to the cornice round the church, labels to the doors and windows, arches, &c.

The church was greatly admired by the Bishop and the Clergy, and it will be a lasting testimony of what perseverance can effect.

After morning service the Bishop and clergy, with their friends and several of the neighbouring gentry, lunched at the parsonage, which in fact was thrown open throughout the day to all comers with a hearty and bountiful hospitality.—*Cornwall Gazette.*

DEW-DROPS.

Oh! ye beauteous dew-drops!
 Twinkling in the sun;
 Ye mind me of rich blessings
 Stealing gently down.

God's mercies are o'er all His Works,
 Tho' man so blind, can't see;
 They lie on graceless hearts, like damp
 Upon a withering tree.

Come! ye beauteous dew-drops,
 Nestle on this bough,
 Tho' rotting and distorted,
Life's in it even now.

Resigned thro' all the blasts that blow;
 (Tho' bending, it won't break,)
 'Twas grafted on the Living Vine
 The Sun can ne'er forsake.

Fresh courage now I'll take,
Trusting in God's Word.
Grace to those who seek He'll give,
Tho' it be deferred.

So fear's doubt shan't vex me more,
With over-anxious care ;
But trust, I will God's Providence.
To do his will—my prayer.

G. T. T.

Sutton Hall,

Dec. 4th, 1853.

JESUS COMETH UNTO THEM, WALKING UPON
THE SEA.

When the tide of woe seems swelling,
Heaves the sigh, and rolls the billow,
All unrest within the dwelling ;
Is there no covert here below?

Yes! oh yes! there is a solace,
Solid comfort, aid unfailing;
A hand outstretched for our embrace,
Grasp!—Ye'll find it all availing.

List! His accents! gracious, tender,
"E'en your very hairs are numbered,
I'm thy Saviour and Defender ;
Thy God! Thinkst Thou that I slumbered?

I forget thee! never! never!
 For thee, these scars and bleeding side,
 All thy pains and griefs I measure;
 Behold! for *thee* these arms ope wide."

Lord! I'll evermore believe Thee;
 Better than the life's Thy favour!
 Holy Spirit! *never* let me
 Grieve Thee by a moment's waver.

G. T. T.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT.

THE "king of fierce countenance and understanding dark sentences," has now stood up and destroyed "the mighty and the holy people" of the eastern church for 1245 years; he has also stood up against the Prince of Princes or the Lord Christ; but the time is nearly "come to the full;" that "*he shall be broken without hand.*" Dan. viii. 23, 25. . . This means the Mahometan power and apostacy, with its code of laws the Koran. They have now nearly run their course; and the sure word of prophecy predicts their utter extermination; not, as it appears to us, by the sword of their enemies; but by the sword of the Spirit, which is probably what Daniel means, when he says "*he shall be broken without hand.*" The sword of the Russians has doubtless accelerated this consummation so devoutly to be wished; and the British expedition may be the pioneers for the reformation of the ancient church of Byzantine, which was founded by the Apostle St. Andrew. We ground this hope on the following most interesting letter from the Bishop of

Gibraltar to the Society for promoting Christian knowledge; which was read at the meeting of the Board held on Tuesday, June 6; and cold and lukewarm must that heart be, that can read it without emotion, and without giving glory to God. It is said that the Society intends to make a grant of money towards the erection of the church proposed to be built at Constantinople; and we hope that subscriptions will be liberal for so good a purpose:—

PERA, CONSTANTINOPLE, MAY 22, 1854.

I think I informed you of my intention of visiting Constantinople. It was my wish to time my visit so as to afford me an opportunity of doing service to our gallant countrymen who form the expeditionary forces to this country, and I have not been disappointed. The last three days have been very remarkable in a religious point of view, as connected with our Christian position in this Mahometan land. On Saturday I held a confirmation for the camp at Scutari, when 302 soldiers received the sacred rite. The notice which had been given had of necessity been very short, and the chaplains had but little time to prepare the candidates; yet I may truly say that I have never seen the ordinance received with greater devotion. Among the three hundred bronzed and weather-beaten faces of those who knelt to receive the laying-on-of-hands, I did not see one who did not appear impressed with the solemnity. Many of them evidently felt it very deeply. At the conclusion, though the men had been standing for two hours (for we had no seats), they requested that they might be allowed to sing the Evening Hymn, which they did with great fervour, being led by the band of the 33rd; which had also chanted the usual portions of the Evening Service. The place where we assembled was one of the upper corridors of the great Turkish barrack, about a mile from the camp.

Yesterday being the Lord's-day, we assembled at the same place to celebrate the Holy Communion. On this occasion the majority were officers, the whole number of communicants being between 300 and 400 (we were not able to ascertain the exact number on account of the inconvenience of the place). Morning Service had been already performed by the chaplains in their respective divisions, so that we began at once with the Communion Service. I gave only a short sermon, or rather a very brief address, as the congregation were obliged to remain standing for want of seats; and with the help of three of the chaplains we were able to accomplish the whole service within a reasonable time. It was impossible for any one not to feel impressed with this service; nor can it be easily forgotten by any who were present. Many were partaking of the Lord's Supper for the first time; and many most probably for the last. The number of very young men was remarkable; and the fervent and devout manner in which all joined in the prayers and responses was both gratifying and affecting. And when at the close, all kneeled upon the ground, the generals and principal officers in front and the rest in order behind, I found it difficult, without emotion, to pronounce the benediction.

These services are considered, by those who remember the habits of an English camp in former wars, to be striking indications of the improved character of the British army in regard to religion. And I shall be thankful if they contribute, in however small degree, to advance the improvement.

I have now to bring under the notice of the society a project which I have formed for the erection of an English church at Constantinople. The want of a proper church for the British residents has long been seriously felt; and the religion of the English nation has been so completely cast into the shade, that doubts have been expressed by the Turks whether we have any religion at all. This is a state of things which ought not to exist any longer. The time has come when it ought to be

remedied. And the presence of the British expeditionary forces seems to afford the most favourable opportunity that has ever occurred for putting the Church of England into its proper position.

I have proposed, therefore, that a church suitable to the character of the English nation shall be erected by public subscription, and that it shall serve as a memorial of the British expedition for the defence of Constantinople and the Ottoman empire. The proposal has been most favourably received by all to whom it has been mentioned here, and I have no doubt that considerable assistance will be given both by the army and navy, as soon as I am authorised to bring it fully before them. But as the sum required will be large (the cost of erecting such a building here being greater than in England), it will be necessary to make an appeal to our friends at home for contributions. I have the less difficulty in this, when I feel how important the project is, both with reference to our national character, and to our setting up a Church which shall be a beacon and landmark of pure religion in the midst of the great capital of the Mahometan world. Hitherto no such thing has been permitted; Christian churches being usually thrust into bye-ways and corners; but now it cannot be refused.

I hope, therefore, that the society will be disposed to make a liberal grant towards this object. It is proposed to vest the church in five trustees, the ambassador and myself being two of them, and the others selected from the principal English residents. The chaplain of the embassy is to be the principal chaplain; but I am to have the power of appointing others, if they can be provided for. It is intended to attach to the church a religious library and reading room, which will be of great value to the community and to visitors.

HELL BRIDGE.

THERE is a narrow pass, between the mountains in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, in the Highlands of Scotland, which, at a little distance, has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm: but on nearer approach is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and ragged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in the giant's sport of the architecture. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size; and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down, may see the eyrie of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow, that it cannot admit of persons passing; and indeed, none but natives would attempt the dangerous route, though it saves a circuit of three miles: yet it sometimes happens that two travellers meet, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one lies down, while the other crawls over his body. One day, a Highlander walking along the pass, when he had gained the highest part of the arch, observed another coming leisurely up; and being himself one of the patrician order, called to him to lie down! the person, however, disregarded the command, and the Highlanders met on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg, of two families, in enmity with each other. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, "and called out first; lie down that I may pass over in peace." "When the Grant prostrates himself before the M'Pherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword through his body." "Turn back then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came." "Go back yourself, if you like it," replied Grant; "I will not be the first of my name to turn before the M'Phersons." They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace close to each other—they were both unarmed.—Stretching their limbs, like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground; com-

pressed their lips, knit their brows, and fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood prepared for an onset. They both grappled at the same moment; but, being of an equal strength, were unable to shift each other's position—standing fixed on the rock, with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the “top of their bent,” like statues carved out of the solid stone. At length M'Pherson, suddenly removing his right foot so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body, and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy; but at this moment M'Pherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and, while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, he whirled him over his head into the gulf—M'Pherson himself fell backwards, his body partly hanging over the rock—a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sunk further—till, catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of death-like stillness, and the bold heart of M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a death-like gripe by the rugged point of a rock—his enemy was almost within his reach. His face was turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair—but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold, and his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe: the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and his last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. M'Pherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell bravely in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gaelic name of the place where this tragedy was acted signifies Hell Bridge.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

POOR PADDY'S CABIN, Werthiem and Macintosh. 3rd. Edition. Cr. 8vo. London.

Poor Paddy's Cabin is a lively and correct picture of the slavery to which Popery has reduced the native Irish; and it gives a true representation of facts, and of the characters of Irishmen. It is by an Irishman who lives amongst them, speak their language, and is acquainted with all their feelings, prejudices and superstitions. The general plan of this romantic and interesting representation of facts and characters is suggested by the popular American work of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" but as we never read that harrowing story, we cannot make any comparison between them. But we have read Paddy's Cabin with intense interest; it comes home to our business and bosoms; and shows how much more cruel is the slavery which white men are under to the False Prophet than Black men are under to the lash of the planter. The story opens with a scene in Paddy's Cabin during the potato famine, in a lovely evening in July in which a scene occurs which gives a key to all the characters in the piece. Paddy himself had secretly listened to Dan Downey the Scripture reader; and he had contrived to send his eldest daughter, at the interesting age of eighteen to a Protestant school; but the mother was a thorough going papist; and Paddy had cherished his changed sentiments secretly from her, lest she might inform the priest and bring his curse upon him and his family. On this occasion the secret came out; and Paddy stood confessed a Protestant, before his exasperated wife; but the wife ran immediately

to the priest's house and informed him that her husband and family had turned *Soupers* and heretics; then, under the instructions of the priest, commenced a system of domestic persecution which none can so well appreciate as those who have felt it.

It is a most interesting story replete with genuine touches of Irish character; and with the working of the papal system; the effects of altar cursing and the contrast betwixt the Irish clergy and the Popish priests during the late famine; a visitation which drew many from the ranks of the False Prophet into the fold of the true Catholic Church of Ireland. There is a love plot also, that brings out much of the Irish character which is not naturally bad; but which is made the most ferocious in Europe by the influence that the priests of Rome exercise over their minds and actions. It concludes with the conversion of the bigotted mother, the marriage of the amiable daughter, and the general happiness of the whole family. The little volume will work miracles in the conversion of milk and water protestants and semi-Romanists from their partiality to Popery, by showing without exaggeration its real character and working on the minds and bodies of its dupes. We wish it may continue to obtain the greatest possible circulation; and that many more editions may be called for.

CYCLOPEDIA BIBLIOGRAPHICA.

Parts, xx and xxi. Darling, 8/4. The first division of this national work is now completed; and it is to be followed by a similar volume of subjects; the first comprising only the author's names. Title pages are given for one or two

times according as the possessors are inclined to have their copies bound up; and a preface for the whole. The preface is the key to the whole work; and it shews that the plan embraces objects which have never yet been attempted on a complete scale in any bibliographical work; and that it is calculated to develop the valuable contents of numerous volumes, which for want of such lists are of comparatively little use to the student." As the volume of authors' names is now complete, we desire strongly to recommend it to literary men as well as to clergymen both of whom will find this work and the "Metropolitan Library" invaluable. In the British Museum there are more books to be found; but they can only be studied in the Library of that establishment amidst hundreds of others; whereas books may be borrowed from the Metropolitan Library and studied in the quiet seclusion of ones own fireside. Mr. Darling has very elegantly expressed his obligations to several gentlemen for the valuable assistance which they have rendered him in the completion of his laborious work; and particularly to the persevering industry of his own daughter for the valuable analysis of the sermons; and "with such care has this willing service been rendered, that many errors in the original works, have been discovered and silently corrected."

This is as it should be; but we think Mr. Darling might have mentioned the name and very efficient services of his late librarian and assistant Mr. Joseph Walden who to our knowledge rendered equally valuable and effective assistance in the analysis and arrangement of the enormous quantities of Pamphlets, with which the Metropolitan Library is stocked. This would have been a grateful act

of justice to his late librarian; and very gratifying to the man himself.

PERDITA AND ANGELINA; or the LOST ONE FOUND. J. H. Parker, London. 1854.

This is a conversation between Perdita a pervert to popery, and Angelina a sound church-woman. It is not an alarming controversy upon deep theological subjects; but the usual fallacies of papists which perplex by their unblushing effrontery the careless protestant; and the part maintained by Angelina, furnishes an answer to those fallacies: In the author's own words "In a kind of sauntering walk along the path of controversy diversions are occasionally made into the fields of history, and now and then a draught is scooped up out of the clear river of scripture; or some flower of primitive custom is gathered from the green banks which hang above it and are reflected in its waves; but on the whole, the dialogue is a conversation of a controversial character, not by any means a controversy in dialogue." Perdita was well crammed by Mother Euphonia and Father Ignatius; and previously indoctrinated by Newman, and she comes into the field in the full panoply of all Roman subtleties and evasions by which all their arguments run in a circle. Perdita does not bring arguments capable of proof; but merely the sneering assertions with which they irritate and perplex and which have been answered and exposed times without number. Mother Euphonia said that Henry VIII made the Church of England, and Father Ignatius confirmed her assertion; and with such like, the whole of Perdita's arguments are replete; she is beautifully answered by Angelina, who, in conclusion, lays the

doctrines of the church so fairly before her, that she is led to see the fallacies which had imposed on her; and the "lost one" is restored to the church from which she had wandered. When just at the turning point, Perdita said, "Look around at that very parlour in which you saw me sitting the other day. Look at all the works of love in which the sisters were and are continually engaged. It was the sight of these, the witnessing of the daily labours of the sisterhood, the apparent gracefulness and usefulness of their lives, the order which reigned among them, and the conversation of Mother Euphonia, that, all persuaded me into the change which I made—and which I fear I must say that I more than half regret." To this Angelina replies "God grant my dear friend, that this regret may ripen into repentance and return." It did so, and about a year afterwards, Perdita wrote back to her friend that, "I have slowly travelled back to that true church which I had been *beguiled* to desert; and on Sunday next I am to read my solemn recantation of Roman Catholic errors."

The perusal of this dialogue will have a great influence on pious enthusiastic minds that are captivated by Roman fallacies and mountebank tricks; but above all by the daring lies which they impose on their credulous dupes, and will furnish them with ready answers to the popular objections which Romanists and Romanisers constantly bring forward. It is a cheap half-crown's worth; and we wish it much and happy success.

SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS. Parts ix. LONDON. J. H. Parker.

Part nine contains ten sermons on Whitsuntide and Trinity: the contents are the Day of Pentecost, the Quickening of the Holy Ghost, the Ministry of the Spirit, the Sin against the Holy Ghost, the Holy Trinity taught by the Church, the Son of Consolation, the Victories of Faith, Preparations for God's Work, Bringing in to the Feast, the graces and failings of St. Peter. These sermons are sustained with the writer's usual ability; and will supply appropriate reading for the season.

A PLAIN COMMENTARY ON THE FOUR GOSPELS. LONDON. J. H. Parker. Part xvi.

Part sixteen commences with the seventeenth of S. Luke's Gospel and concludes at the end of the twentieth chapter; and it is illustrated with a very good representation of the Last Supper from the Italian painting, which represents the holy company as sitting; whereas they reclined, according to the usual custom of their country, which accounts for S. John leaning on his Lord's bosom, which he could not very conveniently do in a sitting posture. The Gospel of S. Mark is complete and may be had neatly bound in cloth; and these commentaries are much deserving of public patronage, being most excellent family reading, and explaining every verse of every chapter.

THE
CHURCH WARDER,
And Domestic Magazine.

No. XCVIII.

AUGUST, 1854.

VOL. VIII.

SHORTENING THE CHURCH SERVICES.

A pamphlet has been brought under our notice containing proposals for shortening the Liturgy, addressed to the archbishops and bishops of the United Church; a brief account of which we shall lay before our readers. In his prefatory letter, the author expresses his firm attachment to the Liturgy as it stands; and he deprecates great changes which "do violence to our feelings and principles; or the introduction of novelties which are repugnant to our national habits and tastes." Nevertheless he proposes several very considerable changes, although he uses no words but those which are already found "in our incomparable Liturgy." Although Mr. Lester's design is to shorten the daily service; yet it appears to us, that the plan which he proposes would rather tend to lengthen it. He thinks that shortening the time would increase our congregations; but it is a well-known fact that the morning service is always better attended than the evening prayers. He says, "I believe if the plan received your lordship's sanction, it would be found, on trial, to increase materially our morning congregations, and take away the fatigue of which many truly pious persons complain, without in the smallest degree lessening the beauty, or destroying the completeness of the service."

Mr. Lester prints the Morning Service, in order to illustrate his proposed reformation; and there is no change recommended until we come to the versicles after the second Lord's

A letter to the Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, on the order for Morning Prayer. By Rev. J. Lester, B. A.; Incumbent of Ashton Hayes near Chester. 8vo. Seeleys. 1854.

prayer, when the first three of which are to be omitted, so as to commence "O Lord save thy people;" and the same omission is recommended in the afternoon service, where the necessity for shortening cannot be pleaded. He omits that part of the rubric before the five prayers which are to be read at such times as the Litany is not appointed to be read, which says "except when the Litany is read; and then only the two last are to be read, as they are there placed." It is therefore uncertain whether or not Mr. Lester proposes to give the officiating priest the option of reading these five prayers or the Litany at his own discretion. But he has added a sixth prayer, being the first collect for the Queen in the communion service; with an "*or this*," indicating that either of these prayers for the Queen's Majesty may be used. But he has forgot to adjust the rubrics to this transference; for the priest is directed to kneel when he reads the five prayers; whereas he is directed to *stand* when he reads the collect after the commandments.

In the afternoon the second collect is transposed from the communion office likewise, as an option for the prayer for the Queen; but he has not substituted any prayer for those he has removed from the communion office to the morning and evening services; it appears therefore, that no prayer is intended to be used after the commandments and before the collect for the day. This is a change that may or may not be considered an improvement, as prayers for the Queen are frequent throughout the Liturgy.

The Athanasian creed is omitted; but it does not appear whether or not Mr. Lester intends it to be altogether removed from the Liturgy; or that he has only omitted it to lessen the size of his pamphlet, which he might as easily have done by a rubric at the proper place, saying, "here followeth the Athanasian creed;" and this would have prevented all evil surmises respecting his orthodoxy.

At the end of the deprecations in the litany where we pray to be delivered from those tribulations, through which we must pass before we can reach the crown which is promised to those who have kept the faith; Mr. Lester introduces a rubric "inquires and places where they sing, here followeth the anthem;" now this appears to us to be an odd method of *shortening* the service, and a rude shock to our devotions which would be interrupted at the moment of their greatest intensity. In the

middle of the fourth intercession in the litany, a rubric is introduced "*in time of wars and tumults*;" and here again we are left to guess whether or not this whole intercession is intended to be omitted at all other times except during wars and tumults; when perhaps he means it to be read instead of the prayer which is specially appointed for such calamities. Again after the intercession for the clergy, he adds a rubric "*in the Ember weeks*," and an intercession taken from the first of these prayers on these days; but without informing us whether or not he intends this interpolation in the Litany to supersede the prayers provided for these seasons; both of which he prints in full in their usual places. In the intercession for the lords of the council, he inserts a rubric "*during the session of parliament*;" and adds after the word "nobility," "and especially the high court of parliament at this time assembled." Although he does not say so, yet we may presume that he intends these few words to be substituted for the prayer now used for that court, which has now more need of the prayers of the faithful than ever it had. In the intercession for the sick and sorrowful he introduces a rubric "*when any desire the prayers of the congregation*;" and then he inserts the words which are always used, though without authority, "and especially those for whom our prayers are desired." Between the intercession for the kindly fruits of the earth, and the concluding one, he adds two other short intercessions with an "*or this*" to each; one "*for rain*;" the other "*in the time of dearth and famine*;" they are taken from the occasional prayers for these subjects.

All the occasional prayers and thanksgivings are printed as in the Prayer-book; and we meet with no other change till we come to the end of the commandments, when the two collects for the Queen are omitted. The Nicene creed follows with the rubric down to the concluding paragraph; into which the following ominous sentence has been introduced: "and the gospel ended, shall be sung or said the creed following, *unless the apostle's or the Athanasian creed has been previously used*, the people still standing as before." This rubric creates a suspicion, that in the reformed Liturgy according to this model, it is intended quietly to remove the Nicene creed altogether; as the apostles' creed is sure to be read every day, and the Athanasian on its proper days. Even the heretical council of Trent did not venture to set the creed of Nicea aside; but

commenced their sittings with its solemn recitation as containing the sum of the whole christian faith. We trust this recommendation is not intended to be the introduction of the small end of a wedge to jostle out the creeds altogether.

In the rubrics after the Nicene Creed, some reformers have been before-hand with Mr. Lester, who have omitted the words after notice to be given of the Communion; "*and the banns of matrimony published;*" for they have been published beyond the memory of man after the second lesson. That is of no great importance; but Mr. Lester has omitted the last rubric altogether, and substituted one of his own, namely: "*and so on to the end of the service without alteration.*" Now that would restore the genuine service by obliging the priest to read one or more of the sentences, besides the prayer for the Church militant, which undoubtedly makes part of the morning prayer, although it is now generally disused in this place. It is evident, therefore, that in his zeal for abbreviation, Mr. Lester has taken the most ready way to lengthen out the service; and that he has not only overlooked the authorised rubrics, which by the way, are acts of parliament; but he has omitted to give distinct directions of his own.

We have made a sort of analysis of this Letter to the Archbishops and Bishops without showing any unfriendly feelings towards it; but at the same time we could have wished that it had not been published; for the church is sufficiently beset with enemies in the shape of reformers without the superadded danger of imprudent friends. If once unauthorised alterations are made, it is impossible to say where they are to stop; especially when it is considered that we have so many perjured papists among our legislators, who trade in perjury; and who contrary to their oaths, are crying, "down with her—down with her even unto the ground;" notwithstanding, hitherto in quietness and in confidence has her strength been. We earnestly hope Mr. Lester will not create an agitation about the shortening of the morning service, that may lead to disastrous consequences; where there are so many volunteer reformers without the pale of the Church who are so uncharitable towards her, and so anxious to interfere with her concerns; although she sets them the good example of never attempting to reform any of their Sectarian practices.

Let us mark that the whole Church throughout the world,

but especially that branch of it in England, is in bondage with her children; some parts, to popes and cardinals; and others, to Russian despots and Mahommedan tyrants; but the Church of England, though nominally free, and declared so to be by the first article in Magna Charta, "the English Church shall be free, and shall have her whole rights and liberties unhurt," is under slavery to the prime minister of the day; though as whig or tory, they differ fundamentally in politics; yet they most cordially agree in oppressing the Church within the Queen's dominions. Her hard task-masters will not suffer her to break acts of parliament with the same obsequious impunity that she permits, and indeed encourages the author of the insolent and vain glorious letter from the Flaminian Gate to disturb the peace of the British empire. The House of Commons is now composed of Papists and semi-infidels, of Socinians and Sectarians of all denominations, and worst of all, of lukewarm and latitudinarian churchmen. These combined for her destruction, would gladly catch at such a reformation as that which Mr. Lester proposes, to institute a *radical* revolution, not only in the liturgy, but in the constitution of the Church; and then we might have reason to curse the day when the letter of the Incumbent of Ashton Hayes induced the prelates to give their sanction to the projected changes.

Few can doubt, who can read the signs of the times, that some calamity is hanging over the Church and ready to burst upon her; for to the Church of England has been committed the custody of the lively oracles of God; yet she disregarded their many denunciations of popery contained in the Sacred Scriptures; and she made not a sufficiently energetic and united stand against its admission into the bosom of the Constitution; but instead of defending the country against Romish aggression, a great and influential party have made covert advances to the mother of harlots; affecting her peculiar phraseology; aping her dresses; endeavouring, though contemptuously repulsed, to fraternize with her, by calling her by the unmeaning epithet of an erring sister; frowning down those who use the words of holy writ against the great apostacy, as language unfit for ears polite; and in particular resolutely endeavouring to wipe the word Protestant out of our vocabulary; whereas it is a profession in which we ought to rejoice, that our forefathers obeyed

the voice of the great and invisible head of the Church to "come out of her," lest we be partakers of the sins of the great apostate, and receive of her plagues.

W. C. P.

DE VERE'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF HARRY HOTSPUR'S REBELLION.

(Continued from page 208.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

Through scenes of sorrow, shame and strife,
A suppliant for a father's life;
I crave an audience with the king.

SCOTT.

But we must return to Windsor for a time. On the evening of De Vere's departure, the King was sitting alone in one of the private apartments of the Palace, when Sir Hugh de Martineau entered the chamber, and after a meek obeisance, said—

"So, please thee, my liege, there is a woman desires an audience with thee."

"A woman," said Henry, "what is her name?"

"She will not say, my liege," was the reply.

"What wants she?" asked the King.

"She refuses to tell, Sir King; all we can get out of her is, that she craves a private audience."

"Admit her," said Henry, "and hark ye, Sir Hugh, do thou and Sir Alberic Wilmot stay in the ante-chamber, to be within call an I need ye to remove her."

Sir Hugh left the room, and in a few minutes returned with a female closely muffled up.

"Retire," said Henry, and when he was obeyed, he added to the woman—

"Who art thou?"

"A poor suppliant," said she falling on her knees.

"Another suppliant," cried the King, "by St. George, one needs be as patient as yon pink of patience, Sir Job, whom the Abbot told me of but now. Unveil thyself lady."

The woman obeyed, and displayed the face of Margaret Chandos—beautiful still, though pale and care-worn. The King was by no means insensible to the charms of a beautiful woman, more especially when backed as in the present instance by a copious flood of tears.

"Nay pretty one weep not," said he, "be of good comfort—what would'st thou with Henry of England?"

"I come to beg my father's life, my liege," was the reply.

"And who is thy father?"

"Sir William Chandos, my——"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed he, rising and stamping on the floor, "shall I never be free from these suppliants for this old dotard's life. The first thing after he is taken, comes my son with a request that he may be spared; then the Abbot finds out his death will do me no good; and last of all comes this girl with her tears and her prayers, to try and shake my purpose. But I tell thee maiden, thy father *must* die—I have said it. What ho!—Martineau—Wilmot,—take this woman away."

"Hear me, my liege," cried she, clinging round the King's knees. The knights entered, but seeing the position she had assumed, hesitated to remove her.

"Take her off, I say—take her off," roared Henry, endeavouring in vain to free himself from her grasp. The knights advanced, but stopped again, as Margaret exclaimed—

"Mercy! my liege, as thou would'st have mercy when thou asked for it."

"Ha! what!" said he, "when shall I ask mercy girl; and from whom?"

"From one, my liege, far more powerful even than the King of England, if clerks say true," said Margaret boldly.

"True—true, girl," said Henry, "retire knights and now

maiden release my knees and stand up." She obeyed, and he added. "What canst thou bring to palliate thy father's guilt?"

"First of all, my liege," replied she, "my father was basely deceived by the Douglas who swore to him that our late king was yet alive, and there is the proof of it," she added, giving the letter which was sent him by Scroop's advice, as the reader will probably remember.

The King read the billet and exclaimed, "now, by my faith, I would never have believed it possible, that the Douglas would do so false a deed; and yet," he continued, looking closely at the writing, "this is Scroop's writing, depend upon it maiden, this is some of yon traitor Scroop's doing; but that, thy father would not suspect truly, but what more canst thou urge in his defence? for that is no reason why I should pardon him."

"But, my liege," it makes his fault the less, since he would never have joined with Hotspur had he known that Richard was dead."

Truly, that is in his favour—what next girl? Speak plainly for I perceive thou hast some sense."

"His only fault, my liege, was to love his royal master so dearly that he risked life and lands twice in his service; and surely that was no sin compared with that of those who sought to dethrone——"

"Truly, thou dost well to beard me here in mine halls," said Henry, with a darkening brow. "Thou hadst almost destroyed thine own cause—what more hast thou to urge?"

Margaret perceived that her zeal had carried her too far, so she dropped her defence altogether, and merely prayed for mercy.

"Have mercy on him, Sir King," said she, "for mercy becomes a King better than severity. Thou hast judges who give judgment and justice, but the King alone can show mercy; and my liege, will it not be better for men to say hereafter, when they look upon thy tomb—'here lies Henry the merciful,' than

'here lies Henry the just who never showed mercy to the guilty.'

He leant his head on his hand, and muttered aloud, "ah! that it might be so; but alas! I fear me men will say,—'here lyeth Henry the regicide and usurper,' but that is by—I will think of it no more. Maiden, thy suit is won—thy father's life is in his own hands.

He wrote a few lines on parchment, and then called in Sir Alberic Wilmot—

"Fair Sir," said he, giving him the letter, "ride at once to London, spare not thy steed; and deliver this to the lieutenant of the Tower, see thou stoppest for nothing by the way."

Sir Alberic departed on his message, and the King committed Margaret Chandos to the care of the ladies of the court, till her father should be released.

This event happened not long after; and the old baron and his daughter returned to the castle, which was immediately evacuated by the royalists.

And now once more for De Vere.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Get you hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God, of His mercy give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!"

HENRY V.

In a former chapter, we narrated how Ducie's castle was delivered up by its garrison to the royal troops; and how the knights who were in it were disposed of, save Sir John Ducie. That baron no sooner heard of the defection of his troops, than he determined not to be taken alive; and accordingly he donned his armour, and awaited his conquerors in his own chamber. Ere long they arrived, and after a desperate resistance he was overcome and led to the castle hall.

There was Sir William De Vere, seated in a large chair of state with his face hidden in his hands. He raised his head at the noise made by the prisoner's entry ; and it was evident he had no small difficulty in nerving himself for the disagreeable duty now before him. Three times he tried to speak, and three times the words died away on his lips. At length, he said, sternly—

"So, traitor, thou art in our power at last."

Ducie, who was not one whit more composed than his injured friend, answered nothing ; and De Vere continued—

"It is our most gracious sovereign's pleasure that thou dost suffer death on the third day from this."

"Of course—of course," said Ducie, assuming a look which made his guards tremble, "I care not—or at least I should not care an I had but made sure of thee when I had thee ; by St. George, I would I could but get the opportunity again."

"I would trust but little to *thy* clemency," said De Vere.

"Short time shouldst thou have to trust," said Ducie, grinding his teeth ; "our most gracious sovereign's pleasure, quotha, fool thinkest thou I know not he acts thus towards me at thy request. May the curses of hell rest upon thee——"

"Remove him," said De Vere. "Bolton, thou knowest the dungeon in which I was confined—bear him to it—shackle him with the same bolts that I had on—and, hark ye, Bolton, no rope from St. David's tower this time—and let him have a priest to confess to, ere he dies."

"I want no priest," exclaimed Ducie, "I have but one prayer ; and that is, may thou and thine be luckless in the field and hall, may ye lie unburied, and may the dogs——"

He was hurried away, cursing and blaspheming, to his dungeon, where we will leave him in the same condition in which we saw De Vere on a former occasion, save that he had all the terrors of a guilty conscience, no very pleasant companion in a palace, much more in a dungeon.

"Would I could but have had my own way," said De Vere, bitterly, as Ducie was hurried off, "thy curses would be changed to all thine own old vows of eternal friendship. I would I knew the cause of his hate." He again buried his face in his hands and continued in deep thought, till some one touched his shoulder. He turned, and beheld—but gentle reader wait a little.

CHAPTER XX.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Eveline, Ducie stood behind the chair on which De Vere was seated. The knight sprang up and embraced her, but instantly remembering the painful duty he had to perform, he fell back into his chair with a groan. Eveline, little guessing the cause of this sudden change, knelt beside him, and taking his hand, said tenderly—

"What ails thee, William—art thou wounded?"

"No lady—no," replied he, "but——"

"Thank God!" said she, "I feared thou mightest have been hurt, but I am so rejoiced that thou art come; for now my brother will be safe, and I—oh, I shall be happier than I have been, ever since that horrid rebellion broke out, and we shall be so happy together, shall we not, William? and my brother will be reconciled to thee, and will forgive me and speak kindly to me again, for he has been very angry and very harsh to me lately; but why dost thou not answer me, William—what ails thee?"

Sir William was still silent,—when Manny entered the hall—

"The prisoner is safely bestowed, my lord, hast thou any other orders?"

"No!" was the short reply, and Manny retired.

A new light seemed to break upon Eveline, for, starting up, she stepped back a pace or two, and fixing her eyes on the knight, said sternly—

"Answer me, Sir William De Vere, is that prisoner of whom yon knight spoke, my brother?"

Hitherso, De Vere had refrained from telling her what his orders were, fearing the shock might be too great for her; and also, if the truth must be told, because he felt a kind of painful pleasure in hearing such loving words proceeding from lips which he knew would ere long be opened in reproaches, if not curses, on him. But when he saw the action, and gazed upon the lovely form before him, the eyes flashing with unwonted passion, the lips firmly compressed, the bosom heaving with suppressed emotion, and the whole attitude betokening the composure, forced it is true, of a person determined to know the worst, and bear it with fortitude, he felt nerved to disclose the dreadful tidings, and springing up, he replied calmly—

"Lady Eveline Ducie, listen to me. Thou knowest as well as I do, the part thy brother hath taken in these sad rebellions; and thou knowest also, how sturdily he hath defended this his castle against the royal troops; what messages he hath sent to our gracious King; and how, by his orders the law of arms hath been broken,—canst thou then wonder that Bolingbroke hath determined to punish him according to his deserts?" He paused for an answer, but there was none, so he continued: "When I was ordered to come hither, I begged upon my knees that he might be forgiven, though my heart told me that all intercession would be in vain, nevertheless remembering my promise to thee, I fell as I said on my knees——"

"Spare me the recital of thine eloquent pleadings," said Eveline, interrupting him, "and answer my question. Is the prisoner of whom that knight spoke, my brother?"

"He is," replied De Vere.

"Where is he confined?" she asked.

"In the same dungeon where I was," was the answer.

"And when must he die, for death of course is his doom?"

He paused. The question was repeated.

"The second day from this!"

She staggered as if about to swoon, but instantly recovered herself, and exclaimed—

"Is this thy fulfilment of thy promise, didst thou not say, 'So help me Heaven, he shall be as my brother?'"

"Eveline," said De Vere, "were my own brother to have done as thine hath, and were the King to tell me to slay him with my own hand, I would do it, though I slew myself the next minute."

"A paltry evasion," said Eveline, "but it is ever thus, no promises, and scarce oaths the most sacred, will hold good in these days, if power is to be got by breaking them; witness even the tyrant whom thou callest King—but I have done—one favour I would ask thee—let me but have my black horse Cressy to convey me hence."

"Nay—nay, Eveline, we part not thus," said De Vere, catching her in his arms, but she threw him off, and moving towards the door, said—

"Will the conscientious representative of our most gracious Majesty grant me my request in order that I may betake myself to the nearest nunnery, there to end my miserable life?" and, ere De Vere could stop her, she was gone.

Soon after she left the castle. Sir William ordered a knight and some men-at-arms to follow and escort her, but she refused, and pursued her solitary journey.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Forgive me.—If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here: I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit."

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

The two days after Eveline's departure passed over unpleasantly to all. De Vere, generally mild and good tempered,

had become so irritable and passionate, that scarce any one dared approach him. Sir John Ducie who had cursed and raved all the first day, became suddenly silent, and would speak to no one; but his looks were such that none cared to be in the dungeon with him longer than was necessary. An unfortunate priest who, wishing to render him more fit for death, persisted in seeing him, and who was locked up in the room with him by the warder, after half an hour begged piteously to be released, as he felt sure that Satan had taken possession of the knight; and it was a long time before he gained sufficient coolness to tell De Vere, who sent for and questioned him pretty sharply, that the prisoner had only *looked* at him.

At length the fatal morning arrived. De Vere had spent a sleepless night, pondering upon the probable place to which Eveline had betaken herself, for all his inquiries had been vain, and upon the cause of Ducie's fixed hatred to him. He rose with the first dawn of light, and read over the death-warrant, in hopes there might be some loop-hole for escape, but no such thing—all was plain and straight-forward. He therefore summoned Manny, to whom he gave his orders for the preparation for the execution.

At length the knight returned to say that all was ready. De Vere rose from the table at which he had all the morning been sitting in order to see the sentence put into effect, when his eye fell on the letter, which it will be remembered was given to him when he left Windsor.

"Ha! I had almost forgotten it," he exclaimed as he took it up, "but doubtless it is some—Merciful Heaven! can it be?" he continued, as his eye fell on the first line of the document. He read it hastily through, and then donned his helmet, girt on his sword and rushed from the room like a madman. Upsetting all before him, he rushed on till he came to the passage in which Ducie's dungeon was situated.

This he walked up and down several times in a state of great irresolution, but at length he muttered: "so he is in my power then, *that* shall be *my* revenge, and ordered the door to be opened. He stepped in and closed the door behind him. For a moment even he shuddered as he looked at the unhappy wretch before him. Ducie, whose face (disguised by the scar before mentioned), was rendered doubly dreadful to look at, by the scowl which settled on his countenance when he saw who his visitor was, greeted him with a howl like that of a wild beast, and then broke into such a torrent of abuse and curses, that De Vere dreaded his intellects were gone for ever. At length, however, want of breath obliged him to stop, and De Vere seizing the opportunity thus afforded, said in as kind a voice as he could assume—

"Ducie, wherefore dost thou hate me thus?"

"Wherefore?" shouted the captive. "Wherefore? Methinks *thou* at least, little need to ask that question. Look at my face, do not I owe that to *thee*; look at these chains, do not I owe them to *thee*; and is it not by *thy* friendly services that I am deprived of lands and liberty, and in a few minutes shall be deprived of life. Go to, ask not of me questions which thou mightest answer for thyself."

"Nay!" said Sir William, "thou art too hard upon me, I assure thee; but let it pass. Before all this happened why didst thou shut me up in this very dungeon, for no offence."

"For no offence, sayst thou?" interrupted Ducie; "nay De Vere, mock me not now that thou hast me in thy power: take not ——"

"And wherefore not?" replied De Vere, "dost thou not remember the day when I begged of thee?"

"Spare me! spare me!" groaned the other,

"Wherefore again," said Sir William, "didst thou not when I requested the poor comfort of a priest, refuse me? Didst thou not heap upon me every insult thou couldst imagine?"

and didst thou not doom me to an ignominious death ? The which I had suffered, but that I found means to escape. And now read *thy* doom and my *revenge*." So saying, he flung down the letter which he had hitherto held in his hand, and waited the event in silence. Ducie took the paper ; but no sooner had he read the first few words than his face brightened up, and at the end he burst into tears.

"And now," said De Vere, "wilt thou answer my question ?"

"William, William, why didst thou ? How couldst thou, knowing my inmost heart as thou didst, how couldst thou speak slightly of my size of body and of my slowness of mind ?"

"Is it possible," cried De Vere, "that such was the cause of thy conduct ; but know Ducie, on my word as a knight, no such speech ever crossed my lips.

"Then De Malvern lied," cried the other—the possibility of such a thing for the first time occurring to him—"and I, fool that I was, believed him. Hence De Vere, hence, let me never see thy face again, else wilt thou constantly remind me of my black treason ; and of the agonies I have endured and sincere repentance can move thee to forgive—"

"Name it not Ducie, name it not ; we will be for the future, as we were before." Let the reader imagine the rest.

CHAPTER XXII.

———— "Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history !"

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The scene was gay in the royal palace of Windsor. In the midst of a brilliant assembly stood Henry IV., in all the pomp of royalty, while barons in their mail, priests in their canonicals, judges in their robes, and ladies. I beg you pardon fair

reader for putting ladies last; but somehow or another, steel-clad warriors will thrust themselves in first everywhere, and

“Store of ladies, whose bright eyes,
Rain influence and adjudge the prize,”

stood around. High above the rest towered the gigantic form of Ducie, to whom the king presently beckoned. The knight approached and knelt down.

“Sir John Ducie,” said Henry, “at the intercession of our most true and loyal subject, William De Vere, we have been graciously pleased to accord to thee our royal pardon; but see that for the future thou studiest better thy duty to thy king.” So saying he held out his hand and raised Ducie from the ground. “And now De Vere,” continued the king, “we would say a word or two to thee.”

Sir William approached, “heard we not somewhat of a certain lady, Eveline Ducie?” asked Henry, “methinks we did, but how is it we have seen nought of her?”

“My liege, she fled the day the castle fell into our hands, and I have seen nothing of her since.”

“Knowst thou not whither she fled?” asked Henry.

“Nay, my liege,” was the reply, “she said somewhat of a nunnery, but I have enquired of all far and near, and can gain no tidings of her.”

“Strange,” said Henry, drawing aside a curtain, which was just behind him; and the next moment the lovers were locked in each other’s arms.

The day was far spent ere the old man had finished his story, and I was easily persuaded to stop another night at the cottage, the more so as the evening had set-in wet. Next day I departed early, having in vain tried to force a small sum on my hospitable entertainer.

“No, no,” he said, “he had quite sufficient to live on; he and his old woman had laid by a little money in their younger-

THE CHURCH WARDER,

days, and that, with a pension his master allowed him, was quite enough to keep them comfortable. His only trouble was his son; he wished he knew where he was." Perceiving however that the old lady was looking intently at an Indian silk handkerchief I happened to have in my knapsack, I succeeded at last in making her accept it.

It may readily be imagined that when two or three years afterwards I was near the place, I went to call on my friends. I found them quite happy and contented, as their son was mate of a coasting vessel, and earning an honest livelihood. And now kind reader adieu.

THE EXPEDIENTS OF POPERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING ADVERTISER.

SIR,—As you are the staunchest champion of the whole press in the good cause of English Protestantism, I enclose the copy of a letter received from a Roman Catholic priest. It is so far satisfactory, that it shows that there is at least one honest priest, who dares to be independent, and who so candidly acknowledges the wretched state of his own Church. The Soldiers' Wives Association has now raised £70,000, chiefly from the magnificent collections in churches of all denominations, *except that of Rome*. This priest's collection is the only Roman Catholic church or chapel collection that has been received; and yet such is the barefaced effrontery of Popery, that in the distribution of these funds, *they claim* in a most boisterous manner that if the Protestant clergyman is entrusted with the distribution, the Popish priest should be also; simply because many of the poor women and children are Roman Catholics. They say in a most plausible way, that all they claim is "equality;" forgetting that their churches and chapels were purposely closed on the fast-day, to show their contempt for the Queen's supremacy. Finding however, that the committee

was too Protestant for them, they moved the Government to try and take our funds, in which move they were utterly discomfited; they then tried to bully by bringing an alleged case of proselytising at Chatham against the local committee, and complaining about it in the House of Commons. But again they were utterly foiled. At length a certain noble Lord, an M. P., complained to the Secretary at War against the committee, but without any further result than bringing contempt and ridicule on himself. In fact, they have been fairly outwitted and silenced; but who knows for how long?

A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL CLUB.

June 29, 1854.

"S. Alexis, Kentish Town.

Sir,—I have the honour to enclose you two Post-office orders for three pounds, being the amount of the first collection at the Roman Catholic congregation of S. Alexis, Kentish Town, in aid of the wives and children of the soldiers ordered to the East. This very small sum has been principally collected amongst the poorer members of my flock, the more affluent having refused to contribute. Upon perusing some time ago a letter published by you in one of the newspapers, I felt stung to the heart by the truthfulness of one of your observations concerning the exceptional position occupied by the Roman Catholic Church in England, with respect to this most interesting question. I hope, nevertheless, that you will not ascribe that unfortunate position to any innate treachery or disloyalty on our part, nor to an unnational tendency in our doctrines, but *rather to a baneful influence* no doubt for our humiliation and chastisement just now allowed by Almighty God, and aiming at the utter extirpation from our bosoms of all that is generous, patriotic and English. As your allusion to us may be considered, by some, as a slur upon our Church, which you could not have intended; perhaps, Sir, you will be so good as

to make this fact known, and with that view you are perfectly free to use this letter in any way you may think advisable. Indeed, it is because my conscience impels me to protest against that exceptional attitude thus forced upon many of the Roman Catholic clergy, that I regret so very much the inadequacy of my present offering. For what charity can have greater claims upon us at this moment, either as Christians or as Englishmen?

"Your obedient Servant,

"F. HARDINGE IVERS,

"Incumbent of S. Alexis."

The Italics are ours. Ed. C. W.

[When we read the proceeding letter, we made sure that signal vengeance would overtake the writer, and we were not deceived; for a few days afterwards the following letter to the same newspaper, appeared, under the title of the "doings of Dr. Wiseman," which announces the fact of Mr. Ivers' suspension, and of his mass-house being shut up for the present. It is evidently written by one of the congregation of the Kentishtown Chapel:—*Ed. C. W.*]

"Sir,—In your edition of Monday I observe the copy of a letter from a Roman Catholic priest, whose conduct, on the occasion of the collections made for the wives and children of our soldiers in the East, formed an honourable exception to the unpatriotic attitude assumed by the Roman clergy in this country. It is satisfactory, says the member of the National Club, who introduces this priest's letter to your notice, to find one honest and independent priest. Your Protestant correspondent has to learn that in England no priest can be honest, independent, and loyal with impunity. The gentleman to whom your correspondent has offered a just tribute of praise has already paid the penalty of his loyal and liberal opinions, having been arbitrarily and illegally deprived of his congregation and of the income he derived from it.

On Sunday last, the Roman Catholics of Kentish Town were dismayed by the appearance of a printed notice requiring them, in the name of the "Cardinal," to attend Mass in a private room, which Dr. Wiseman had secured for the purpose, and which was, the notice stated, "the only place of worship in Kentish Town" which had the sanction of the "Cardinal Archbishop." It is to be remarked that this private room is in the house of an army clothier, noted for his hostility to Mr. Ivers. The ostensible plea for this aggression on the long established rights of the chapel of St. Alexis, is, we are told, the Rev. Hardinge Ivers' refusal to consent to an illegal act, which is opposed to the fundamental conditions of the charitable trust he has created in Kentish Town for the classical education of an equal number of Protestants and Roman Catholic youths. But the real motives of Dr. Wiseman are well known. His hostility to Mr. Ivers arises from the independent course the latter has pursued in matters of mere temporal policy, the liberality of his sentiments, the respect manifested in his chapel for the queen and the institutions of the country; and lastly, it is said, from a series of articles which appeared in a French paper, describing the real state of public opinion in England, and recommending loyalty and patriotism to English Roman Catholics, which articles Dr. Wiseman seems to attribute to Mr. Ivers. If the people of England cannot relieve their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen from the "baneful influence," the arbitrary sway of Dr. Wiseman, let the Protestant press, at least, brand acts like these by which a man is deprived of the fruits of his own labours; for it is well known that Mr. Ivers not only introduced the Roman Catholic religion in Kentish Town, but that he created the congregation of which he is now illegally deprived. Mr. Ivers' exertions in the service of his Church, and his personal sacrifices for the education of the poor, have won the

respect of those who differ from him in religion, as well as the gratitude of his co-religionists.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

AN INHABITANT OF KENTISH TOWN.

July 4, 1854.

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND,

WHEN Sergeant Shee took his seat in the House of Commons, he took an oath on the Gospels, of which the following words make a part:—"I do SWEAR,—I do honestly disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present church establishment as settled by law; and *I do solemnly SWEAR that I will never exercise any privilege* to which I am or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant Religion or Protestant Government in the United Kingdom; and I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify and declare that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof in the plain or ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever."

The above oath would sufficiently bind the conscience of any christian man or even heathen; but not so a papist. He is bound by a fundamental law of his church to keep *no faith* pledged to any one whom he is pleased to call a heathen; and he is taught by the infamous Peter Dens that "the vow or *oath* itself is *taken away* or relaxed by the superiors of the Church in the place of God; and so the *obligation* thence arising spontaneously ceases by the remotion of the matter." Notwithstanding their solemn oath, which has no doubt been "taken away by the superiors of their Church," Sergeant Shee and the whole brass band have recently attempted to destroy the whole established Church of Ireland, as a commencement for an attack upon the Church of England and the dissenters, also; who with inconceivable and decided folly are rendering them as-

instance. It has long been part of their tactics to exaggerate the revenues of the Church of Ireland; and Sergeant Shee has been doing his best to circulate the false statements; but which we are happy to see that the Dean of Dromore has contradicted, so far at least as he is concerned; and we should be much pleased to see a work from Mr. Bagot's pen, stating the true position of the Irish Clergy; the reduction of their incomes which recent legislative enactments have produced; and the present state of the revenues of that Church.

The following letter will show the false statement which the perjured sergeant has published with respect to the Deanery of Dromore; and from this sample, we may judge of the other allegations of the Shees, Brights, and others:—

TO SERGEANT SHEE, M. P.

SIR,—I have lately met with a work of yours, professing to give a true account of the revenues of the Irish Church, in which I found the following statement:—

“The Dean of Dromore has, by virtue of his Deanery, £1400 per annum, and no duties to perform.”

I have been Dean of Dromore for nearly four years, and have never received *one penny of income*, though I have duties to discharge as Dean, and am put to expense in discharging them. I should therefore, feel exceedingly obliged to you if you will kindly inform where and to whom I am to apply for the payment of this very handsome and very acceptable income?—I am your very obedient servant,

DANIEL BAGOT, Dean of Dromore.

Newry, July 6, 1854.

“SOUPERS” IN IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING ADVERTISER.

“SIR,—In an article of your paper of 5th instant, on the superstitions and persecutions of Romanism and Romanists, you

observe, "What has suggested the name of 'Soupers' we do not certainly know, but it appears to denote people who gave soup to the hungry and poor; and, if so, it reflects no small disgrace upon the Romanist gentry and ecclesiastics of Ireland."

In a little volume, just published by the Messrs. Senleys, and entitled, *The Protestant in Ireland in 1853*, at page 177, you will find the following:—"This term of reproach ('Soupers'), grew out of the circumstance of a soup-shop having been opened by a benevolent lady in a time of great famine and distress, and soup offered for sale to the poor. The Romanists might have purchased, but were forbidden by the priests; all who did avail themselves of it were henceforth termed 'Soupers.' Reproach is no new thing to Christians, but it was reserved for these Irish persecutors to invent a nickname, which should indelibly brand themselves with shameless ingratitude, whilst it recorded the benevolence of those whom they thus revile."

These are the natural results of such a false and corrupt system,—grapes are not the product of thorns, or figs of thistles.

Yours, &c.,

A CONSTANT READER.

MODERN IRREGULAR MARRIAGES.

SOME dissenting busy bodies and low Churchmen have been creating a great agitation at Frome; because the Vicar of that parish has complied with the desire of two of his parishioners, who had been made husband and wife by the popularity hunting act, which makes a declaration before the parish registrar, a legal marriage. A public meeting of the town and neighbourhood was held, over which the borough member presided; when the most inflammatory language, and the greatest exaggeration of the circumstances were used. Mr. Bennett, therefore, laid a case before counsel for their legal opinions.

Dr. Twiss returned the papers, and declined to answer them, as he expected to have to advise the archbishop on the question; and the Queen's Advocate also declined to answer, as he had already advised the government on the case, and might have to do it again. Dr. Addams however gave his opinion at considerable length; but we must content ourselves with giving the more important of his answers.

"In my opinion," says Dr. Addams, "Mr. Bennett was justified in acting as he is here said to have acted, both by the Canon law, and the Ecclesiastical law of the realm; although it would be useless to make search in either for any *specific* law to that effect."

All irregular marriages were at once put an end to by the Marriage Act of 26 Geo. II. cap. 33, and the Act of William IV. has again introduced *irregular* marriages, as regards members of the Church of England, though they are valid in law; and the Bishop of Exeter expressly says in one of his charges that a marriage contracted in the registrar's office is a sinful disobedience to the law of the Church.

"Now," continues Dr. Addams, "if persons, members of the Church of England, who have so disobeyed the law of the Church, repenting of that disobedience and apply to a minister to re-marry them in the face of the Church, in obedience to that law, can it be suggested that the minister applied to would be *justified* in rejecting the application?—for that rather appears to me to be the true question.

"It is further to be observed that the re-marriage of parties under such circumstances (and to which re-marriage there is no such objection as there is to the reiteration of baptism), has the implied sanction at least, if not something more, of the highest ecclesiastical authority; as appears from the 'forms of licence' for such re-marriages. . . . Would Mr. Bennett, or any minister, *refuse* to marry parties who applied to him to marry them *in facie Ecclesie*, with such a licence? I

think that it would be *unlawful* for him so to do; and that he would do it at his own peril. And whether the marriage is to be had by banns, or licence, can make no sort of difference in this respect. A licence is only to dispense with the publication of banns. No form of licence for such marriages could possibly have issued from the Faculty-office, and that of the Vicar-General, unless the authority under which it must be presumed to have issued (the Archbishop) had concluded that the re-marriages of parties who had then already been validly married in the Registrar's-office, whether by banns or by licence, were re-marriages, which ministers were not merely justified in performing, but were required to perform.

"I am aware that the Bishop of London was once 'inclined to think' that it was improper as clergymen to re-marry, according to the rules of the Church, persons who had already contracted a valid marriage before the superintendant-registrar. But his lordship, on having pointed out to him the 'form of licence' prepared in the Faculty-office for celebration of such re-marriages, suspended his judgment, and promised to *reconsider* the question: Whether this has been done, or if it has been, with what result, I am not informed. J. ADDAMS. Doctors'-commons, 8th June, 1854."

"P. S.—I see that I have omitted to answer, formally at least, the fifth query. Otherwise I believe what is already written is an answer to all the queries at the foot of this case. To the fifth I answer unhesitatingly, that in my opinion, if persons having conscientious scruples about the validity of their union before the Registrar (whether attended or not attended with some religious ceremony—but being members of the Church) apply to Mr. Bennett, as vicar of the parish, to solemnize their marriage *facie Ecclesiæ*, it is Mr. Bennett's duty to solemnize their marriage. J. A."

"I sincerely hope that after this able and decisive opinion of Dr. Addams, coupled with the silence of all the other doc-

tors, the Vicar-General, and the Queen's Advocate, that there will be now no further difficulty in this matter.

"There are two parties concerned. The first is the Dissenters—the second is the Church people. In regard to Dissenters, they always can have their "Act of Parliament marriages" before the Registrar, and I should be the last person to interfere with them. The Jews have their marriages; the Roman Catholics have their marriages: the people of the Presbyterian ~~Book~~ in Scotland have their marriages; and the Quakers, Socinians, and unbelievers have their marriages. If they please to attach any religious ceremony to them they can—nobody hinders it. If they choose to have no religious ceremony they need not have it—nobody forces it—all are free. Their marriage is valid by the law of the land.

"But then the other party is also to be considered—namely, the Church people. May not they also have their religious ceremony? and if, in ignorance, or in wilfulness, or for any other reason, members of the Church have strayed away and violated the laws of their communion, and have had recourse wrongly (as members of the Church) to the registrar—and if they afterwards see their error and repent—surely it is but reasonable that they should be permitted to remedy their error, and be restored to the Church whose rules they have violated.

"Now this is, in simple words, the whole matter. It is a great comfort to Dissenters to know that their marriages are valid as "*Act of Parliament marriages*;" but it is also a great comfort to Churchmen to know that the Church—as a Church—as a body coming from God, as the very spouse of the Lord Jesus Christ, as having in her hands a great mystery and a sacrament—has something more to give her people than what depends upon a mere *Act of Parliament*. This is a great comfort, and we must not part with it.

W. J. E. BENNETT, M. A.

Vicar of Frome Selwood."

PERSECUTION IN THE COUNTY OF DORSET.

EXTRACT from a report of a sermon on the worship of the Virgin, delivered on Sunday evening, June 11th, at Chideock Church, Dorset, by the Rev. W. Palmer, Vicar of Whitchurch Canoniscom, when the preacher, after alluding to the constancy of the people of Chideock under various temptations, proceeded thus :—

"Brethren, I am describing your calamities. It is sad to have to encounter such temptations to act contrary to conscience. A purchased religion is an abomination to the Lord. But you passed safely by God's grace through that fearful temptation. Another, however, arose. The whole estate, as I have said, belongs to a Roman Catholic family. What was the next step taken for your seduction from the truth? The farms were gradually withdrawn from Protestant hands, and placed in the hands of one or two Roman Catholics, who would have it in their power to deprive any of you of employment, at pleasure. I am now coming to a simple narrative of facts. Until within the last month, the Roman Catholics had refused, in most instances, to receive the visits of our Scripture reader; nor could we wonder at this, though we of course lamented the bondage in which they were kept. They were under strict orders not to admit the Scripture reader, or to receive traets or hold conversation on religious subjects.

But within the last few weeks it has been attempted to apply the same system of coercion to Protestants. A number of protestant families have recently been visited for the purpose of spiritual instruction, and communication on religious subjects. These families had always been happy to receive such visits; nor is it that they in any degree changed their minds. They would be happy, as they say, to receive such visits, but the simple truth is—"they dare not"—"they are afraid." And mark the reason—"They have been warned by their Roman Catholic employers, that if they admit the Protestant Scripture reader into their houses or converse with him, they are to be turned out of their employment, and deprived of their homes."

Roman Catholic employers hold almost all the land in Chideock, and Roman Catholic employers now threaten their Protestant labourers that if they act consistently as Protestants—if they exercise their religious liberties as Englishmen—they shall be deprived of their means of livelihood, and compelled to seek for freedom of conscience in the Union Workhouse.

I am aware that the principal agent in this system of terrorism denies that he has given orders on the subject. That denial proves that he dreads the effect of such conduct. He would exercise compulsion over the people of Chideock, and do it by stealth. He would escape if he could the consequences of his conduct. Let him, if he pleases, deny what every one knows to be the truth: it will still be a conclusive evidence against a religion which, while it holds up the Virgin to adoration with one hand, stifles the claims of conscience with the other, and consigns the honest labourer to the Union Workhouse.

Permit me to mention an anecdote or two in further illustration of the spirit of Romanism derived from recent experience. At the moment when the worship of Mary was at its height last month, a ru-

mour spread, that the Monk who was inculcating the worship of the Virgin as the purest of Beings, was putting the most impure questions in the Confessional to young children. The report may have been correct or incorrect: it was, however, founded on the statements of the children themselves. Of course it was most indignantly denied by the party accused, just as if his own books did not exactly authorize or prescribe those very questions. A Protestant girl having heard the report, happened to mention it to a Roman Catholic friend. The result was this—her father, an aged and sickly man, (a Protestant), subject to a disease of the heart, and bowed down by distress and poverty, was warned by his Roman Catholic employer that if he did not instantly turn out his two daughters (Protestants) into the streets, he should himself be deprived of work and turned out of his house. The poor old man was so terrified by their threats that he came home seriously ill, and was obliged to take to his bed. His daughters, unwilling to see him turned out of work, and obliged to go to the Union, sought an asylum elsewhere. But it happened that on Sunday one of them entered her mother's house to inquire after him and her infirm mother. She was watched, and the next day her unfortunate parent was informed that he was dismissed from work, and must shortly be turned out of doors.

Another fact I must mention—An industrious and inoffensive labouring man, (a Protestant) was lately conversing with a Roman Catholic about the new Roman Catholic Cemetery which is placed close to the church, when he remarked good-humouredly, "there will be no need of bells for your new chapel, for the church bells will do to call you to chapel." In the course of a few days this honest and respectable man was turned out of work, without any reason being assigned. When the poor Protestant asked of his Roman Catholic employer what fault he had been guilty of, he could not for a long time obtain any answer. At length the only reply he could obtain was, "you know what you have said." Two other protestant labourers have also been turned out of employment, to strike terror into the Protestants of this place. One of them is an old infirm man, who can scarcely obtain work elsewhere.

Brethren I state these melancholy facts. I know not whether the Protestants of Chideock will have strength to maintain their ground against the organized tyranny which is put forth against them. I know not whether it is intended to drive the Protestant people of Chideock from their houses, and to people this place with Roman Catholics. But my advice to the Protestant labourers is to take their tyrants at their word. Let them stand firm—let them not yield one inch. Let them take the consequences, and be prepared to go forth with their families, and seek an asylum in the Union, since liberty of conscience is denied them in their own homes. Let them go forth in a body, amidst the applause and admiration of the Protestants of England; and if they do—if you, my brethren in the faith, are turned out of your homes—I can only say, I pity the man who will have been the cause of your calamities. As he walks the streets how he will find himself the object of general execration.—Aye, and he will have to support you, until, perhaps, he finds that he had better release you."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE SENSIBILITY OF SEPARATE SOULS CONSIDERED. By C. Webb. Houlston and Stoneman. 1853.

Mr. Webb states that his book was composed as the result of an appeal to his judgment, from a friend who had taken part in a conversation respecting the Condition of Separate Souls, more particularly as to their consciousness or unconsciousness. It appears to us to be rather singular that any one that peruses the Holy Scriptures with even indifference could have doubts upon such a subject. The Romanist errs because he knows not the Scripture; and, therefore he gives ready credence to that "lying wonder" of his Church, the existence of a purgatory; a penal settlement which is of longer or shorter duration, according to the money power of the surviving relations. The Calvinist errs not so much from not reading the New Testament as from always having that rock a-head before his eyes—the Eternal Decree, which blinds his understanding, and conglomerates his reasoning faculties.

The knowledge of the existence of the soul in a separate state from the body must have been a divine revelation to Adam; for we find the heathen moralists had some glimmering notions of an intermediate state by their Charons, Cerberus; Lethes and Styxs; and this could only have come down to them through that universal tradition, on which all their mythology was based. The Christian Church, however, has ever-taught the doctrine of a middle state of existence, which she derived with most of her other doctrines from her elder sister the Jewish Church; as she continued down the traditional

teaching of the patriarchal Church. To sleep with one's fathers was the common expression among the Jews to denote death; and how a person could sleep with his fathers, otherwise than by the union and communion of their souls in the invisible mansions is not so easy to say.

But when we come to the New Testament, we find our Lord decidedly teaching the doctrine of a middle state, and of the consciousness or "sensibility," as Mr. Webb calls it, of the spirits in prison; for they having died in the Lord, do now rest in peace from their labours. If, therefore, those who die in the Lord, had no consciousness or "sensibility," how could they be in the enjoyment of "joy and felicity?" or how could they who have *not* died in the Lord be tormented with remorse and "a fearful looking for of judgment?" For if the souls of the departed, are either in a state of hope and joyful expectation of the Crown of Righteousness; or in the intense misery of an aggravated conscience, there must be "sensibility" of no ordinary exaggeration. But our blessed Lord has put this beyond all doubt; for He referred to His own words to Moses at the bush, assuring him that He was still the God of his illustrious ancestors; and He informed the infidel Sadducees who considered death to be "an eternal sleep," that these were still alive though they were absent from the body; and the author to the Hebrews says now in their disembodied state, "they desire a better country, that is a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a City."

In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, Christ actually narrates the

conversation that passed betwixt Abraham and the rich man across the impassable gulf; and to the penitent thief He gave assurance of being received along with Himself into Paradise; in which place we are informed by S. Peter that Christ "preached unto the spirits in prison;" and "the gospel was preached to them that were dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." And there must be consciousness in those unhappy persons who behold the Saints in the Kingdom of God, whilst they themselves are thrust out, and employed in weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. It is evident, therefore, that our communion with Christ, and through Him with each other is not dissolved by death; but that the Saints departed and the men of holiness on earth constitute the "one family in heaven and earth" named in Christ Jesus. S. John says that the souls of those who had been slain in the Pagan Roman persecutions cried with a loud voice from *under the Altar*; which shews that their deaths had somewhat of a sacrificial character, as the blood of the victim was required to be poured out at the *foot of the Altar*; but they are informed that the vengeance of heaven was postponed until the whole system of persecution was completed. Again, those saints who have "gotten the victory over the Beast and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name . . . sang the Song of Moses the servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb, saying great and marvellous are thy works Lord God the Almighty."

These and many other passages of Scripture, clearly indicate the sensibility of the inhabitants of Hades, Abraham's bosom or Paradise. Besides the fact that after men are relieved from the burthen of the flesh they are "with Christ," is a sufficient attes-

tation of their consciousness or sensibility; because He is not the God of the dead but of the living men who have departed in His faith; and whose duty it is to sing the new Song; "worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And *every creature* which is in heaven and on the earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them heard I, saying, blessing; and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." This scene which S. John both heard and saw betokens not only "sensibility," but active adoration of a more exalted and endurable nature than anything that flesh and blood can aspire unto; and it shews the truth of the ninth article of the Creed, the Communion of Saints; for it is impossible that if the departed souls were in a state of insensibility, that they could hold communion with us, with each other and with *The Head*; from whom "all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered and knit together with the increase of God;" that is with the greatest possible increase.

Mr. Webb's little book is more of a series of short sermons upon texts of Scripture extending from the commencement of the Gospels to the conclusion of the Revelation; they contain many useful suggestions; but they are not altogether consistent with the subject of the insensibility of the soul of man in the separate state; although the object of his book is to prove its sensibility. How could it be otherwise when God breathed into Adam's animal nature the breath of spiritual life; made him a "partaker of the Divine nature;" and, therefore in his spiritual part incapable of dying or of a state of perpetual somnolency.

HEALTHY HOMES and how to make them. By W. Bardwell. 8vo., Dean & Son.

This book is dedicated to Lord Palmerston "whose deep, prompt, and practical attention to the sanitary necessities of the empire, has given him the highest place among sanitary reformers." The great object of this book is to recommend to builders and proprietors to build houses especially for the poor, upon a better principle than those which are now in existence; to fit them up properly with drains; and to explode cess-pools altogether. Mr. Bardwell gives some horrifying accounts of the habitations of the poor from over-crowding, bad drainage and the closeness and confinement of courts and alleys. Our limits will not permit us to make extracts from this valuable tract; but one from the report of a clergyman who had been visiting his poor parishioners, amongst whom he dared not remain for any length of time, lest he should suffer from the Malatia. "I have seen," he said, "a dead child in a cellar and its father dying by its side, a living daughter covered with a sack to hide her nakedness when I went in, the rest all hungry and wretched, furniture gone, and an open sewer streaming down into a pool upon the floor." Such scenes are quite common in one of the richest and most aristocratic cities in the world; so true is the old proverb that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives." This is a capital book for architects; for it treats the subject philosophically and the subject is well illustrated with lithographic plates of elevations, sections, and plans; there are also small cuts of fire-grates and many other sections of the apparatus of a well-built house. He objects to black sides and backs of fire-grates, and strongly recommends "glazed

linings of pottery-ware as the best reflectors of heat and the slowest conductors; two qualities which render them especially useful for heating rooms with great economy of fuel." He advocates the erection of public lodging houses for the labouring population; he gives excellent directions for their construction and drainage; and we recommend the book to all who wish to make their "Homes" healthy and consequently, so far, happy.

SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS, Part x. J. H. Parker, 1854.

This part contains Sermons for the season of Trinity, and contains "the Christian's duty in evil times," "Disappointment and Failure," "the Conditions of Confidence," "the Fruits of prompt obedience," "the Penitence and Chastisement of David," "Thankfulness the fruit of Repentance." The discourses are from the third to the seventh Sunday after Trinity, inclusive and still maintain their high character.

A PLAIN COMMENTARY ON THE FOUR GOSPELS. J. H. Parker Part xvii.

Part seventeen commences with the twenty first Chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and concludes with the Ascension of our Lord. The Commentary language is indeed of the devotional cast throughout the whole of this work, and this plain Commentary will be a most useful help to the reading of the gospels with understanding. By a note appended to this number we are informed that No. 18 will not appear until September; and that it will contain the first seven chapters of St. John's Gospel.

THE
CHURCH WARDER,
And Domestic Magazine.

No. XCIX.

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

VOL. VIII.

THE MORAL RESULTS OF THE ROMISH SYSTEM.

EVERY good man naturally laments the great amount of crime that occurs in England ; and it is the constant endeavour of the clergy to inculcate good principles and pure morality on the minds of the people ; still, with all their careful teaching, many great crimes are of frequent recurrence. When a murder occurs, the particulars are so often reiterated, that to a foreigner, unacquainted with our laws and customs, it appears to be quadrupled ; for first, there are all the horrifying particulars reported in all the newspapers, and copied into those at a distance ; secondly, the details are again raked up by the police magistrate ; next by the coroner ; and, fourthly, on the trial of the murderer ; whereas, on the Continent, the press being shackled and under the power of the governments, not one crime in ten is ever made public in the journals.

In his valuable letter to Lord Palmerston, Mr. Seymour has selected the crime of MURDER as the test, in a comparative view, of the moral state of each country in Europe ; and this he has carefully drawn up from official tables furnished to each government ; and, therefore, they are without political partisanship or religious prejudice ; consequently, "the taint of suspicion cannot approach them." He commences with the criminal calendar of Protestant England ; and then proceeds in order to the several Roman Catholic Countries in Europe.

By tables laid before parliament, in 1852, the average annual committals for every species of murder for the preceding ten years was seventy-two, and convictions eighteen, in England

and Wales. "Such," says Mr. Seymour, "is the record of the crime of murder, in all its varieties, in England and Wales;" but although he considers the amount of convictions to be the truest test of the actual amount of crimes; yet he assumes the *committals* as the amount to be considered. "Taking then the average of committals as the amount of crime, namely seventy-two, and taking the population of England and Wales, according to the census of 1851, at 17,927,609, [or in round numbers at eighteen millions] the proportion of murders is FOUR to every million of the population."

From Protestant England our Author passes to Popish Ireland, where the distinction is painfully and remarkably great; and where the priesthood are accessaries to every murder, both before and after the fact. He says it has been suggested that the Celtic blood or race may be a cause of the difference in a people living under the same sovereign, the same laws, the same institutions, and governed by the same persons. This is the suggestion of men who look only at the surface of things. The Scottish Highlanders *are Celts*; and of the very same nation, race and family, as the Irish Celts; but amongst the Scottish Celts, a murder is of very rare occurrence; and the reason is obvious; because they are *Protestants*, and they are not hounded out to murder and arson by their ministers of religion, as the Irish Celts are by the Romish priesthood. The difference, therefore, lies in the religious teaching of the two branches of the *same Celtic family*.

From a return made to parliament, containing the number of committals in Ireland for murder, from July 1836 to 1839, the committals were found to be 645, being a yearly average of 235; or no less than THIRTY-THREE murders to each million of the population. Since then there has been an immense emigration chiefly of Papists; and happily a very great number of them have conformed to the Established Church; and consequently there has been a diminution in the calendar; and during the seven years preceding 1851 the average yearly amount of committals in Ireland have been 130; giving about NINETEEN murders to each million of the present reduced state of the population.

Belgium is said to be about the most moral of the Roman Catholic Countries; and that its population "is essentially pious and religious according to the principles of that Church;"

and yet in a population of 4,337,673 the average number of murders is EIGHTEEN in each million of its population.

France is partly Papal, partly Protestant, and partly Infidel ; but nominally Roman Catholic ; in that kingdom the *genus* murder is scientifically classified into six or more *species* ; and in a population of thirty-five millions ; there is an average of THIRTY-ONE murders annually, in every million of its population.

Mr. H. Seymour next takes Austria, which is wholly Papal ; "An empire," he says, "that may well be accepted as the most suitable illustration of the civilizing powers of the Church of Rome, as being an empire where that church is the established church, the almost universal church ; an empire where Protestant principles are barely known, and scarcely tolerated—where all the restraints which Romanism imposes upon crime, all her convents and monasteries, all her monks and nuns, all her confessionals and penances are established, sanctioned and enforced by the laws of the land. The criminal statistics of this empire are carefully compiled ; . . . the results were published last year in two volumes which contain the official returns as to the number of murders perpetrated during the last twenty years ; and they also give the average numbers of each quinquennial period ; so that there is every facility for ascertaining the yearly averages." Well then the yearly average of murder in the Austrian Empire is 1325, which in a population of thirty-six millions and a half, is about THIRTY-SIX murders in each million of the population.

Bavaria is the next door neighbour of Austria ; and it is, perhaps, more intensely Papal than the other ; it is essentially governed on the principles of the Church of Rome ; and it is, therefore, the fittest stage on which to test the efficacy of the Papal means for the suppressoin of crime. The returns of murder in the last five years is 1554, making an annual average of 311 ; and in a population of four millions and a half gives that kingdom the benefit of SIXTY-EIGHT murders in every million of its inhabitants.

In Spain there are no official returns made to government of the amount of crime ; and reliance can only be placed on an unofficial French authority, which gives to Spain the yearly average of murders and attempts at it, at about TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY to each million of its Papal-ridden population !

We come next to Italy, "the land of Popes and Cardinals, and prelates and priests, and monks and nuns,—the land of convents and monasteries—the land where all the governments are despotic and absolute, and give all their influence and power to the Church of Rome; the land, therefore, of all others the fittest to exhibit *the true character of that Church* in the influence or potency of her principles for the suppression of crime, as being the land most adapted for their favourable development."

Mr. Seymour begins the Peninsular States with Sardinia, formerly the cruel agent of Rome for the persecution of the two faithful witnesses of God against the apostacy of Rome. The total number of murders in seven years preceding the Revolution arising out of the earthquake of 1848, as officially reported, gives an yearly average of 101 cases of murder, which in a population of under five millions, gives TWENTY murders to each million.

In the two Lombardies the yearly average is 225, which, in a population of five millions, gives about FORTY-FIVE murders to each million.

The number of murders in Tuscany, in a population of only a million and a half, is about FIFTY-SIX to the million.

It is difficult to obtain exact information in the Patrimony of St. Peter, where the mystic Babylonian Queen sits in all her glory; it was only accidentally, as it were, discovered by Dr. Bowring, when officially prosecuting another inquiry in the Papal States; and he embodied it in a report to Parliament. Whilst he was there the number of committals for murder was 580; probably one third of these were perpetrated during one year, which would give for the Roman States 193 murders in one year; but to these must be added the murders in the provinces of Macerata and Ferrara, amounting to 146; and this gives the probable number of 330; and the result in a population of not quite three millions, of ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN murders in every million!

The population of the Island of Sicily in 1834, was under two millions; and the yearly average of murders is about NINETY to the million.

"But the last and darkest portion of crime is NAPLES. A veil might well be drawn over so terrible and revolting a record; but the revelations of Mr. Gladstone respecting that country

have prepared the mind of England for the truth." The criminal calendar of one year before the late Revolution was 1345, which seems to be about the ordinary amount of every species of murder in Naples; and the population, exclusive of Sicily, being about six millions, gives about ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR murders to each million of its priest-ridden population.

"The yearly average of murders in all Italy" says Mr. Seymour, "in that land where the Church of Rome is supreme and *without* a rival, is 1698; so that every year there are left murdered in cold blood more men, and women, and children, than often fall in our most blood-stained battle fields. And this in the land of convents, and nunneries, and confessionals—in the land where, of all else in the wide surface of the creation, we might expect the full and happy development of all the restraints which the Church of Rome imposes upon crime—in the land where priests, and monks, and nuns exceed an hundred and twenty thousand! Mr. Whiteside informs us that at Assissi there are twelve convents; at Foligno twelve for monks, and eight for nuns; at Spoleto twenty-two; at Terni five; at Narni seven for monks, and five for nuns; at Perugia there are 34; whilst in Rome there are sixty-four for monks, and fifty for nuns! And yet it is in this very district that the murders amount to ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN to the million of the population! while in Naples and Sicily there are, or rather were a few years ago, 16,455 monks, and 13,000 nuns; the largest number in any country in the world; and *there*, there is also the largest proportion of crime to be found in any one country on the whole surface of the creation."

The following are the results in all the several Roman Catholic Countries as contrasted with Protestant England:—

Roman Catholic	Ireland	...	...	19	to the million.
"	"	Belgium	...	18	"
"	"	France	...	31	"
"	"	Austria	...	36	"
"	"	Bavaria	...	68	"
"	"	Spain	...	250	"
"	"	Sardinia	...	20	"
"	"	Lombardy	...	45	"
"	"	Tuscany	...	56	"
"	"	Sicily	...	90	"
"	"	Naples	...	174	"
"	"	The Papal States	...	113	"
PROTESTANT	ENGLAND	...	4	"	"

"I ask—are not these figures eloquent?"

"One thing," continues Mr. Seymour, "at least, is certain, as derived from these figures, official and governmental as they are, namely, that convents, and nunneries, and confessionals, and all such institutions of Romanism have *failed*, in those countries where they have been tried under the circumstances most favourable for their development—have failed wretchedly and signally. And the argument, that we ought to introduce into this country the institutions of Romanism, even in a modified form, as more efficient in repressing crime, than the principles and motives of Protestant Christianity, is not only answered, but **ANNIHILATED**."

Mr. Seymour has forgot to mention, that a considerable proportion of the murders that are annually perpetrated in England, are the work of Irish emigrant papists who have now secret Ribbon lodges in Liverpool, Manchester, and other manufacturing towns; whence they send out the secret sentence of death against obnoxious Protestants. But what saith the Lord by the pen of Moses? "for blood *defileth* the land; and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but *by the blood* of him that shed it."

In this invaluable tract Mr. Seymour next compares the morality of Protestant and Papal States, by the number of legitimate and illegitimate births in their respective capitals. The population of London in 1851 was 2,362,236; and in that year the legitimate births were 75,097; whilst the illegitimate were 3,203; thus in every hundred births, *ninety-six* were lawful and *four* were illegitimate; which is about **FOUR** per cent. of the whole number of births.

In Paris in the year 1851 the legitimate births were 21,689 and the illegitimate were 10,636; or **THIRTY-THREE** per cent. so that every third child born in Paris is illegitimate.

In Brussels the returns for the year 1850 give the total number of births as 5,281; of which 3,448 were legitimate and 1,833 illegitimate; or about **THIRTY-FIVE** per cent; so that more than one third of the population is illegitimate!

The returns for 1851 gave the whole number of births in Munich, the capital of Bavaria, at 3,464; and of these 1762 were legitimate, and 1702 were illegitimate; which shews a

shocking state of immorality in a city which is exclusively under the influence of Popish institutions.

Vienna is even worse than Munich, and the deluge of immorality seems to deepen and blacken year by year. In 1849 the births were 19,241; of which the legitimate were 8881, whereas the illegitimate were 10,360! The official returns "exhibit a state of society without parallel in the whole world, except perhaps in some of her own provinces. *More than one half of the population are illegitimate!*"

The following concise summary will show the proportion of illegitimate births in the Roman Catholic Capitals of Europe.

Paris	... 33 per cent.	Vienna	... 51 per cent.
Brussels	... 35 "	Klagenfort	... 56 "
Munich	... 48 "	Gratz	... 65 "
<i>Protestant London four per cent.</i>			

"These figures are astounding; it almost requires an effort to believe them. They seem almost invented for the occasion; and yet they are all official and government returns, as certain and authoritative as such records can possibly be." In three of the Austrian cities the illegitimate births absolutely exceed those born in wedlock; whilst in ten of the principal cities of that empire, exclusive of Vienna, the illegitimate are on the average *forty-two* in every hundred births; whereas the average in ten of the principal towns of England, exclusive of London, is six, or in one hundred births there are *ninety-four* legitimate and *six* are illegitimate children.

Our space won't permit us to give the numbers of illegitimate births in Rome and other Italian capitals; but we strongly recommend Mr. Seymour's small pamphlet to the perusal of our readers; where such a contrast will be seen between Protestant and Popish countries, as will cure them of any desire to increase the number of papists and their priesthood in England. In these accounts Mr. Seymour has not made any attempt to ascertain the murders and illegitimate births that take place in the conventual establishments; these being carefully concealed from the vulgar gaze. The real seat of the immorality of papal countries is in the religion of Rome, in the confessional, and in the readiness of procuring absolution for the greatest crimes; and where the perpetration of them is *suggested* by the priesthood, for the *love of money*, which is the root of all evil.

We recommend the pamphlet to the study of all our readers whose morbid sensibility respecting popery will be radically cured by the depth of immorality which is there exposed; and to that may be added the total disregard of oaths under the teaching of their Church, which is daily exhibited by the popish members of parliament.

It may be safely said that in whatever country the people are devoted to popery, every species of crime exists among them in a much higher degree than in protestant countries. The observations of innumerable travellers have been condensed by Mr. Macaulay into a single paragraph:—"Whosoever passes in Germany, from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant Principality; in Switzerland, from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant Canton; in Ireland, from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county, finds that he has passed from a *lower*, to a *higher* grade of civilization. On the other side of the Atlantic the same law prevails. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru and Brazil. The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada remain inert; while the whole Continent around them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and fervour."

W. C. P.

ANNETSLEIGH:

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

(Continued from page 172.)

CHAPTER III.

ANNETSLEIGH CHURCH was a fine old structure, built and kept in continual repair by the successive generations of the family; nearly all of whom lay buried beneath its pavements. It was, at the time of which we are writing, quite one of the lions of the neighbourhood; for Sir George had spared nothing to make it worthy of itself and of its high destiny. First he put the whole in thorough repair; walls, doors and windows

were his earliest care. Afterwards the fine old brasses and elaborate tombs of his ancestors were restored to all their old grandeur; and many of the banners which hung from the clerestory above were renewed, or, wherever it was possible, so much did Sir George appreciate their antiquity, repaired. We need not follow our party in their survey of this venerable pile: suffice it to say that it met with the unqualified admiration of Sir George's brother, and no one was louder in its praise than he. It was many years since he had last entered those noble doorways; and it was with feelings of sincerest joy that he beheld the old monuments, which he had been ever accustomed to look upon with veneration, restored once more to their original beauty. But above all the state of the church itself gratified and pleased him: it was worthy of the worship of God; and that building which not long before seemed only the house of the dead, had now received the impress of another—its true character.

* * * * *

"What do you think of our dear old church," said Lady Annet to her brother, on their return, "I hope you approve of our proceedings."

"I do indeed," was his answer; "in fact, it is but another instance of the love of the sanctuary which has gradually found its way into our land again, after a whole century of carelessness and sloth. On my way hither I passed no less than three new churches: none of them were finished nearly, but all promise to be no unworthy rivals of the ancient models."

"You are quite right," said Sir George, "I used to feel very much inclined to doubt whether our modern architects would ever leave off a vain copying of details out of Rickman and the Glossary, and last not least our good little ally, Bloxham; and fitting up a window from this church, and a doorway from that, and a pillar from another, and a porch from a fourth,

without one redeeming feature except the originality of its absurdity. However, I think several of our leading architects have succeeded in throwing off these old fetters, without launching into the opposite extreme of ridiculous and eccentric originality."

"Yes," answered his brother, "I think your remarks are just; poor Rickman, a Quaker by the bye, could scarcely avoid the fault of copyism; he was the first to direct attention to the superiority of the architecture of our English churches, and to point out their merits. He could do nothing but copy; now it is inexcusable that any architect should do so. The science is, or ought to be, thoroughly understood; and all the good architects now build their churches on scientific principles; employing their own ideas by way of materials, and working them up in the same machine in which the ancients worked up theirs."

"Quite so," said Lady Annet, who was very fond of this subject, "but do you not think that some, even of our most eminent architects, have been guilty of carrying this originality to excess, and run into the most absurd eccentricities. I remember, in one church I saw recently, built in the style of the fourteenth century, the tracery of the windows and the outline of the wood-work were positively ugly; and who does not know that the window-tracing of that period was one of the most pleasing features of our English architecture?"

"I have seen the church to which you allude," said her brother, "and I quite agree with you; the architect cannot be pardoned for such folly, and several churches he has built since, though by no means free from the same unhappy blemish, prove clearly enough that he knows better."

"Notwithstanding," said Sir George, "I consider him to stand at the head of our architects, and to be far pre-eminent over his competitors; and you are not aware, perhaps, that he

superintended in person the restoration of the noble old building we have been just inspecting."

"And there, at all events," said Lady Annet, "he has given proof of his great ability: I do not think any one could harmonize modern with ancient work better; who, when the hand of time had taken the freshness from that new aisle, would discover that it was not a part of the original fabric."

"That is just the point," said Sir George, "that man must have been a most laborious student of the actual examples, for many years, before he commenced building with such bold originality. I wish with all my heart he would guard against any extremes in that direction: I fear he is leaning somewhat towards French and German architecture; and nothing, I am sure, could be more reprehensible than the introduction of foreign notions into England. It is the taste of the day to do so; but it is perfectly absurd, whether in church architecture or in monasteries; and I don't believe John Bull will stand it."

"Capital," answered his brother, "I quite agree with you; Not many days ago a friend of mine sent me a design which some one had proposed for the new Museums in Oxford. Such a thoroughly un-English affair I never saw before. The tracery of the windows was absolutely foreign, and the turret tower was surmounted by one of those square roofs so common in French architecture. I hope it may not be adopted."

"I saw it myself, and it was the production of an architect capable of doing far better things. Many of his works are really admirable, and it is certain that he is gifted with great originality: what a pity it is that his really great talent should prove in so many instances a positive bane, instead of an advantage!"

"Yes," answered his brother, "but see, here is Warborough. You remember he promised to take me into his parish this

morning; and try to prove to my obstinacy that every thing is just as it should be!

"What do you say, Sir George?"

"Why, you know, my dear Warborough, that I am perfectly satisfied."

"I hope I shall be so too," said his brother, "but I fear."

(To be continued.)

THE COLONIST;

OR, WHERE IS HE?

BEING, RECOLLECTIONS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

(Continued from page 187.)

CHAPTER VIII.

It was Michaelmas term; and the fifth of November had once more dawned on Oxford. The fifth of November has been, ever since Guido tried to blow up the king and parliament, distinguished at Oxford for Town and Gown Rows.

These rows are more harmless now than they used to be: blood of all kinds used to be shed in abundance; now-a-days a bloody nose is, generally speaking, the limit of the carnage. Nevertheless it is no joke even in this most enlightened nineteenth century. It is no joke, far from it, for the proctors: it is no joke for his bull-dogs; it is no joke for the shop-windows; it is no joke for Town or Gown.

Our readers have not forgotten the admirable knowledge of the use of the fist which so distinguished our hero during his university career. So they will find no difficulty in guessing with what avidity he looked forward to the forthcoming labyrinth of blows and knocks, because that day would afford him some of the liveliest pleasure he ever enjoyed; inasmuch as it would admit of his putting in practice a few of the hints he was always committing to memory from the delightful columns

of "Bell's Life in London." At length, as most authors say, the auspicious noon arrived; though not till nine o'clock would the belligerent parties meet. I, and De Font, and Tims, walked into the hall about three, and, as we were looking at the notices on the board, De Font suddenly exclaimed:—

"Only fancy, that old blockhead, Lewis, expects—ha! ha! ha!"

This exclamation directed our attention to the following notice, and our readers will immediately see it was anything but calculated to fall in with the ideas of a man who had been looking forward during the whole of the term to the glorious encounter of the fifth of November:—

"All Members of this College are expected to be present at dinner in the Hall, at five o'clock. It is requested that no Member of the College pass the College-gates after Hall-dinner."

L. LEWIS.

—— College. Nov. 5.

Sub——"

"Well, De Font," said Tims, "you see your orders."

"My orders, indeed! the very idea of that old concern fancying he is going to keep all the college in all this evening, and spoil all the fun. How selfish these old fellows always are; they never can see how any one can enjoy anything innocent or jolly, which they don't care about themselves!"

"I don't think it innocent, De Font, to break your neighbour's nose; and to have one's own broken can't be jolly, I should fancy," said Tims, "at least that is my idea."

"Oh! no! I never saw such fellows as you," was the answer, "the very idea of not thinking it a good spree to ——"

"——fight with ostlers and grooms! said we, in continuation of our friend's remarks, as he rather hesitated about the completion of his sentence—hardly knowing, perhaps, in what to say the "spree" consisted.

"Well, to be sure," was the answer, "and capital fun!"

We had something else to do; so Tims and I, having given

De Font, by way of parting advice, a strong admonition not to violate the rules of the college, took our departure, leaving our friend ruminating on the best way of evading the prohibition without coming into direct collision with the Dons.

* * * *

Like good and sober members of — college, we obeyed the mandate of the superiors, and did not “pass the college gates after Hall-dinner.” Certainly we should have got no good by doing so; we should most surely by virtue of our caps and gowns have been assailed by some four or five “cads,” —to use the slang word for that day—and should probably have escaped from their “fisty cuffs,” into the maternal arms of the Proctors, or some wandering “Pro.” the most dangerous animal in the university, for this reason; they, having a little power, which, like a little knowledge, is a dangerous thing, are always intent upon exercising it, and that generally upon some harmless individual, who, in the very innocence of a freshman, may be walking down the High with his gown on inside out! We well remember a case in point.

We were walking one morning down the High, with a young fellow that was going to matriculate the next day, at Magdalen Hall, and who, as being at that time not a member of the university, was not subject to the insults of any “Pro.” whatsoever!

Standing in front of Ryman’s shop, we were admiring some of the fine plates in that chameleon window, when I, who was properly habited in academics, felt a rude and officious mitten laid on my shoulder. I looked round, and there was a Pro., the most conceited and disagreeable looking man in the whole university, without exception. I stood looking on his splendor, expecting him to tell me what he might happen to want. At length the dignity opened his large coarse, and puffed out with conceit lips, and addressed me in the most pompous and dignified strain imaginable:—“Ez your friend a Membar of thess

University?" I looked round most quickly, while my uninitiated companion was revolving in his mind of what conceivable delinquency we could either of us be guilty, and replied in the shortest and bluntest way possible—"He is not!"—and so the dignitary passed on, polishing his thumb nails on the stripes of velvet which loom in his eye with all the dignity of the fasces, and which constitute him "a Pro." Enough of Pros! Genuine conceit is not so common in the university, perhaps, as it was. Yet there prevails therein every conceivable phase of that most distressing malady. Let us see if we can enumerate a few of the different classes. First we have the "Heads of Houses." Here it is really distressing to see what a sad effect a certain kind of elevation has on the corrupt heart of mankind. A clever nobody knows what passes through the various stages of an university life, and very often by no means a clever specimen—until he attains the dignity in question. My stars! what a change has come over the little man! He thinks himself to be somewhat, I can assure you, and struts about the streets in all the luxuriance of silk vestments and D. D. bands; casting the most contemptuous glances on all who are not also admitted to the dignity of a Doctor in Divinity, or at least in Civil Law. When we consider what the founders of the colleges intended their principals to be, and when we see what they arrogate to themselves, we are at a loss whether to be indignant at the wickedness, or to laugh at the absurdity of such assumption.

Next come the Fellows, who have left the place allotted to them by the pious founders; who have left the quiet dignity of the holy order to which most of them belong; who have left, too, the meekness and humility of christians, and, content with the profession, have merged the name in the appellation "Doxs" Alas! the degeneracy of the age! Viewing the matter in the lowest light, there is no class of men more open to legitimate satire and ridicule. No men, who, being so very insignificant, arrogate to themselves so much. But viewing it

in the highest light, how sad the picture! What a terrible substitute for unobtruding piety, and quiet performance of duty, is the upstart presumption of the College Don!

Sprung many of them from the lowest ranks of life, they assume all the more authority, on that account, over others whose superiority to themselves excites their jealousy. With these men it is that university reform should have begun. Oxford will never be what it ought to be, while those, who should be ensamples to their young flocks, more than lord it over God's heritage; and instead of being college pastors, rejoice in the name of College Dons!

Among the men themselves there is every kind of conceit. I fear, much of it is caused by the assumption of the so-called Dons, which compels the men, who are not actuated by the principles of Christian humility and morality, to take their own stand to avoid being crushed. This is a kind of corresponding reaction of the temperament of the unregulated mind, which after all is by no means without excuse. The founders intended to enforce obedience to a semi-parochial authority. It was no wish of theirs that the young students in their colleges should yield an implicit obedience to the capricious whims, and assuming demands of the present race of Decemvirs. Could Wykeham, and Stapledon, and Merton, and all the rest, rise now, and re-assume their old authority, they would make a more general clearance of their unworthy pensioners than may be generally supposed. The whole race of Dons would be abolished for ever; and some stringent provisions would be made to prevent any further invasion of Oxford by such an unmanageable and lazy set. Speaking of the men themselves, we will not call that conceit which is the natural result of capricious oppression, and which would not be caused by judicious discipline, far less by that paternal superintendence which the founders intended should be exercised over the young students. Still there is a good deal of genuine, absurd, inexcusable,

ridiculous conceit; a great many eye-glass and cane gentry; a great many gentry who "clip the Queen's English," and make themselves objects of ridicule when they flatter themselves that they are the wonder of an admiring college.

Never shall I forget one man at our college, who had a grand style of pronouncing any word ending in "are" or "ere." By way of example; he used to convulse the Euclid class by such pronunciations of "square," as the following—"Let A B be the given straight line; it is required to describe a *squato* upon A B!" Poor fellow: he was very fond of fine clothes, too; but the other men took it all very good naturedly, and only said that he carried civilization to its ultimate! But where are Town and Gown? Reader, I have trespassed on your patience; and you must wait longer still. Adieu.

(To be continued.)

R. BAXTER'S ALARM TO BRITISH PROTESTANTS.

If the papists can but get into the saddle, either by deceiving the rulers or commanders, or by bringing foreign force against us, they will give us leave to dispute, and write, and preach against them; and laugh at us who will stand talking only, whilst they are working. And when the sword is in their hand, they will soon answer all our arguments with a faggot, a hatchet, or a halter; Smithfield confuted the Protestants whom both the universities could not confute. Their INQUIRY is a school where they dispute more advantageously than in academies. Though all the learned men in the world could not confute the poor Albigenes, Waldenses and Bohemians; yet by these iron arguments, they had men who presently stopt the mouths of many thousands, if not hundreds of thousands of them, even as the Mahometans confute the Christians. A *strappado* is a knotty argument. In five days

did they confute 30,000 Protestants, in and about Paris; till they left them not (on earth) a word to say! In how few week's space did the *ignorant* Irish thus stop the mouths of many thousand Protestants! Even in Ulster alone, as is strongly conjectured by testimony on oath, about 150,000 men were *mortally silenced*. Alas we now find that the *poor* Irish commonly know but little more of Christ but, that he is the better man of the two than S. Patrick; and therefore how long might they have been, before they could have silenced so many protestants in any other way? There is nothing like *stone dead* with a papist. They love not to tire themselves with disputes, when the business may be sooner and more successfully despatched.

Well, seeing this is the way they are resolved on, and no peaceable motions will serve for the preventing it; all men that have care of the Church and cause of Jesus Christ, and the happiness of their posterity, have cause to stand on watch and guard; not to be cruel to them, (leave that to themselves) but TO BE SECURED FROM THEIR CRUELTY. I should be abundantly more earnest than I am, to press all men to such a patience and submission in causes of religion, as leaves all to God alone; but that we all see, how the papists are *still at the door*, with the *sword* in their hand, and watching for an opportunity to get in. And if in modesty we stand still and let them alone, they will give us free leave, when they have the day, to call them traitors, or perfidious, or what we please. Let *losers talk*; let them have the rule, and then make the best of your arguments. If they once get England and other protestant countries into the case of Spain and Italy, their treachery shall not be cast in their teeth: for they will leave none alive and at liberty to do it. When we see, in good sadness, its armies, its navies, and stabbing of kings, and powder plots, and massacres, which we have to dispute against, it is

time to be able to answer them in their own way, or we lose the day. It is not a good cause, or wit, or learning, or honesty that will then serve turns. I know God is all sufficient for His Church, and in Him must be our trust; but He requireth us to expect his blessing in the use of lawful probable means. He can give us corn without ploughing and sowing; but we have little reason to forbear these and expect it. He can convert men without preaching; but yet the blessing of God doth pre-suppose Paul's planting and Apollo's watering. He can rule without magistrates; but it is not His appointed way. And He can save us from deceitful bloody man without our care; but it is not His ordinary appointed course. And therefore in the name of God, let the people have their eyes in their head, and *take heed* of that *bloody hand* which hath, in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, &c., *already shed so many streams of Christian blood.*

FIRST SENSATIONS ON KILLING A RUSSIAN.

It would be difficult to find in the whole range of fiction, a more affecting incident than is contained in the following extract from a letter, written by a British seaman now serving in the Baltic, to his wife, who resides in the neighbourhood of Boston in Lincolnshire. The letter is dated "Hango Roads, May 22, 1854" and was published at length in the *Boston Guardian*. It was his first service as a soldier; having been sent on shore with a boat's crew of marines to silence a fort and take some guns:—"We dispersed at a few hundred yards distance from the beach, to keep the coast clear, whilst the boat's crew made prize of the guns. The enemy had the advantage of the wood, and also of knowing the country well; and a troop of them showed in advance. We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim, and fired on my man at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone.

At the same time a broadside from the — went in amongst the trees; and the enemy disappeared, we could scarce tell how. I felt as though I must go up to him, to see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of him lying so, than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once, that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound, and also from his mouth, every breath he took. His face was white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright as he turned them and looked at me—I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five and twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast felt so full as though my heart would burst. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy. What I felt I never can tell, but, if my life would have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said, and every time he tried to speak, the blood poured out so, I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I couldn't help it. His eyes were closing, when a gun was fired from — to order us aboard, and that aroused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat was just pushing off with the guns, which we had taken, and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat, and then he pointed to the wood, where the enemy was concealed—poor fellow, he little thought how I had shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die and no one near him, when he had a something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over, and without a sigh he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down

on the grass and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time. I somehow thought of everything I had heard about the Turks and Russians, and the rest of them; but all that seemed so far off, and the dead man so near!"

HOGARTH'S LAST WORK.

A few months before Hogarth's death, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled the *TAIL PIECE*; the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, whilst the convivial glass was circulating round his own table.

"My next undertaking," said he, "shall be the end of all things."

"If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished; for there will be an end of the painter."

"There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily; "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better."

Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live to complete it. This however he did, and in most ingenious manner, by grouping everything that could denote the end of all things;—a broken bottle; an old broom worn to the stump; the butt end of an old musket; a cracked bell; a bow unstrung; a crown tumbled in pieces; a tower in ruins; the sign-post of a tavern, called the world's end; falling down; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbett falling, the body being gone, and the chains that held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses lying dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken; a tobacco-pipe with the last whiff of smoke going out; a play book opened, with *exeat omnes* stamped in the corner; an empty purse; and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

"So far so good," said Hogarth, whilst reviewing his performance; "nothing remains but this;" taking his pencil and sketching a painter's palette broken.

"Finis!" he then exclaimed "the deed is done, all is over."

It is a remarkable fact that Hogarth never again took the palette in his hand; and that he died in about a month after he had painted this **TAIL PIECE**.

DISASTERS AFTER SHIPWRECK.

THE whole record of disasters at sea do not, perhaps, furnish such an instance of protracted sufferings, and of perilous adventures, as those which the crew of the Grosvenor East Indiaman encountered; during a period of one hundred and seventeen days. This vessel sailed from Trincomalee in the Island of Ceylon, for Europe, on the 13th June, 1782. On the 3rd of August, Captain Coxon, her commander, considered himself a hundred miles from the nearest land; but on the following day, the ship struck on some rocks within three hundred yards of the shore. To save the ship was impossible; destruction and despair were seen in every countenance, and the utmost confusion prevailed. Those, most composed, were employed in devising means to gain the shore; and they set about forming a raft of such masts, yards and spars as could be got together; hoping by this expedient to convey the women, children and the sick safely to land. In the meantime a Lascar and two Italians, attempted to swim ashore with the deep sea line; one of the latter perished in the waves; but the others succeeded. By means of the small line, a larger one and afterwards a hawser, were conveyed to the shore; the natives, who had crowded to the water's edge, assisting the sailors. The raft, being finished, was launched overboard; but a nine-inch hawser by which it was held, broke, and the raft driving on shore, was

upset, and three of the men were drowned. The yawl and jolly boat were no sooner hoisted out, than they were dashed to pieces: but several seamen gained the land by the hawser, and others were left on board, when the vessel rent asunder fore and aft. In this distressing moment they crowded on the starboard quarter, which happily floated into shoal water; by which means every one on board, even the women and children, got safe on shore, except the cook's mate who was intoxicated, and could not be prevailed on to leave the ship.

When they had all assembled on shore, they got some hogs and poultry which had floated from the wreck, and made a repast. Two tents were made of two sails that had been driven ashore, under which the ladies reposed for the night. Next morning the natives, who were quite black and woolly headed, came down, and began to carry off whatever struck their fancy; but plunder seemed to be their only object. A cask of beef, one of flour, and a leaguer of arrack were found, and delivered to the captain; who, on the morning of the 7th, called the survivors of the shipwreck together, and having divided the provisions among them, said, that as on board he had been their commanding officer, he hoped that they would still suffer him to continue his command: the reply was an unanimous cry of "by all means." He then informed them, that from the best calculations he could make, he trusted to be able to reach some of the Dutch settlements in fifteen or sixteen days, as he intended to make for the Cape of Good Hope.

Thus encouraged they set off cheerfully; for:—

“————— hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.”

and they were therefore unwilling to damp their courage by melancholy forebodings. Mr. Logie, the chief mate, having been for some time ill, was carried by two of the men in a hammock slung on a pole; and in this laborious occupation,

all the men cheerfully shared. A man, of the name of O'Brian, being very lame, remained behind; saying it was impossible to keep up with his shipmates, and he would therefore endeavour to get some portion from the wreck and make trinkets to ingratiate himself with the people. The whole company now set forward, and soon met about thirty of the natives; among whom was one Trout, a Dutchman, who had committed murder, and had fled from justice. On learning the course they were travelling, he recapitulated the difficulties they would meet with, and gave them directions for their rout; but he could not be prevailed on to conduct them to the Cape. The next day they were stopped by about four hundred of the savages, who, after pilfering and insulting, at last began to beat them. Concluding that they were marked for destruction, they determined to defend themselves to the last extremity; and placing the women, the children and the sick, at some distance, under the protection of about a dozen of their number, the remainder, consisting of eighty to ninety, engaged their opponents for two hours and a half; when, getting possession of a rising ground, they forced the enemy to a sort of compromise. Several of the company cut the buttons from their coats, and gave them, with other little trinkets, to the natives, who then went away and returned no more.

In the night, they were obliged to sleep in the open air; and to make fires, in order to keep off the wild beasts whose howlings continually disturbed them. A fresh party of the blacks came and plundered them; seized the gentlemen's watches; and they examined the hair of the ladies, to see if diamonds were concealed in it. They also took away what was then of more value than diamonds or the gold of Ophir, the tinder box, flint and steel; which was an irreparable loss, and which obliged them to travel in future with firebrands in their hands.

After journeying together for some days, the provisions which they brought along with them were nearly exhausted; the fatigue of travelling with the women and children was very great; and the sailors began to murmur, and every one seemed determined to take care of himself; therefore Captain Coxon, the first mate, Colonel and Mrs. James, the Purser, several other officers and seamen, with five of the children, agreed to keep together, and travel slowly as before. Captain Talbot, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Trotter, the second and fourth mates, with the remainder of the seamen, with John Hynes, in all about forty-three, went on before. A young boy Master Law, a passenger, seven or eight years old, crying after one of the men, it was agreed to take him with them, and to carry him by turns, whenever he should be unable to walk.

Both parties felt great pain at the separation, as they had little hopes of meeting again; but next morning, early, the advanced party having waited all night by the side of a river for the ebb tide, were overtaken by those they had left behind; and the whole party were once more united to their mutual satisfaction; but two days afterwards they again separated, thinking that by travelling in separate bodies, they would be less likely to excite the jealousy of the negroes. The party with the second mate, which may be called Hynes' party, as from him this narrative is chiefly derived, travelled several days through untrodden paths; they crossed rivers two miles broad, and were frequently obliged to climb trees to explore their way. Wild sorrel, and shell fish, of which the supply was very scanty were their only food; until a dead whale, the liver of which could only be eaten, furnished them with a more substantial, though not more agreeable meal, and a supply for some days. Hynes' party now resolved to proceed inland; and after advancing during three days and nights through a fine pleasant country, in which they saw many deserted villages, they came to a river

which they were unable to cross. Captain Talbot was now so much fatigued, that he could not proceed with the rest of the company; his faithful Coxswain remained behind with him; and neither of them were ever heard of; but Master Law still kept with Hynes party, and bore the fatigue of his journey in the most miraculous manner.

The party discovered another dead whale; with the assistance of two spike nails which they had burnt out of a plank, they cut part of it and took in bags with them; and a dead seal which they carefully husbanded, was another seasonable supply. This party had been severely handled by the natives, and they had lost the carpenter with four others of their number; consequently the command of the company devolved on the steward, as well as the care of the child, whom he treated with great tenderness.

On arriving at a village, they obtained a young bullock in exchange for the inside of a watch and a few buttons, which they killed with one of the lances belonging to the inhabitants; and dividing it in pieces, they distributed them by lot. The skin was also cut in pieces; and those obtaining portions of it made them into shoes. This was the only instance of the party being able to obtain any sustenance from the natives; except that the women sometimes gave the child a little milk. They came to a sandy desert which it required them ten days to pass, during which time nobody was seen; after which they came to a small village where they procured a little milk for the boy; and also part of the flesh of some sea cows and sea lions, which were hung up to dry in one of the tents. They crossed two rivers; and then reposed two days in the hopes of their companions coming up; but ten days afterwards they discovered by some small pieces of rag which were scattered here and there in their way, that their friends were before them. On entering a large sandy desert where little

wood or water were to be seen, they observed written on the sand at the entrance of a deep valley—"turn in here, and you will find plenty of wood and water;" a direction which they hastened to obey; and saw from the remains of fires and other traces, that their companions had rested in a recess.

The sight however of thirty or forty elephants terrified them; and they were continually harassed by the natives who killed one of the party and wounded John Hynes. The cooper died from fatigue; and soon after the little boy Law, whose tender frame which had borne so much suffering, at length sunk under it. This was a great affliction to the whole party, who shed tears of sympathy over the youthful victim; and they themselves now began to suffer much from thirst, as no water could be obtained; and in consequence several of them died. Their number was now reduced to three,—Hynes, Evans, and Wormington the boatswain's mate. The latter earnestly importuned his companions to determine by lot who should die, that by drinking his blood, the other two might be preserved; but this the others resolutely refused. They soon after came up with the steward's party, who appeared to have suffered as much as themselves; and one of their number soon afterwards died. The remaining six journeyed onward, until at length they reached a Dutch settlement, where they were hospitably entertained by one Roostoff, who lived about three or four hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope. Roostoff immediately ordered a sheep to be killed, on which they breakfasted and dined; and then another Dutchman brought a cart and six horses to convey them to the Cape. They reached Roostoff's dwelling on the 29th November, having been a hundred and seventeen days occupied in their weary journey.

They were now forwarded in carts from one settlement to another, till they reached Zwellendham; wherever they passed the night during the whole way, the farmers assembled to hear

melancholy story; and moved with compassion, they supplied them with many articles they stood in need of. As a war then existed between Great Britain and Holland, two of the men were sent forward to the Governor of the Cape, whilst the rest remained at Zwelendham. On hearing their story, the governor humanely sent a party consisting of one hundred Europeans, and three hundred Hottentots, attended by a number of waggons, each driven by six oxen, in order to save such articles as could be secured from the wreck; and to rescue such of the sufferers as might be discovered, or that might be in the hands of the natives; and beads and other trinkets were sent, to ransom them, if necessary. For some time the party met with no interruption from the natives; but they afterwards obstructed the progress of the waggons; and the Dutch were obliged to travel on horse-back. Only twelve of the sufferers could be found, seven of whom were Lascars, and two black women; and these, with the six sailors, who had first reached the Cape, were sent to England in a Danish ship.

REPEAL OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION ACT.

Mr. Lucas, in a letter in the *Tablet*, says;—"It has been privately—but I may almost say formally—announced to me, that next year a motion is to be made to repeal the Emancipation Act. In Heaven's name, be it so. . . . I think it not at all impossible that, within a not very distant period, the Emancipation Act may be repealed, and the Legislature thoroughly Protestantised. Perhaps such a result would be in the long run the best possible fortune."

Mr. Lucas thus concludes;—

"Heaven help us. I often think the very best thing that could happen to us would be a good swinging, unmis- takeable persecution. If it does come; I only hope it may fall on the right persons."—the priests to wit.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE TEACHING OF THE TYPES,—*Tracts for the Clergy and the Earnest minded.* Nos. I.—IV. By the Rev. ROBERT AITKEN, Incumbent of Pendeen, Cornwall. Oxford, Shrimpton: London, Whitaker & Co. 1854.

In giving our approval to these most heart-stirring and remarkable tracts, we think we cannot do better than to allow the author to speak for himself, by extracts from the three first; reserving the consideration of the fourth till some future opportunity, and reserving also our own opinion till the same article. To begin with No. I., we find in page 6 the following striking passage, the truth of which none will gainsay:

"It is quite true, and no one denies the truth, that the Church is a corporate body under the supreme Headship of Christ; it is also true, that the Church is both the body of Christ and the spouse of Christ, but as the subject is of such a complex character, and as the unfaithfulness of the Church, and the worldliness and wickedness of so many of its members, have ever been a stumbling-block to the spiritual mind, preventing it from recognising the visible Church of Christ, and causing it to form theories of the Church of its own; why were not some pains taken to explain these difficulties, that the objections of the spiritual man might be removed, and that he might come to the thoughtful and prayerful consideration of the subject without prejudice? We are persuaded that there is hardly any conceivable way of doing greater injury to the cause of truth, and to the souls of men, than by presenting what are called

Church truths in a dogmatic form, in the present state both of the religious and irreligious mind in this country. To tell men that as baptized Christians they have a certain interest in the Church's relationship to Christ, without explaining the nature of that interest, is certainly a way of dealing with souls which is most unjustifiable, and which could hardly fail to deceive the churchman, to disgust the infidel, and to prejudice the spiritual mind against all kinds of Church truths."

Again in page 10 we find:—

"The first great point to be insisted upon, is the all-important distinction between the natural and the spiritual state. On such a subject we dare not speak uncertainly, for the tremendous issues of eternity may be truly said to be involved in it. In the light of eternity then, we fear not to say with all solemnity, that every man who is really in a state of grace is conscious of the fact, and cannot but be conscious of it. In a case like this, where one mistaken or ill-advised concession may prove the ruin of thousands of souls, no compromise need be offered, for it cannot be accepted without blood-guiltiness. It is quite true that there are seasons of depression and there are seasons of temptation, and there is also very much of unfaithfulness to cloud the atmosphere of loving favour, in which the soul that is in a state of grace continually abides; still, under every vicissitude, and in the darkest hour, the Spirit's witness to the soul's acceptance, may be faint, but it is never either indistinct or withdrawn. The Spirit may be quenched, and

then there must be an act of reconciliation and restoration before the soul can enjoy the consciousness of God's favour; but when the soul is actually in the state of favour and acceptance, such favour and acceptance are always more or less powerfully matters of conscious enjoyment, and are always the subjects of the Spirit's testimony. He that believeth hath ever the witness in himself, and he that is reconciled to God is always the conscious object of the Father's love and favour."

At page 42 we read:—

"Our remarks upon the teaching of the Tractarian party have unavoidably a personal bearing. The necessity has been much more painful to us than it can be to them. The truth is, if they know the way of salvation, if they are in possession of the spiritual life, if by their system souls can be brought into the state of justification, then we have been beating the air, and all that we have said are mere idle words. But if, as we are bound to say is the case, they are in very deed strangers to these realities, there cannot be an over-strained plainness of language in speaking of the fact, or too direct a dealing with a case which involves the eternal issues of life and death. It is impossible for us to disparage their work, because we believe it to be of God, and we also believe that they were His chosen instruments for executing it; but it is equally impossible for us to deny that they have practically ignored the spiritual life, and do not discern its distinctive characteristics; and that they have virtually repudiated the doctrine of justification by faith, because they are strangers to its power."

The subject of No. II. is "The Circumcised Israelite in the Bon-

dage of Egypt, a Type of the Baptized and Unrenewed Christian." In which Mr. Aitken considers that there is a real difference between the uncircumcised Egyptian who is at home in his own country: and the circumcised Israelite, who is in the condition of bondage in Egypt. He calls the Egyptian bondage "a type of a peculiar phasis of the natural state;" whereas the bondage of Assyria, or Babylon is "a type of the world." Of the Egyptian type he says (p. 48) "It meets the earnest Churchman on his own ground. It brings the repudiated truth home to him in an inoffensive way; places it within his defence, and its light discovers to him that his stronghold may be no longer an imaginary prison house, or an embattled tower to protect him from robbers, but a lovely dwelling place where he may go out and in, without fear of molestation, and find abundance of pasture. It points out to him his chains, and tells him how easily and effectually they may be broken; it shows him how he may obtain deliverance from himself, for he is his own jailer; and it speaks to him of an atonement which has been made for his sins, and that it is his privilege and his duty believingly to rejoice in the glorious and blissful intelligence, instead of living under the condemnation of his sins, and vainly endeavouring to atone for them himself."

The object of these tracts seems to be; to reconcile the *ultra* high Churchman and the *ultra* low Churchman, and to bring both back to the happy middle course. They have been published several months; but no one has as yet honestly attempted to answer them. In the conclusion of the second number (p.p. 60—63), he shows how the

High and the Low Church parties have disagreed and misunderstood each other by opposing truth against truth; and he looks forward to their final reconciliation, and the restoration of peace.

"This is the time for witnessing. Notwithstanding these discouragements, all who know the truth are bound to bear a testimony to it, and for God. These are the words of the prophecy; 'At the time of the end, many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased: many shall be purified and made white and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand.' There will certainly be a visitation in mercy before the visitation in judgment. Perhaps even now, God may be preparing men's minds for the last offer of mercy and grace, by the exhibition of the whole truth, and by turning a purer language upon His people. Most certainly the two classes of truth were never so perfectly understood, and so fully exhibited by the parties who respectively represent them, as at this present moment; and who would not labour, yea and suffer too, that the congenial lights which are most unnaturally held up in defiance, may be commingled. I believe in my heart that their union will be the promised light of 'evening time,' and under this conviction the sowers may not repine if they are not permitted to enter into the harvest. It is enough for any man to have the honour put upon him of being helped of God in any measure to contribute to so blissful and glorious a consummation. However anxious therefore we may be to conciliate opposing parties, we must not hold back unacceptable truths, or compromise them in the least

degree, to obtain a partial and a present success. Evangelical truth is sound in its fullest acceptation; Church principles are true in their fullest ultimates. Having found the type which exhibits them in unity, in the very point where their union was conceived to be an impossibility, and believing it to be God's key to the unravelling of our many confusions, we feel bound to hold it up, and to proclaim without hesitancy, or faltering and doubtful accent, that our baptized children are Israelites in the bondage of Egypt. They are Israelites because they have a corporate relationship to Christ. They have been baptized into that one body of which He is the living Head, and the union is as indissoluble as the natural relationship between father and child; still it is not a saving relationship. They are circumcised Israelites, because 'they have been buried with Christ by baptism into His death,' and because 'by baptism they have been also planted into the likeness of His death and resurrection,' and consequently their obligation to die unto sin and self, and to live unto God, may be sinned against, but it can never be cancelled. They have been brought nigh unto Christ, and they have been united to Him in solemn covenant, by a close and mysterious relationship. His name is in them; His hand has been upon them in mercy and in love; and they can never become like unto the heathen, even though they should desire to be so. But notwithstanding all this, they are in the bondage of Egypt."

SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS. London: J. H. Parker.

This is part III. of the second series; continuing the Season of Trinity; the contents of this num-

ber are—"The Disobedient Prophet;" "The Wisdom of the Children of this World;" "The Science of Spiritual Things;" "Missions of the Apostolic Church;" and "Seeing Jesus." This number comprehends the eighth to the eleventh Sundays after Trinity, and an able discourse for S. Bartholomew's Day, which this year falls on Thursday. These Sermons will be found very useful for the younger clergy, as models on which to form their own discourses, and as skeletons that may be filled up and expanded; and we recommend them to their attention.

A CATECHISM OF GOSPEL HISTORY.

By Rev. S. KETTLEWELL. Harrison, Leeds. Rivingtons, London. This Catechism is dedicated to Rev. Dr. Hook, the Vicar of Leeds; and it is intended for the use of National and Sunday Schools, as well as for private schools and families; for all of which it will be found to be eminently useful. The Author's plan is very simple; the Gospels are harmonised; a chapter or portion of one is directed to be read; questions on that portion are asked of the pupil who answers in his own language; and the difficult questions are answered in the book. And occasion is carefully taken to show the pupil that the doctrines of the Prayer Book are the truths of the Gospel. All catechists and teachers of youth will find this Catechism both useful and convenient; and we recommend it as a faithful exposition of the Catholic doctrines of the Church, neither going beyond nor below "the Catholic bounds of the Book of Common Prayer."

THE APOSTLES CREED; *devotionally and practically considered.* Leeds Harrison: London, Rivingtons. pp. 68.

The Author's own words are the best exposition that can be given of this valuable commentary. "The Apostles Creed," "has not been so generally regarded, as what it is truly is,—a song of Christian praise,—and a form of Christian prayer; and is seldom perhaps employed in private or domestic worship in this way. My object, therefore, in the present treatise, will be to set before you its value in even this point of view, namely; as a confession of Christian Faith; as a song of Christian praise; and as a form of Christian prayer." The Author has well executed his design; and all the three points have been harmoniously and faithfully blended together in this practical and devotional exposition of the Rule of Faith, the Apostles Creed.

BAPTISMAL VOW. Harrison, Leeds. Rivingtons, London.

This little tract of ten or twelve pages is "a word of remembrance to the confirmed," excellently well designed to remind them of the solemn duties which they undertook at their confirmation; and a formulary of self-examination, to be occasionally resorted to in order that the lately confirmed persons may ascertain whether or not they are walking in the way which their baptismal vow engaged them to do. Its price is only 1d. and for the value of 1s. twelve young people could be well instructed and reminded of their baptismal vows; how much good might not one well disposed person do with so small a sum?

THE
CHURCH WARDER,
And Domestic Magazine.

No. C.

OCTOBER, 1854.

VOL. VIII.

NUMBER A HUNDRED.

WE have at length, dear reader, attained the double month of Jubilee ; and our little Maga is eight years and four months old!

Since we first began to labour for our dear Public, how many a reader has perused—it may be with pleasure, it may be with other feelings, the little store of amusement or of instruction afforded by our pages. Year after year, month after month have rolled by, diminishing or adding to their number ; yet here we are, good readers, and this is our centenary number ; and we, and our various contributors still keep a close eye on Maga ! whilst Cyprus, our Cat, purrs as loudly as ever.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED !

How many vicissitudes ; how many stirring and wondrous events have these hundred numbers witnessed.

Perhaps all our readers cannot remember when No. I first crept timidly forth ; crawling along in an obscure part of the rough surface of the Publishing World ; and giving fearful looks at Critics of every kind, as if in dread that one of the grim regiment would put his foot upon it, and crush it on its first entry into life, before it could get strength enough to battle for itself ! Still a great many of them can look up with pride at a long row of volumes on some favoured shelf ; for who that ever made her acquaintance does not love and feel proud of Maga ? There they stand in respectable attire, and feeling less timid than they did in the first, dawn of their existence, when No. I. was timidly put forth like some little animal's feeler ! Discerning Public ! You have for once

recognized our merits, and have not withheld the due reward—we mean, your patronage and esteem; and little Maga feels quite pleased with her place among the serials!

NUMBER A HUNERED! Have any of our readers anticipated this our Pœan, we wonder? Has no one, seeing No. XCIX. last month, prepared to congratulate Maga on her hundredth appearance, and echo *encore, encore*? Look back, dear readers! You cannot, any of you, complain, I am sure; unless you are more ungrateful than we are charitable enough to think you. You cannot reasonably complain of having been starved of late! Look at the tales we have given you. Who has not read with deep interest the story of the Templars, and of De Tracey, and of De Vere? Who has read Ashmere Court, without enjoying a hearty laugh at the follies and troubles of Twittlebury? Who has not gloated over the rare fun afforded to all sensible numskulls by the history of "The Colonist," and who is not at this very minute rejoicing over its very spirited continuation in this month's number? So, in the midst of Cyprus' purring, we think we hear all our readers murmuring a cheerful assent, and we can fancy their sad looks at the news we now give them, that another Maga will deliver to them the last page in that most admirable story!

The writer of "Ashmere Court," and "Bodrigan's Curse," and "The Ship-wreck," and many other equally distinguished compositions, hopes most sincerely that they will not like "Annetsleigh," worse than his other works! Maga has given them a long chapter in No. C! Immortal month of Jubilee! How could we avoid celebrating thee? Could the dear Public ever forgive us if we had neglected to remind them thus gaily of Maga's age? Aye, and of Maga's good qualities too, and of the grounds on which she lays claim to a continuation of her old patronage, and a fresh emolument of eager, anxious, and we are fond enough to add, well-satisfied readers! for:—

Nearly nine years have rolled away,
Still Maga holds her wonted sway,
Queen of the Serial World:
Then, reader, ever be her stay,
That so for many a future day
Her flag may ne'er be furled!

October, 1854.

THE LATE GENERAL CENSUS.

WHEN the Census was taken, in 1851, it was thought to be a good opportunity to procure correct intelligence of the number, varieties and capabilities of the religious, and of the scholastic institutions of the Country. Accordingly a staff of nearly 40,000 persons were established to visit, on two distinct occasions, every house throughout Great Britain; but the public were informed that they were "not, by law, *compelled* to furnish the particulars referred to in the forms supplied to them." In consequence the returns have not been accurate, and especially those from the Established Church; because their respective bishops having issued no instructions, and the law giving them an option, it is to be regretted that many of the clergy declined to make a return to the Registrar-General; whereas every denomination of dissenters made the greatest efforts on paper, to make the worse appear the better part. Notwithstanding, Mr. Horace Mann, congratulates himself, the Registrar-General and the public, on the extent to which returns were received to the application, which, he says, "affords abundant evidence of the hearty co-operation of the clergy and the ministers of all denominations, in this voluntary labour. Such returns have been obtained from 14,077 churches belonging to the Church of England, and 20,390 places of worship belonging to all other religious bodies. From this simple fact alone, it will be manifest that these returns are nearly as complete as could be wished for; and that now, for the first time, there is given to the Country a full picture of the state of its religious institutions." There are still 2524 cases where no information could be got; and "the number of omissions which, in spite of the endeavours made to get the supplementary information, were obliged to be submitted to, were as follows; number of *sittings* not mentioned in 2134 cases; number of *attendants* unspecified in 1004 cases; and *neither sittings nor attendants* given, in 390 cases." These omissions will most likely be partly, if not wholly, from the Established Clergy; or at least partly from them, and partly from some of the smaller or isolated sects who are unwilling to parade their "miserable account of empty boxes" before the public; for it is very well known that the larger sects have very considerably exaggerated their numbers.

Mr. Mann says that "there are in England and Wales 35 different religious communities or sects—27 native and indigenous, 9 foreign," which he enumerates; and we regret to see that he classes the Church of England among the *sects*; for in supplying a sketch, "of the prominent characteristics of *each sect*," he begins with the "definitive establishment of Christianity in England;" or, in other words, with the Established Church of England. Mr. Mann entirely ignores the original establishment of Christianity in England by the ancient British Church, which was founded by S. Paul in the first century; but refers the origin of the Church of England entirely to Augustine, the Roman missionary, and first Archbishop of Canterbury, which took place in the end of the sixth century. Whereas, a true branch of the Catholic Church has existed in England from the time of S. Paul, who undoubtedly founded it; and British Bishops sat in the Council of Arles, and some other Councils, long before S. Augustine came into England; and for 1100 years after Christ, the British Church maintained its independence against both Rome and Canterbury, till the conquest of Wales by Henry II. The Church of England, therefore, is not a SECT; but a genuine branch of the Catholic Church, and as old as Christianity itself. It is true the papal usurpation, after the Norman Conquest, was a blot upon its scutcheon; but it was wiped out at the Reformation.

Mr. Mann has a short chapter explaining in what manner there subsists a "substantial agreement of most of the bodies" of Protestant Communions; "which, indeed, comprise together *nineteen twentieths* of our religious population;" and that "amidst so much ostensible confusion and diversity, essential harmony prevails." He has given a brief sketch of all denominations in England, with notices of their tenets; and comes to the conclusion that "with respect to the differences which outwardly divide, they are not to be compared to the concordances which secretly, perhaps unconsciously, unite. The former, with but few exceptions, have relation almost wholly to the mere formalities of worship—not to the essential articles of faith. The fundamental doctrines of the Reformation, as embodied in the standards of the Church of England, are professed and preached by Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Methodists and many minor sects, comprising more than *nineteen twentieths* of the

non-conforming Protestant Community; and though the different organization of these several bodies seems to present externally an aspect of disunion, probably a closer scrutiny will show that they are separated only as to matters whose importance, even if considerable, is not vital, and that thus they may, without excess of charity, be recognised as truly, though invisibly, united to the General Church of Christ."

The wish of this benevolent writer is father to the thought of unity, either in the doctrine or discipline of these sects, either among themselves or with the Church of England; for so long as the Westminster Confession of Faith is their standard of doctrine, with the exception of the Methodists; and whilst they all deny the doctrine and efficacy of the Sacraments; it cannot be admitted that they are united in the essential Articles of the Faith. Those cannot be either visibly or invisibly united with the Church of God, whose standard of faith maintains as a fundamental axiom, that "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others fore-ordained to everlasting death;" and that "these angels and men, thus predestined and fore-ordained, are particularly and *unchangeably* designed; and their *number* is so certain and definite, *that it CANNOT be either increased or diminished.*" Neither can this unity be said to consist with the solemn oath to which these parties have given their assent and consent to *extirpate* Church Government by archbishops, and bishops; when without any doubt the Church of England is, and ever has been since its first plantation by S. Paul, governed by bishops; and which has thus ever maintained the Apostolical Succession which many of her own ill instructed sons, and all these sects reject and despise: although it may be self-evident to any one, not judicially blinded, that it is impossible for Christ's promise to be fulfilled, of being with His apostles from His ascension to the day of judgment, except in the persons and office of their successors. The apostolical succession is a fundamental doctrine of Christianity; for it was to the Apostles and to their successors in office, that the promise was given—"lo, I am with you *always, even unto the end of the world.* Amen.

Let the Greek and Roman Churches be ever so sunk in worse than Heathen idolatry, and marked with the most infamous

apostacy from the faith; yet they, with many other Eastern Churches, have faithfully preserved and carried down the apostolic succession; and it only marks the extreme ignorance of churchmen, and the malignant feeling of *sour grapes* in dissenters, to deny a self evident fact; for let both parties look into the history of England or of any other Country since the Christian era, and they will read of bishops from its earliest annals. The apostolical succession is not, therefore, a matter of *opinion*, but of *FACT*, and of *divine institution*; which it were for their souls' health that they should thankfully accept, and faithfully believe.

The increase of church accommodation has borne no comparison with the increase of the population. In 1801 the amount of population was 8,892,536; the number of places of worship was 15,080; and the number of sittings was 5,171,123; which gave about 58 sittings to every 100 persons; but notwithstanding the enormous emigration that has taken place, the population has advanced from 8,000,000 to 17,927,609, or in round numbers so eighteen millions; the number of places of worship to 34,467; and the sittings to 10,212,563: or about 57 sittings to every 100 persons. It therefore appears there is only accommodation for public worship in the Church and among the dissenters for little more than *one half* of the people; that is for 57 sittings out of every 100 persons; now after this admission from authority, let not the poor be blamed but rather pitied, for not going to church; for there is no room for *poor* sinners; the *rich* sinners appropriate all the church room that can be spared; and this state of things shows the absolute necessity for *ragged churches* as well as for *ragged schools*.

The preceding enumeration includes dissenting places of worship as well as Established Churches. In the Church of England there has been an increase since 1831 of 2000 churches; there being in that year 11,825 churches and chapels; whereas in 1851 the returns to the census office were 13,854 besides 228 places of worship which were not separate buildings, but which were also used for secular purposes. But the increase must be much larger; for Mr. Mann admits that the returns in 1851 were *not perfect*. "The greater portion of this increase," he says, "is attributed to the self extending

power of the Church,—the state not having, in the twenty years, contributed in aid of private benefactions, more than £511,385 towards the erection of 386 churches." In another place he says "The progress of the Church of England has in recent times been very rapid; and conspicuously so within the last twenty years just terminated." And this "progress" has altogether taken place by the Oxford movement which was excited by the resolution of the Reform government to destroy the Church; and Earl Grey's insolent advice to the bishops to "set their house in order." "Lately," he continues, "a sentiment appears to have been strongly prevalent, that the relief of spiritual destitution must not be exclusively devolved upon the state; that Christians in their individual, no less than in their organized capacity, have duties to discharge, in ministering to the land's religious wants. Accordingly, a spirit of benevolence has been increasingly diffused; and private liberality is now displaying fruits, in daily raising churches almost as abundant as in ancient times; distinguished also, advantageously from earlier charity, by being, it may fairly be assumed, the offering of a more enlightened zeal, proceeding from a wider circle of contributors;" who not having the terrors of purgatory before their eyes, and hanging over their heads, have *voluntarily* given their contributions to the honour and glory of God, and the increase of His Church. Talk of the noble edifices of former ages; why they were wrung out of dying sinners, under the vain pretence of expiating a long life of murder, rapacity, and adultery; and they were deprived of a blessing by the tears and curses of the impoverished widow and orphan, whose property was plundered by a rapacious and relentless priesthood, under the pretence of being devoted to the service of God; but as it was *not* voluntary but *forced* by the terrors of superstition, it could not be acceptable to Him; for He loveth a *cheerful* giver, and not one who is constrained by the terrors of purgatory, or in any other way; "*not grudgingly nor of necessity*; for God loveth a *cheerful* giver."

Since the year 1831, a period of twenty years, there have been 2,029 new churches built; and the value of church property has been much increased. In 1831 the number of beneficed clergy was 10,718; and 5,230 stipendary curates; but in 1851 the number of the beneficed and stipendiary clergy

was 18,587, showing an increase of only 2,639 clergymen, notwithstanding the increased population and number of churches. There are also 8521 dissenting ministers, exclusive of the Roman priesthood, whose number it is not so easy to get at owing to their migratory system. In 1831 the number of their mass houses was 397, which in 1851 was increased to 583; and the number of priests is stated to be 875; but it is probable there are many more.

The number of the sittings in these meetings is 186,111; and the number of attendants on the Census Sunday at morning, afternoon and evening masses was 383,630; comparing the number of sittings with the number of attendants, there is sufficient margin for considerable pious frauds and gross exaggeration which no doubt there is; but at the same time, some allowance must be made for the number of the low Irish which squat outside the doors in the mud, even as far as the middle of the street. Allowing one half their numbers to have been absent on the Census day from justifying causes, such as infancy and sickness with those attending on these, and the whole strength of the Popish apostacy in England and Wales is only 767,260, or about three quarters of a million! Nevertheless, this small number by their insolence, audacious assurance and noisy pretensions, keep the whole kingdom in a constant ferment; and have the strong delusion on their own minds and on their tongues that they will trample under foot twenty-one millions of Protestants! But notwithstanding their vain boasting and bullying, their numbers are fast diminishing both in England and in Ireland; for we may ask what becomes of all the Irish immigrants who enter England by thousands? They must either turn Infidel or Protestant; for their numbers would swell the English Papists considerably beyond three quarters of a million, which it appears is the actual strength of the Papal force in England. The following letter extracted from a weekly newspaper shews that the Papists are gradually throwing off the Papal yoke, and appreciating the blessings of which we so unworthily and ungratefully partake in the Church of England: and of which even Dr. Cumming says "Blessed be God that in this land, the Church of England is the established. May He in His mercy perpetuate her to the latest generations."—

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND DESCRIBED BY A CONVERTED ROMANIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH AND STATE GAZETTE.

SIR,—I beg leave to direct your notice and that of your readers to the following remarkable passage, expressed by the party whose designation is appended to it. Speaking of the Church of England, he says:—

“Her forms of prayer and mode of worship are primitive, pure, and simple: and, though I have no objection to subscribe to her Articles, yet I am not required to do so. All that is asked of me is only that bond of common union between Christians—namely, faith in Christ as the Redeemer of the world.

“Independently of my firm belief in the necessity of outward unity, I find that it is in conjunction with the Church of England that I am least subjected to man’s name or authority, and that I can best stand in that liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. She is the bulwark of the reformed faith and of pure evangelical religion. May she never forget her call! God has made England powerful among the nations of the earth. May the Church be an instrument in His hand to carry the light of the Gospel to all the people submitted to her empire! May that Church continue to be built upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the Chief Corner Stone,

A CONVERT FROM ROMANISM.”

W. C. P.

DISPLAY OF LEARNING.—A young squire just returned from his first term at the University, felt disposed to give his parents a specimen of his improvement there. “Father,” said he, “I can chop logic.” “Indeed,” says the father, “how is that Tom?” “Why,” says Tom, “here, dy’e see, father, are a couple of fowls at table; and I can prove that they are three fowls.” “How so,” says the father. “Why,” says Tom, “there’s one; and there’s two,” pointing to the dish; “and one and two make three, you know.” “Well done,” says the father; and turning to his wife said, “Tom’s a conjuror; you take one fowl. wifie, and I’ll eat the other; and Tom shall have the third for his Logic.”

HYPOTHETICALISM.

MUCH Confusion has arisen, not only in the "religious world," but in the Church, owing to the absence of some term, brought into general use, whereby to designate or to define the Low Church Party. By some, the Members of this noisy section, whose great theatre for display is "Exeter Hall," and the principal season the "Merry Month of May," are called "Simeonites;" by others "Gorhamites;" frequently (and not incorrectly) "The Low Tractarian Party;" while, recently, a distinguished Reviewer has named them after their principal organ, from which so many of the fraternity almost exclusively derive their religious views,—"*Recordites*." It is not our present province to pass any further observations upon the fitness or the unfitness of these several designations, than simply to express a feeling of regret, that so many, (and there are others to which we have not called attention) should be in use, thereby producing that unhappy confusion in the Church and in the world to which we have adverted. Now, for this disorder we wish, if possible, to find a remedy; and therefore have we taken up our pen respectfully to suggest, through the medium of the pages of the "Church Warder," the propriety of exclusively adopting the term, placed at the head of this communication, as that best adapted to denominate the party to which allusion is made. It is well known to be, not only most extensively in vogue amongst them, but it is by them most favourably received and adopted; inasmuch as their interpretations of several fundamental doctrines of the Christian Church are exclusively made upon the *hypothetical principle*. In short, upon no other can they make a semblance of justifying their being Churchmen even in name. Their position, as Members of the Anglican branch of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, is eminently apocryphal or *hypothetical*. The notorious Gorhamite decision, with all its wilful misquotations, and

jesuitical evasions of evangelical truth, was adjudicated solely and entirely on the aforesaid *hypothetical principle*. So that this term, being ready made and at hand, may be serviceably brought into general use, to designate all (so called) Churchmen, who, whatever their position, unscripturally deviating from the Catholic or Gospel mode of interpreting the Word of God, have recourse to the "traditions of men which render that Word of none effect;" and all, so acting, can consequently be pointed out as Hypothetical Archbishops, Bishops, Priests, Deacons or Members of the Church, just as the case may happen to be.

M. R.

ANNETSLEIGH:

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

(Continued from page 268.)

CHAPTER V.

———"Rose faint and dim
The incense of our votive hymn;
Cold were men's hearts."

ROSA RAINE.

BRIDGET ANNET was sitting beside her little work-table, thinking. Bridget was a clever girl, and perhaps some would think it tautology to say she was thinking too, because clever people always think. But they were no ordinary thoughts which strained those lively eyes, so that they seemed immovably fixed for ever; it was no trifling matter that which then evidently riveted all the young girl's attention, and caused so manifest a fit of abstraction. A long drawn sigh produced the first sound, and the first, as it were, motionless motion;

and a gust of wind eddying round the house, carried past a cloud of decayed rose leaves, and whistling miserably in the chimney, darkened the gloom which hung on the brow of that solitary thinker. And yet after all, had any one been there to watch that face, they would have seen that the maiden's thoughts were not altogether unpleasant; they seemed rather to betoken a little wavering and doubt; a slight drawback as it were on the very threshold of some not unpleasing project. What might it be? No one may guess. The thimble has rolled away on the carpet, unheeded too; for Lady Annet's small dog, in an unusually good humour for him, has actually condescended to push it lazily beyond the reach of its little fat paw, and is now sleeping as sentinel beside the screen where he has unconsciously hidden it.

Suddenly Bridget seemed to recover herself; she plunged the needle she had been using into the emery cushion which lay on her work table; and gliding to the Piano, began listlessly and slowly to play "The Harmonious Blacksmith," much to the annoyance of the dog, who disliked every species of music from the Harp to the dustman's-bell, accompanying the latter whenever he fell in with its bearer in the streets of the neighbouring town, with the most discordant ditty that a pet King Charles with the asthma, was ever guilty of. To day, however, he seemed to share in his young mistress's feelings; for after one discontented look, a grunt, and a sigh, he plunged his head between his fore-paws, and resignedly composed himself to sleep. A gloomy darkness gradually spread itself over everything; the light, though it was noon-day, grew less and less; and presently the rain began to descend in torrents.

"Ah!" exclaimed Bridget, stopping in the middle of a bar, "so it has come at last, and Papa was right."

Certainly, nothing could be more miserable; the rain came down harder and harder every minute, and lashed against the

windows with vehemence as every fresh gust of wind swept by. The dog had evidently begun to dream of the tempest; for he raised his head without opening his eyes and growled twice. Bridget ran to the window, and stood for several minutes watching the rain, and lamenting the destruction of the beautiful flowers, which only a few hours before had sparkled like so many jewels on the emerald lawn, and which were now either shattered in pieces and borne away by the whirlwind, or beaten down, in destroying safety, into the streaming mud of the little quaintly shaped parterres. It was indeed a dismal sight, and Bridget never felt half so unhappy or so wretched in her life. Again she resorted to "The Harmonious Blacksmith," to "The English Cathedrals," and her other favorite books one after the other; but it was all of no use; every fresh attempt at amusement grew more and more wearisome; so betaking herself again to the window, she stood as a last resort watching the storm which was still raging with unabated fury.

All the rest of the family had left early in the morning for the neighbouring town, while the treacherous sun was yet shining scorchingly, yet not so deceitfully as to prevent the quick eye of Sir George Annet from uttering a prediction about probabilities, which only produced a little ridicule about his being "an evil prophet," and "knowing nothing whatever about the weather."

"The wind is north," said Lady Annet, "and I never knew rainy weather yet with a north-wind."

In short, all agreed that the day would be a very fine one in spite of Sir George's evil predictions and superior knowingness, and he very good-naturedly allowed the wishes of the others to quash his own convictions, and with a cheerful voice ordered the carriage to be got ready, and drove them to Abbotsbury.

This was a small but romantic country town, four miles from Annetsleigh. Its Abbey, of which the ruins were most extensive and interesting, attracted a great many visitors in the summer months, and the recent opening of a Branch Line in connection with the Great Western, had increased their number five-fold.

These noble remains were the object of the day's excursion, and certainly, no one ever took more pleasure in lionizing beautiful ruins, or in expatiating on the skill of the architect, and the avarice and ruthlessness of the destroyers, than did Sir George Annet as he shewed the tower where the last Abbot was hanged, and pointed out the little chamber still standing, in which the white haired old man had boldly confronted the armed Commissioners, and refused to surrender his trust. So he was really practising honest self-denial in condemning the weather, but the glass had fallen very much during the night, and Sir George who regulated all his movements by that, in his estimation, infallible guide, felt quite convinced in his own mind that in spite of all appearances externally, so great and sudden a change on the face of his talisman had not taken place for nothing.

But it is very difficult to convince a large party, who have been thinking all the previous day, and dreaming all the previous night of a pleasure trip, in the face of a bright sunny morning, that the afternoon will be at least very wet, not to say tempestuous. Such persons, as an almost invariable rule, say what they wish, instead of what they really think about the weather; and uniformly substitute the word think for wish—think it will be, for wish it were, a fine day! But Sir George, as we have said, gave up his own purpose though not his own opinion; and after an early breakfast, all except Bridget started for Abbotsbury, full of hopes and good spirits. Sir George quietly took a large carriage umbrella, which caused a

heartily laugh; and Lady Annet, with whose comfort the said tent of green long-cloth rather interfered, at least she complained of its "filling up the carriage," said:—

"George, why will you be so obstinate as to take that incumbrance? I wonder you don't take your Barometer!"

William quietly took the offending article, and by dint of some trouble, pushed it under the seat in such a manner, that although it left very little room for his own feet, it no longer incommoded Lady Annet; and being "out of sight," was soon "out of mind" as well. The horses were in good order, and as they bounced along the carriage path and through the quaint lodge gates, all wreathed as they were with the loveliest roses, and most beautiful flowers of every kind, Sir George's umbrella certainly seemed quite unnecessary; and all the party, except its confiding owner, were unanimous in thinking the glass guilty of a hoax.

But the vanity of human wishes, and their utter inability to rule the elements, soon became apparent. The distant clouds which Sir George had long before pointed out, "coming up against the wind, a very bad sign," gradually assumed a darker and more leaden hue; the lighter and more fleecy clouds seemed one after another to join the threatening map; and just as the merry party dismounted in the field-way to the Abbey, Sir George declared with a very serious face, that he had felt two drops of rain on his cheek, and one on the back of his hand; and presently the whole party were obliged to confess the speedy approach of "a passing shower." But it did not pass; on came the clouds steadily and surely, and down came the large drops, falling at intervals on the turf with a dead sullen sound, increasing in size and rapidity. They suffered the coachman to drive into the Inn which was close at hand, and retreated into the cloisters "to wait the shower," (as they said) which had drivn Bridget to the consolation of "The

Harmonious Blacksmith." But the rain increased every minute; and heavy gusts of wind, each sweeping blast more violent and more close after its predecessor, swept the rain through the shattered arches of the cloisters to such a degree, that our party could with difficulty keep themselves tolerably dry. The large umbrella, which Sir George had not forgotten to take out of the carriage, was now brought into requisition—to the no small triumph of its worthy owner, who declared his intention to wreak his vengeance on the rest by denying them the shelter of the abused protector. Of course he did just the contrary, and gave it up altogether to Lady Annet and her daughter, who by its aid in front, combined with the shelter of the cloister roof, managed to keep respectably dry.

"Well!" said Sir George, after all these arrangements had been made in silence, "I have no consolation for you; this rain will unquestionably last the whole day; the wind has veered round to the south-west, and in a few minutes there won't be a speck of blue sky visible as large as my pocket-handkerchief."

To this decree, in spite of the manifest fulfilment of the first prophecy, no one assented.

"The wind certainly has changed," said Lady Annet, looking up at the vane on the tower of S. Cuthbert's Church; "yes! and I declare it is south, or something very like it; still I am very sanguine about its clearing, it was so fine."

No one ventured a remark; for in spite of all their wishes it soon became pretty evident that a positive tempest was coming on. The wind grew louder and more violent, and before long fragments of stone began to loiter on the summits of the ruin threatening to fall; and every now and then a great block fell, some of them not far from the feet of the excursionists, with a heavy rumbling sound, or splashed in one of the many pools which the torrent had made amongst the

ruins. The Ladies began to be terribly frightened, and Mr. Warborough at once volunteered, as the change in the wind had rendered the umbrella unnecessary, by driving the rain in an opposite direction from the cloister windows, to venture across the green sward which glistening in summer loveliness when they arrived, was now a swamp; and bring the carriage as close to the cloister as the nature of the ground admitted. Mr. Benson and Sir George, both wished to undertake the office themselves, each eager to save the other from the drenching which it seemed impossible to escape; but Mr. Warborough having been the first to propose, insisted on his right to perform the feat, seized the great green umbrella, and without more ado boldly stepped out into the storm. The imprisoned party watched him from within with amusement, not unmixed with anxiety, however; for surely never was Parson in so sad a plight. On he marched bravely enough, splashing his way through the long streaming grass, and evidently almost unable to carry the umbrella in the teeth of such a gale. But he struggled manfully against it, for its shelter was far from being contemptible; and it was well worth while to keep off the flood in some measure by a little fatigue of his arms. At last he turned the corner of the ruined Refectory, and was lost to their sight. Pleasant as was the prospect of a comfortable shelter in the carriage which would soon set them all down again at the door of happy Annetsleigh, there were some very disagreeable associations connected with the means of getting into it in the first place. All around, large masses of carved stone, pillars, capitals, corbels, and all the etceteras of an extensive ruin of this kind, were scattered on the ground in such profusion, as to render it perfectly impossible for any vehicle to advance beyond an open green sward, at least a hundred yards from the place where they stood. The wet grass was very long; and the only protection was the green umbrella,

which, Sir George consoled them by saying, could not possibly reach the Inn without being blown inside out! How slowly the time seemed to pass! the rain fell harder than ever; and the old grim faces cawed on the corbels and on most of the bosses of the groined roof of the cloister and seemed to look down on the dispirited group, and grin defiance.

Still Mr. Warborough and the carriage did not make their appearance, and with very good reason; for at the very moment when the poor disheartened prisoners thought the Parson should have returned long ago, he had just crossed the threshold of the Inn, and was looking for a safe place for the umbrella; afraid to leave it in the passage, lest several equivocal looking characters who were standing there for shelter, should be induced to form too Owenitish a view of its convenience; and equally afraid to carry it into the parlour into which he was ushered while the horses were being put in, as he foresaw that the inevitable result would be a considerable pool of water wherever it should be deposited; and he was unwilling to damage the carpet, on the newness of which mine host of "the Abbot's Arms" made a few remarks, casting at the same time a look of mingled suspicion and concern upon the dripping tabernacle which "Parson Warborough" held in his hand.

"This way, Sir," said a small stable-boy, rushing in at his master's call, and addressing the streaming ecclesiastic: "Job is putting to the 'osses as fast as 'a can, and I'm a after minthioning to you, Sir, as how I'll take that 'ere large umbereller of yourn out behind." And the boy, suiting the deed to the word, took the offending article from the unresisting Parson, and was out of sight in a minute.

"That's a sharp lad, Sir," said the Landlord; and Mr. Warborough thought so too. "This is a precious turn out of a day, Sir," continued the Publican, "after one of the finest mornings ever was! yet I had my suspicions, and my woman

said— 'John, those clouds look peculiar ;' but I never dreamed of such a terrible storm ; the weather is really tempestuous."

"It is, indeed," said Mr. Warborough.

"Why, yes Sir, my owld woman is— Jane you know, Sir ; I married her from your parish, now thirty-five years gone the twenty-seventh of October—no, November—next November, Sir ; you know the cottage with the dark mousey-coloured thatch, and the little wood porch, down in yonder croft, away behind the mill?" Mr. Warborough nodded assent. "Yes, Sir! well there she lived ; her father was a soldier, and he fought, Sir, in the battle of Waterloo—a brave man he was in his time, six feet two without his shoes—fine old fellow : but he's dead now, been dead this three years gone or more. Well, Sir, that was my Jane lived down there ; she hav'nt had the heart to go down to the owld cottage since her owld father died. 'Twas'nt in your time, Sir ; Parson Simpson 'twas ; Jane was his favourite Sunday-school girl, and he published the Banns and he married us all himself, and he gave us that tea-caddy there for a house-warming—well, Sir, what was I a saying? Law! I was talking about the weather, as how Jane—but then, Sir, when people do come to think about old times, somehow or other they get talking, and forget the subject they began upon ; but she's a good judge of the weather, so very good I scarcely ever knew her wrong ; and she said the first thing in the morning, 'I'll tell 'e what it es ; although the sun is so bright, we shall have plenty of rain before the day is out ; and much to me if it es'nt a pelting flood.'"

"Other people thought so too," said Mr. Warborough ; "but the sun was so tempting that you see we were taken in by his flattery ; and now, see, how unhandsomely he has served us."

But all further conversation was now put an end to by the sudden entry of Job, dripping wet, and looking the picture of unhappiness and discontent.

"The carriage is ready, Sir, and the rain is harder than ever, and the horses will be half-killed, and I'm into skin; so I think, Sir, the more haste we make the better."

Mr. Warborough thought so too; and in a few minutes he was seated in the carriage, and was being driven rapidly towards the Abbey, disconsolably thinking over how he could possibly get the Ladies into it; and dreamily musing on the long wet grass, and on Miss Annet's new muslin dress; which, for some private reasons of her own, she had put on that morning, in spite of Sir George's predictions.

(To be continued.)

THE COLONIST;

OR WHERE IS HE?

BEING, RECOLLECTIONS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

(Continued from page 273.)

CHAPTER IX.

OUR readers have probably guessed that De Font did not pay much attention to the "Sub's" Notice in Hall. To stay inside the gates on the 5th of November! Not to join in, or even to see, the event to which he had been looking forward, ever since he first heard his going to the University mooted at home—that magnificent medley of fists and broken noses, of iron-soled shoes and dilapidated shins—of ostlers and juvenile squires, of customers and shop-boys, with no counter in the midst, nor any rule of etiquette or manners understood to be necessary; of broadcloth and cordu-roys, of square trenchers and Jim Crows—in a word of TOWN and GOWN! Not go! How could Lewis for a moment entertain the idea in his crazy knowing noddle! Not go! What is to prevent? Noise and fighting are inconvenient to the inhabitants, and skuffling with

"cads" is anything but proper! "Very good," said De Font, but the Proctors will be there, and why should they come for nothing; they'd be disappointed if there were no row, and I'm sure old Richards would enjoy a fight as much as I should!"

At five o'clock the Chapel Bell rang for Hall, and soon small groups of men were seen emerging from the various staircases, and entering the Hall. But the attendance was very thin; an ordinary observer would have fancied dinner was very unpopular on that particular day; or he would have thought there was a steeple chase in the neighbourhood, which always decimates a Hall.

De Font, of course, was not there, his favorite "handy for helping" place, near the door, which every one else gladly gave up to him on account of the draught, which was abominable, was empty for once at least. He had taken a good luncheon, and he was looking forward to a hearty supper at half-past ten o'clock. Alas! the vanity of human wishes! Little did De Font know then, where he would sup that night!

Perhaps it would be as well to draw a veil over what followed: may be the events of that memorable evening were better forgotten for ever than chronicled here. Yet we have followed our hero thus far, and it is the duty of a faithful narrator not to stop short of his mark, or to shrink from revealing the whole truth, when fiction would go far to disfigure and spoil what is "almost too good to be true," but which, nevertheless, we would rather diminish than exaggerate.

Darker and darker became that dull November evening; the streets were full of mist, only here and there enlivened by a feeble lamp, struggling in vain to force its languid beams through darkness visible. The shops are all shut—annual experience has taught the Oxford tradesman a lesson on the subject of broken glass which will not speedily escape his memory; and now an hour before the usual time, shop after

shop deprives the street of its light, and, like a snail, shrinks back into its shell. Here and there a solitary gownsman slowly paces up the High, and through the Turl into the Broad, a *rara avis*; all ladies have long ago retreated, anticipating the contest by at least three hours, and hiding away, instead of coming forth boldly, like the Sabine maidens, and delivering Oxford from its annual revolution by throwing themselves into the midst. Nevertheless we, as a quiet individual, admire their good sense in keeping out of the way; the circumstances are less interesting than the little Sabine "Row," at Rome, and the attempt might end in a melancholy and not very comfortable failure! Of this we are quite sure that De Font, who abominated women "because they are always in the way, and can't fight," would not have hesitated to have knocked down the fairest damsel in the world, if she were rash enough to venture across his path, and if she met him coming down the Town and Gown ranks in the capacity of a "Conquering Hero." But the night is wearing apace. What is this strange dark mass of living something rushing, down the Turl? Onward it comes, nearer and nearer, darker and darker, larger still, and larger as it approaches, louder and louder with its war-cry. Are these the quiet students of the cloisters of Wykeham, the Demies of Waynflete, the Post-masters of Merton, the children of Great Tom of Christ-church? Yes, here they come, a goodly phalanx, sweeping the streets, as they pass onward, at a speed somewhat exceeding quick march, and valiantly ploughing their way with brave hearts and fearless steps through the night air! They have passed Exeter, yet no one opposes them; onward they rush, bold and free. But hark! see! What is this sudden uproar! A body of the Town has rushed down Brasenose Lane, and cut short the valiant course of the Gowned Phalanx! Now, indeed, they have something to do in the way of fighting! Reader, whosoever

thou art, if thou art sceptical about this fact, let us put the case home to your own self, and judge thou of how thou wouldest like to have been in that fray!

There they are at the corner of Lincoln, fifty of the Town against five-and-thirty of the Gown, really fighting with all the desperation of a general action. The Town are not scrupulous in the choice of weapons; and very hard toes are frequently called in as effective allies of fists of the consistency and size of tortoises. The fight thickens, and ere a few minutes that far-famed corner is one hopeless mass of confusion and uproar, as viewed from the windows above.

But see! there is treachery going on! Some one in that old gable is up to mischief. The combatants are two eager to detect anything that is going on above them: in the darkness they could hardly, (if they had not as much as they could do already to take care of their eyes, and ward off the antecedents of black ones,) have descried that small figure whom we, from our elevated window opposite, see so easily, crouching down behind the old gable. We saw, clearly enough, that he was up to some mischief, so we applied ourself to the task of narrowly watching his proceedings. There he reclined, in the dark impenetrable shadow; far above the seat of war, and motionless, except when at intervals he stepped forth from his concealment to watch the living mass beneath. See, the Gown have been repulsed, and the victorious Town are leaning and pressing against the wall immediately under him, anxious to cut off the retreat, and make the best of their success. He has seen it, and now his time is come evidently, for he is hurrying back into the angle, and appears again, in less than no time, on the parapet with something in his hand. What can it be? Oh! there is no longer room for doubt—our flesh creeps as we write it—it is a large black awful looking kettle full of boiling water! See, he has placed it on one of the

battlements, and now he is raising it, and lowering the fatal spout. There it comes—yes, boiling, we can see the stream, as the dark current descends upon the hapless heads of the hurraing Town! What an ignominious termination to so glorious a victory! What a paltry instrument to turn the scale—not the ladies of Oxonia, certainly, but “Sukey,” positively Sukey! Oh, it was too bad! but, perhaps you may say, good readers, a legitimate stratagem of war. At all events it had the desired effect, the rout was complete; and well it might be, for what neeks, however brazen, or covered with however tough a hide, could stand the application of a cataract of boiling water.

But there was vengeance in store for the miscreant who had been guilty of the overt act; for by and bye, when the Turf was quiet, and the battle was raging in Beaumont Street, we noticed a few of the scalded combatants return along the shadow of the cottage, and quietly apply the crushing compliments of a half-dozen brickbats to the windows of the hero of the boiling tea-kettle. But where was *our* hero? Could we have been in that fight which Sukey dissipated, we should have seen many a nose crumpled up, and shedding a crimson stream of gore, by the influence of his well directed fists; we should have seen his victories, and we should have seen his fall. He was foremost in the battle; and there had been no need of boiling water, had not his championship been cut unexpectedly short. But while blow after blow was doing untold execution, the strong arm of a Bull-dog seized De Font, and the stern visage of the Proctor stared him in the face. “Go home to your College, Sir, you are one of the most seditious; return immediately.” The Proctor would have gone with him, could he have been spared; but that was impossible; so he told De Font that he trusted to his honour to return. But De Font’s honour was honour in the use of the fist and the boxing-glove,

and whether Richards meant this, or any other sort, he did not think it necessary to enquire; but, winding his way around Ship Street, and up Market Street, in a few minutes he was in the Turl in the thickest of the fight again! His energies were aroused by the interval of, to him, vexatious do-nothingness, so he fought like a lion, forgetting all danger from behind. Three of the foe had already fallen prostrate at his feet, and, amid loud hurras, he—the acknowledged Champion of the Gown—was rushing on to demolish the stability of a fourth, when, he again became sensible of the unpleasant contiguity of the Proctor, and in half a second was listening quite appalled to a solemn voice:—"Sir, you are a most seditious fellow; I insist upon your name and College; I can no longer allow you to run wild in the streets, and must fulfil the unpleasant duty of conducting you to your rooms!" De Font hesitated. Oh! unlucky hesitation! Would for truth sake, for his own sake, he had at once done what was right, and made an honourable answer! But that minute's delay gave the tempter a chance: tell him a wrong name suggested the Evil one, and De Font did not recollect that discovery was certain. He answered—"My name is Toblat of ——— College!" Had he said Toby it would not have been more true; but at all events it would have been less false. "Come, then," said the Proctor; and away they marched to ——— College, in company with a Proctor's policeman—*vulgo*, a bull-dog. It was eleven o'clock, and most likely the moon got behind a cloud as the two stopped at the great gate of ——— College. It was the work of a minute to ring the bell, and presently De Font heard the key turning in the lock of a gate of a College which he had never taken the trouble to enter in his life! At last the porter appeared with a little dark lantern in his hand. When he saw the Proctor he stood back, as that functionary brought forward poor trembling De Font, and began to push him into

the gate-way, saying: "Here, take this gentleman, he has been most troublesome in the street."—"Mr. Toblat, of this College I believe," he added, as he saw the Porter's surprised stare. "Never see'd the gentleman before in all my life, Sir. No gentleman of that name, Sir, in our College. Never see'd him afore, nor heerd his name!" So saying, the burly Cerberus closed the gate, and left the astonished Proctor staring at the trembling and detected De Font! "Sir, you have deceived me! What is your name and College?" Our hero was so overawed by the inextricability of the scrape he found himself in, that he answered in a moment. "De Font, of — and soon he found himself within his own legitimate Quad. "Good night, Sir," said the Proctor; "you will find me in my rooms to-morrow morning, at ten." In spite of all this, and the tribunal in prospect, our hero, we will answer for it, slept soundly all night. But hark, Great Tom is pealing forth, and a white neck-tied Scout is blandly conducting De Font to the Proctor's room; in a minute the door is shut, and he finds himself in the august presence of "the Sleeves." "Good-morning, Sir, pray be seated!" said that awful occupant of a low, long wainscotted room, full of marvellous shaped tables, all piled up with great rolls of papers like a lawyers office. De Font sat down. "My business is a very painful one; you have been detected," said the Sleeves, "in a fragrant contempt of orders, disobedience to discipline, and carelessness of truth. I do not find your name in the Black Book, so, as this is the first offence, we shall inflict a less severe punishment on you than your conduct merits. We sentence you to leave this city before ten o'clock to-morrow evening, and to remain in banishment during the remainder of this term, and the whole of next term; and you may think yourself very lucky you are not expelled!"—"Good morning to you!" continued the Sleeves, rising, and turning his back on De Font, as he

made his exit in silence. Before long he was hurrying along the Northern Railway; and never was a rustication more acceptable than to him!

(To be continued.)

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

A person of some property lived at Taunton, who had repeatedly filled the office of Overseer with much credit and integrity; but he was a remarkably nervous subject; and perhaps he carried hypochondria farther than most people. He would keep the house for several weeks, under an idea of there being danger in going out. Sometimes he thought he was a cat seated on his hind quarters, and occasionally spitting at the person who brought him food; at others, he would fancy himself a teapot, and stand with one arm akimbo like the handle, with the other stretched out like the spout. But his last imaginary state was the most singular; for he imagined himself to be dead; and he would not be moved till the coffin came. Never having carried his "thick coming fancies" so far before, his wife, in serious alarm, sent for a surgeon, who addressed him with his usual salutation,—“Mr. — how do you do this morning?”

“Do,” replied he in a low voice; “a pretty question to ask a dead man!”

“Dead, sir! What do you mean?”

“Yes, I died last Wednesday; the coffin will be here presently, and I shall be buried to-morrow.”

The surgeon immediately thought of a scheme that promised success. With a steady countenance he felt his pulse; and shaking his head, said, I find “it is indeed too true; you are certainly defunct; the blood is in a state of stagnation; putri-

faction is about to take place, and the sooner you are buried the better."

The coffin arrived; he was carefully placed in it, and carried towards the church. The surgeon, perfectly acquainted with his character, knew where he was vulnerable, and had given instruction to several neighbours how to proceed. The procession had scarcely moved a dozen yards, when a person stopt to enquire who they were carrying to the grave?—

"Mr. —, our late worthy overseer."

"What! is the old rogue gone at last?"

The imaginary deceased no sooner heard this attack on his character, than he jumped up, and in a threatening posture said; "you lying scoundrel, "if I was not dead, I would make you suffer for what you have said; but as it is, I am forced to submit." He then quietly lay down again; but ere they had proceeded half way to church, another party stopt the procession with the same enquiry; but added invective and abuse. This was more than our supposed corpse could bear; he was wrought up to a degree of frenzy; and jumping from the coffin, was in the act of following his defamers; when the whole party burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; which so far abashed the valitudinarian, that he became ashamed of the public exposure; and awakening to a proper sense of his folly, he fought against the weakness and in the end conquered it.

OPEN AIR PREACHING:—The Rev. W. Wilkinson, incumbent of S. Mary's, Sheffield, has commenced open air preaching on Sunday afternoons. The Rev. gentleman does not restrict his street preaching to any one locality, but holds a service in any part of his district where he can obtain the ear of the largest number of those within his pastoral charge who are not in the practice of attending any place of worship.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE CHURCHMAN'S LIBRARY.
Masters, 1853.

This is a series of very small tracts, with stiff covers, containing generally about forty pages each: the subject of the tract before us is the misapplication of the words "Catholic and Protestant;" and showing the necessity and importance of care in the selection of words. These two words are now in common use to denote two divisions of the Catholic or Universal Church. The Romanists have long usurped and appropriated the title; because they assume that their small portion of the Church which is in communion with the Pope, is alone the whole and Universal Church of Christ; and that every other branch of the Church, whether true and orthodox, or which are only Churches in name, is heretical; has no pretensions to the Spirit of Christ; and that all their members must be damned; because, in rejecting and protesting against Papal usurpations and false doctrines, there is no possibility of their salvation. Every true branch of the Universal Church is a Catholic Church: and we may say the English Catholic Church with much more propriety than we usually call the Papal Churches the Roman Catholic Church; for it appears to the writer that since the Council of Trent, the Papal Communion can scarcely deserve the name of a Christian Church: because all her heresies, guilt of blood, and open apostacy were clenched and rivetted upon her by that mock Council.

We have never heard that the Greek or Eastern Church is called Protestant; nevertheless she protests more vehemently than even we

do against the Pope, and against some of his doctrines; and the word Protestant is generally confined to those portions of the Western Church which has rejected the Papal supremacy, and cleansed the sanctuary from Papal idolatry. The word Protestant was first applied to the Elector of Saxony and other Princes who protected Luther, and protested against an instance of the Papal Church's doctrine reduced to practice, of keeping *no faith* with heretics; since when, all religious bodies in the Western Church, which have "come out of" the Augean stable of Rome's filthiness, have been denominated PROTESTANT. Almost every one of the Thirty-nine Articles is a *protest* against some or other of Rome's false doctrines and usurpations. In the Papal vocabulary *Protestant* means heretic, and *Heretic* means Protestant; but we despise such pharisaical cant, and *protest* against it; for, like the first Christians, after the way that Papists call *heresy*, we worship the God of our fathers; believing all things which are written in His Word, which is the only rule of the Faith. The concluding sentence of the Tract shows where the writer's affection lies,—“We are constrained to sayand feel that *Protestantism* which began with Luther, has now, by a succession of developments, come to little more than another word for *Infidelity*, or a *disbelief* of the great fundamental truths of the Gospel.”

A CONTROVERSIAL CORRESPONDENCE between the Rev. Paul Maclachlan, Roman Catholic Priest, in Falkirk; and R. W.

Kennard, Esq., of Grahamston, late Sheriff of London & Middlesex. London: Wertheim and Mackintosh.

This momentous correspondence began in the Glasgow "Free Press" and the "Falkirk Herald;" and it arose out of a very trivial remark respecting the quality of the roads in Spain, which made father Paul jump to the conclusion that more was meant than met the ear; and that under cover of a complaint against the roads of Spain, an attack on its superstitions was intended; accordingly, up starts the priest and discharges all the usual acrimonious libels and false accusations of his party on the reformed Catholic Church of England, of which his lay antagonist is a worthy member. Very soon this small-informed priest found himself in the grasp of a giant; and he felt the truth of the familiar adage of his own country, that it is better to "*let sleeping dogs lie.*"

Father Paul attacks Mr. Kennard on the subject of private judgment; which he asserts that the Church of England holds: and he afterwards "proves in his own way" that she does not hold: and then having raised a man of straw, proceeds with the usual mendacious license of Popish disputants to demolish it. But here the Church of England has an advocate of whom she may be justly proud; he says "private judgment is not knowledge, neither is it religion; but it is the way to knowledge, and knowledge is necessary to religion.....In claiming to exercise the faculties of our own minds, in order that we may discern and embrace the truth, we reject no help that God has given us. To the teaching of wise, and learned and holy men in our own Church, we give a dutiful attention, because

their teaching gives what we need—instruction from the word of God—and we are earnestly and affectionately invited to read and judge for ourselves whether the instruction given be not in exact accordance with that Word. But when you and your Church tell us to believe and trust you, *without enquiring, without understanding, without reason*, we tell you that you have abandoned this mission which Christ gave to His Church, and made yourselves unworthy to be the teachers of reasonable beings."

Every man, therefore, is bound to exercise a judgment of discretion as to whether or not he will believe any doctrine or dogma that may be proposed to him: but this the Church of Rome denies, and her hierarchy pretends to exercise a judgment of *authority* from which she allows neither dissent nor appeal. Notwithstanding father Paul's opinion to the contrary, we say advisedly, that this is blasphemy; for the blessed Apostles themselves were only *witnesses* of the facts and the faith; and can the Church of Rome show that she has an *authority* to which the Apostles did not lay claim; for the most distinguished of them disclaimed all *dominion* over the faith of Jesus Christ by which we stand; but said they were rather fellow-workers of that joy which we shall experience in faith and obedience. But the Church of Rome claims to be the *mistress* of all other Churches; and, as such, she speaks with an *usurped authority*, and as a *judge* in matters of faith, as if she were *infallible* in reality instead only in pretension; she consequently undermines the faith and renders it dependant on her variable decisions; for it is her doctrine that it is the living speaking authority, that is the Pope, who

regulates her faith : therefore it is uncertain, and liable to change with every new Pope. Private judgment being prohibited as an unpardonable heresy, her people must change their faith with every change of Pope : because they *must* believe whatever is propounded to them by their living infallible head ; and as Ignatius says (cited by Mr. K.) "That we may not err in anything, we ought ever to hold it as a *fixed principle*, that what I see *white* I believe to be *black*, if the hierarchical church so define it to be !" But we must receive all the Articles of the Creed by the exercise of private judgement, that is by a judgement of discretion or opinion ; and of this God alone is the judge, because He knows the heart ; but to submit our faith implicitly to the *authority* of the Pope, or to any set of men, is to submit God Himself and all divine things to *human judgement*, which although father Paul and the Pope will not allow ; yet without hesitation we say it is blasphemous.

Mr. Kennard has the candour to publish his antagonists letters along with his own answers : and thereby we are enabled to see the audacious falsehoods which are asserted by father Paul to support the pretensions of his Church. The word *antichrist* is not mentioned by either of the disputants ; and although the Church of Rome has not renounced the faith absolutely ; yet it may be a grave question for father Paul to answer, whether or not the *new faith* imposed by the *authority* of the present Pope touching the blessed Virgin, be not *antichristianism*. We are taught by the Church, and by holy writ, to believe that Jesus is the only mediator betwixt God and man ; but Pius IX. says with infallible authority, that Mary

is the alone mediatrix, in whom his own and his Church's whole hope is fixed. Is not this therefore a *renunciation* of the faith ? And as he imposes this impious doctrine on his whole communion, or as it is now affected to be called, the Roman obedience, has not the whole Papal Church become Antichristian ? A new light seems to break in upon us ; for although S. John's description of THE Antichrist does not at present apply to either the Pope or to his Church ; yet his last development of the Papal faith is a long stride towards it : as it appears to us that the adoption of the Virgin as the alone mediatrix is a virtual denial of the Son ; when perhaps the next development will be the denial of the Father also. (S. John *ē*. 22, 23.) But the Apostle goes on to say "*Whosoever DENIETH THE SON, the same hath NOT THE FATHER.*" If our inference be correct, the head of the Papal Church has denied the Son, and called upon those under "his obedience" to do the same : therefore the melancholy conclusion is that the whole Papal Communion is THE ANTICHRIST, and has fulfilled our Lord's prediction that, at His second coming to judge the Great Midianitish woman, He shall *not find faith* in the earth.

Father Paul has the temerity to deny that the Roman Church ever persecuted those whom they falsely denounce heretics, and throws the odium of such antichristian conduct on the secular arm. This, Mr. K. triumphantly confutes by extracts from papal bulls and rescripts ; and by showing that the ecclesiastical authorities *first* tried, tortured and condemned their victims ; and then handed them over to the civil power, as their executioners. But, as Nathan assured

David that he had killed Uriah, by the sword of the Children of Ammon; so the *Popish Church alone* is guilty of all the innocent blood that has been shed by order of that Church, from the days of the infamous Hildebrand down to the last Protestant that was shot in Ireland at the present day.

Our limits will not permit us to give anything like a proper notice of these most interesting and highly useful pamphlets; when the third one is published they will form a good sized 8vo. volume, and be a text book on the Popish Controversy. The letters are written with the utmost, we might say an excess of courtesy; and will give no offence in that particular to the most fastidious admirers of popish sayings and doings. We recommend them for their intrinsic value, for their mild and charitable style, and for the comprehensive and conclusive information which they embody upon a controversy which the papists themselves have forced on us as a struggle for our very being as a Church of Christ. These letters are too damaging to popery to be permitted to be read by the members of the Church of Rome: and perhaps father Paul is now doing penance for having provoked their publication; but they will be of infinite service to the cause of Truth, and we trust they will be extensively read by those who have no interdict placed on their mental faculties.

THE YOUNG DRUMMER. Harrison, Leeds. Second Edition.

This is a very interesting Tale of the Russian Campaign under the elder Bonaparte. The scenes of insolent brutality of the Grand

Army towards the inhabitants of friendly states through which it passed, are vividly described. The romantic adventures and marvellous escapes of the good and youthful hero of the piece, will excite an intense interest in the hearts and imaginations of young readers. It is not without its romance, its comedy and its tragedy; but the young drummer escapes all the horrors of the retreat from Moscow; and regains his father's fireside after he had been given up for lost.

The Gazette of the Association for promoting the repeal of all Taxes on Knowledge, has given up making any further efforts for this year for the repeal of the paper duty; and their whole energies are to be devoted to the abolition of the Newspaper Stamps, which will inundate the Kingdom with cheap Newspapers.

THE LIFE OF GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, (Houlston and Stoneman) Is one of the best of our small Biographies, and very cheap. Gerhard was a beautiful character; and his sayings and doings cannot be too generally known, or too highly appreciated. There is a marvellous spirituality pervading every page, and his must be a heart of stone who does not profit by their perusal. We pray God to enable us to follow His blessed Saints, in all honesty and virtuous living, and this surely was one of them. We recommend the volume most cordially; and hope that the large sale which it has already enjoyed may be indefinitely extended.

THE
CHURCH WARDER,
And Domestic Magazine.

No. CI.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

VOL. VIII.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

IN our notice of Mr. Kennard's valuable pamphlets, we had occasion to make some remarks on the "right of private judgment;" and we shall now resume the subject more in detail.

Without the exercise of that discretionary judgment with which we have been endowed, we should be mere automata; capable only of moving, acting and thinking, just as the designing men who direct our judgments should incite us. This is notoriously the case in the Roman Church, where the people must move, act and think, according to the word of command of the *director* of their consciences. In consequence of this despotism, Pope Pius IV confirmed a new Creed, and imposed it upon that part of the Church which yielded him obedience; and as in that Church the exercise of private judgment is strictly prohibited, the people were compelled to adopt the new Creed; and as the perusal of the Word of God was at the same time denied them, they had no means of exercising a discretionary judgment, whether or not the *new* gospel imposed on them, was in accordance with the doctrines which the Apostles taught; or whether or not, they would or would not, believe them. It was a species of Jeddart justice—hang *first*, and try *afterwards*. The new faith, imposed on the Roman Church, is a *perversion* of the gospel of Christ; for which, according to S. Paul's decision, they have incurred an anathema; for, says the apostle, if any man, or even an angel from heaven, should preach any *other* gospel than that which he and the other apostles had taught, and that the Galatian Church had received, "let him be accursed." Gal. I. 7—10.

But every word of the Trent or new Roman Creed is *another gospel*, and that clinched too, by an oath to maintain it to their last breath; they declare that no man can be saved unless he holds the Trent faith; and those are declared "to be worthy of an eternal curse, who, by their teaching or followers, oppose this new faith; therefore, the Church of Rome has incurred the curse denounced by S. Paul against every man who may teach or preach any doctrine, contrary to that faith which he and the other apostles had delivered to the whole Church.

There is no mistake about that; but how could either the clergy or the people assuredly know, whether or not a *new gospel* or Creed was, propounded for their acceptance, unless they could exercise their own judgments; how could they try and examine those who pretend to have the Spirit, if they were shut up from forming an opinion; and even on the solemn subject of the Lord's Supper, S. Paul said he spoke to wise and discerning men who were capable of forming an opinion, and he desired them to judge of what he said. 1 Cor. X. 19. But according to the Roman system, such recommendations would have been a mockery; for according to her established doctrine—ROME has spoken, and therefore the cause is finished! Not so with our Lord and His apostles. For, although they delivered the faith without debate or appeal; yet they called on their hearers to exercise a discretionary judgment, whether or not they would believe their doctrines. Our Lord referred always to the Scriptures of the Old Testament, and cited them to confirm His teaching; and S. Paul commended the noble conduct of the Bereans, because they exercised their discretionary judgment, and searched the Scriptures daily, to make sure whether or not that gospel which they had received with all readiness of mind, was consistent with the Old Testament which was then the only written word of God. Although S. Paul's teaching was infallible yet he approved of that exercise of private judgment, which induced the Bereans to "search the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so;" and the natural consequence of their exercising a judgment of discretion was, "that many of them believed."

The Church of England recognises this discretionary judgment, by not only reading the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament whensoever we meet for public worship; but she

prays that the Author of all good things will give us grace, not only to read the Holy Scriptures, but to mark, learn and inwardly digest or consider them; that we may not be involved in the complaint of Isaiah—“my people do *not* consider.” But although the Church of England encourages this species of private judgment; yet she neither exercises herself, nor permits her members to exercise, a judgment of authority; that judgment belongs to God only, who inspired holy men under both the old and new dispensations to *declare His will*, and to propose to His people the conditions on which they can be saved; and we may exercise a judgment of opinion or discretion whether or not we shall believe and accept these conditions; but He only can impose them. The Church of England declares that she has “authority in controversies of faith;” that is between man and man; but she nowhere pretends to have any authority over the faith itself. That is the sin of the Roman Church, which Rome has entailed upon her members in the twelve new Articles of Trent, which she has added to the authorised summary of the Christian faith; therefore, unlike S. Paul, that Church claims *dominion* over the faith, and exercises it likewise, in a most despotic and cruel manner.

The whole Church, but in this Kingdom the Church of England, is “a witness and keeper of holy writ;” and she declares that it is *not* lawful “to ordain anything that is contrary to God’s word written;” but in the lawful exercise of her authority as a witness and keeper, she has found certain doctrines clearly developed in God’s Word written; which, in the licentious exercise of private judgment, many of her own children, and all separatists from her communion, have fiercely maintained to be contrary to the written word. We shall mention only two at present; viz., the Apostolic succession, and Baptismal regeneration. The whole Church, in all ages, has found these doctrines in the written word; and so might those who judge otherwise, were they only to follow the approved example of the Bereans; and if instead of following the mere *opinions* of men who have called themselves Rabbis, they would “receive with meekness the engrafted word,” they would find these doctrines there also; but, like Rome, CALVIN has spoken, and, therefore, the cause is finished!

A man’s opinion or judgment of discretion is unlimited; he

may or he may not believe whatsoever he pleases; but a judgment of authority determines the matter; because the authority is superior to the matter which is to be judged. Now the Church of Rome has assumed and exercised this authoritative judgment; and she obliges her people to believe the creed of Pope Pius; merely because she has delivered its articles as of faith; but without permitting them to exercise the least discretionary judgment; and she prevents their searching the Scriptures to ascertain whether or not these doctrines may be read therein or proved thereby. Whatsoever power or authority the Church possesses is derived from Christ her Head; and whatsoever we are bound to believe has been revealed by Christ. But the Church of Rome assumes, though she does not acknowledge it, an authority over Christ, by exercising dominion over the faith of her members; and she is therefore guilty of blasphemy not only in such assumption, but also in giving His mediatorial office to the Blessed Virgin; for, without controversy, great is the Mystery of godliness, God manifested in the flesh which is the pillar and ground of the Truth.

It is not upon the authority, but upon the evidence of the Church that we believe on Christ; for, although the Church has no dominion over our faith, yet her evidence of the truth is infallible; and she has authority to govern her flock, which are commanded to obey and submit themselves to those who have the rule over them; because they watch for our souls, and must give an account for them. It is not, however, the Church, but Christ, that is the object of our faith, of which He is both the author and the finisher; for He stands in the midst, betwixt God and the people, as the Lamb slain, in the person of their great Mediator; who, having carried His own blood into the Holy of Holies, He there continually offers it before the true mercy seat in conjunction with its representation or commemoration on earth by His Spouse the Church. But the Church of Rome, by her pretension to infallibility, makes both the Scriptures and the faith depend upon her authoritative judgment; for she has declared that the Scriptures are a mere nose of wax until SHE has given them authority; and she has dealt with the faith in the same blaspheming way, by the addition of twelve new articles to it; intending one for each apostle, or perhaps, all of them for Judas Iscariot. But none of the

apostles bear evidence to any of the twelve new Articles of Trent; therefore, they must have emanated from the revived spirit of Judas Iscariot, the degraded apostle who was the son of Simon. Therefore, in the just and lawful exercise of private judgment, every other branch of the Church throughout the whole world has universally and unanimously rejected the new faith or gospel which Rome has imposed on her own communion; and which has evidently brought down a curse upon her; for, by its *fruits*, must the true faith be known; and tridentine fruits have been bloodshed, persecution and "all uncharitableness."

W. C. P.

ANNETSLEIGH:

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

(Continued from page 308.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE sun was shining out brightly as Sir George and his brother and Mr. Warborough started from Annetsleigh on their way to the village. The clouds of the preceding day had entirely cleared away; and the bright blue sky, like a sea of azure, was spread above them with only a few white fleecy clouds drifting across its surface. Never did the lovely valley in which the church with its heaven-ward pointing spire lay encircled by the little white cottages of the village, like a mother by her children, seem more strikingly beautiful than on this occasion. The river which ran down in its midst swollen by the rains of yesterday, yet clear as crystal, leaped joyously on from stone to stone, forming minute cataracts at intervals, and warbling among the pebbles which composed its bed like the melody of distant music. See here, it passes under a little rude bridge composed only of one great block of granite on either bank, with a tough ill-shapen piece of oak for a rail—ill-shapen, but

who would wish to see it straight? There is a little girl with a pitcher, which, she has just filled at the dark clear pool beside the bridge; she has run all the way down from that sweet cottage on the slope of the hill, above our heads almost: see how it has flushed her cheek!—because she wants to have a few minutes to spare, to watch the little fishes which drift about under the shadow of the bridge, and yet she must get back in a reasonable time; for her mother is waiting for the well-filled pitcher. Let us enjoy one sip at the thick earthen lip—thick and coarse, but so clean; never did cordial so delightfully moisten the lip of a prince as nature's own draught refreshed us then.

But we must keep her no longer; she has been away too long already; and already she is getting anxious to return, and it is not in us wantonly to get the little water-nymph into trouble. Now she is gone, trampling down the heather beneath her light step; for she spurns to keep to the winding path, but leaps along from stone to stone, and merrily pursues her course among the tangled ferns and heather bells. There, she is through the gate; surely she will not trample down the roses and the hyacinths too; for the walk is winding. No she has passed from the work of nature to the work of art; and she has thrown off nature's garb. Now she is gone, the half-high door of the cot is shut, and doubtless she is shewing her mother the small coin which the strangers at the well could not resist giving to their little cup-bearer. Sweet artless child! and shall it be that when years have passed over thy little curly flaxen-bound head, and thou art matured in womanhood, shall it be that the hot hand of the world shall ever be laid upon thee and change thy soul for evil? Shall that snow white pinafore which adds to thy youthful charms because it adorns instead of detracting from their own comeliness, give place to gaudy ornaments and foolish badges of this world's pride?

Shall thy childish speech, when the maid has passed into the woman, give utterance to words less pure, less holy, less noble in their very simplicity than the few artless words which now so charm us? Sweet child! God forbid that any ornaments should seek to adorn thy ripened form than heaven's own jewelery of good works! that any spirit should reign in thy bosom but that which is fostered by a loving and simple heart! We shall never see thee more in this world; who can say that in the world to come it may not be thine to bless the stranger who asked of his God and thine to pity and defend thy simplicity, and in all those struggles with sin and Satan, which will fall to thy lot in thy warfare with thy three deadly foes, the world the flesh and the devil, to remember thee for good!

Strange that in this scene of nature's purity, and as it were in nature's own garden our thoughts should wander on to future years of dark oblivion instead of loving to dwell upon the balmy present or the spotless past of this young child's life. Yet is it well sometimes, at such an hour to look forward to the storm of years, lest we be tempted to drink to excess of the cup of pleasure which may now be ours; and forget that the God, who has made our path smooth hitherto may yet require from us a Martyr's testimony to His Truth!

Who does not rejoice when the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land? When "winter is over and gone," the oaks are everywhere putting forth their dark green foliage, and hiding the sere leaves of the former year!—the last, traces of his footsteps!—when the green of the grass is richer, and the azure of the sky deeper, and the touch of the air softer, and every tree affords a concert, compared with which the meretricious glories of a gilded opera, are but as the death-knell of the wicked! What a silent reproof does nature's harmony and nature's clothing give to her, who, living in pleasure, is dead while she liveth—to her

who, day after day spends large sums for a hot box in an opera, while without, in the dark cold streets of modern Babylon, are hundreds who, like their Master, have not where to lay their heads!—who pays a daily adoration in the shrine where Satan has tainted the heaven-born strains of Palestrina with the world's frivolity, and grudges a weekly, fashionable attendance in the courts of the jealous GOD!—who nourishes a proud and haughty and unholy, unrestrained temper, which banishes afar the Spirit of God's love, and drives him away, perhaps, for ever, while she is laying up wrath against the day of wrath!

Oh! in that day when the God who made this glorious world, and beheld that it was good even in His eyes—eyes which cannot endure spot or blemish, and who cursed it for man's sake and for man's sin,—where, oh where! when He shall come in flaming fire, and kindle with the torch of His wrath His own creation—shall the ungodly deeds of the vain, the worldly, the wicked, the lovers of pleasure more than lovers of Him, stand or appear? When God burns up His own work, where shall the works of wicked and unholy men be? But they are ours yet, the lessons of nature's teaching; and it is our duty and privilege to study and to read their divine symbolism. The sowing and the appointed time of harvest speak to us a lesson. In the sweet words of inspiration, "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy;" and, to the mourner for those that are gone before, the springing of the blade in the cradle of the year, whispers with a still small voice, "So also is the resurrection of the dead." The lover of God is the lover of nature, and, oh! can he who is a lover of nature, fail to be a lover of Him, by whom, and for whom, and through whom, were all things made?

What lovely banks are these? see how the stream curling and waving, and tossing along, ceaselessly, noisily, eddies onwards till it shall join with the river beyond that lofty hill which bounds the eastern horizon; and mingling with its waters,

lose itself in the everlasting sea! Yet here and there on the edges of the rivulet, a little jutting bar of sand and shingle rounds out into a graceful curve, and encircles in its white bosom a tiny bay, wherein some of the whirling stream lies resting as it were to take breath, before it returns to its former onward course. How clear and smooth it is; reflecting like a mirror the mingled splendours of the purple heath and golden gorse which overhang its miniature shores, and circle round its white beach like a coronal of loveliest flowers on the brow of a beautiful maiden!

Some one has said that if we could not find anything to admire and to love even in stocks and stones, we should be stocks and stones ourselves: how much more where nature's bounty has been the greatest, and where her hand has left the dark emerald sward bespangled with star-like flowers, and reflecting all their glories in the limpid mirror of a crystal stream! Be it far from us to welcome a spirit which cannot admire and love nature! Be it far from us to sympathise with him who cares not sometimes to revel among her pure delights; and, losing himself in thought among her bowers, join in the carols of her sacred choir!

But we have wandered far enough. See, our little party are just emerging from the old gate at the end of the oak coppice on the hill side, and are bending their steps towards that picturesque cottage which peeps out round the corner of the winding slope, among its roses and hollyocks and climbing clematis and twisted woodbine. There is the old dame herself hastily adjusting her apron—white as the newly washed walls of the little tenement,—and coming out to meet the Parson and the Squire, never unwelcome visitants of the humble but not unlovely abode. The old dog bounces barking loudly as disturbed by the approaching voices, but soon he begins to wag his tail and look as pleased as his aged mistress. There too rush a little

boy and girl,—see it is she who met us at the well!—out into the garden, and are lost among the creepers which hang in rich festoons from all the front of their home, they are gone to pick a nosegay for Miss Bridget, they know she will love it for their sakes, though rarer and choicer though not brighter flowers are hers; and they know too, how carefully good-natured Sir George will carry them without tiring of his burden.

See they have entered the Porch, and now they are standing within the cottage. There is old Robert the grandfather of the flower gatherers, sitting at a plain deal table which endless scrubbing has polished with a surprising whiteness; before him lies the family Bible carefully covered with green baize, and highly treasured for its own sake, and, because, too, in the first leaf is an entry of his mother's wedding to the, still in memory-revered, old man who entered underneath, his first-born son's birth, more than ninety-eight years ago. There he sits, on the same chair, and in the same place where his father sat before him,—he, over whose white head, well nigh a century of years has passed; and who is now ripe for the sickle.

What is there on earth more lovely than the hoary head of an aged Saint? what more awful sight than an 'old white headed man, cursing and blaspheming the name of Him, of whose long suffering and mercy, those white hairs are the affecting token? Oh! shall it be that he who has seen generation after generation, whose great grandchildren play at his knee; shall he blaspheme? shall he curse and swear? shall he who knows there can be but a step between him and death? shall he who should indeed be the most ready to meet his God, be in his last years one over whom good angels weep the most, and devils of hell rejoice the most? Not such a one was old Robert Phillips. He had from his youth up been honest, steady and well conducted; in that very rose-clad cottage he had been born nearly a century ago, and there he had lived in peace

and contentment all the days of his long life, seldom leaving his native village. Every one, high and low rich and poor; had a good word to say for him; and with none was he a greater favorite than with his friend and landlord Sir George. Like many, nay like most others, he had in his early years thought little or nothing of religion; he was for sometime a singer in his Parish Church, and that at a time when even the decencies of religion were at a very low ebb everywhere. Four or five men, and as many women used to scamper up the stairs of the west gallery where, to the accompaniment of a roaring serpent, they used to sing or rather groan and squeak in a manner we can hardly conceive in these days, though there are still many remote churches, where a like exhibition is made every week. Taught to consider this as the worship of the Most High, and seeing the frivolity of the singers, the carelessness of the Parson and the listlessness of the congregation; and knowing nothing beyond what he could pick up at home, what wonder that his heart was closed against true religion, and that he began gradually to think that such a thing was not needed by all, and to feel that it was of very little use to those who professed it. This state of things went on for some time, until at last the merciful and true One vouchsafed to visit him. He was staying in a neighbouring town, with an uncle, who indeed feared not God nor regarded man, but under whose roof he first learned to realize individually and personally for himself, that true religion—the circumcision of the heart, which is the only messenger to the soul of man, of the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

Let him tell it in his own words by and bye; meanwhile let us follow our group into the cottage.

“Well Robert,” said Sir George, “how are you to day?”

“Oh, sir, very well, thank God;” was the answer, “for an old man like me; He is very good, sir, and of tender mercy.”

"Yes," said Mr. Warborough, "you have, indeed, need to thank Him for preserving you, through so long a life, in health and comfort; and for keeping you out of evil company and evil ways."

"Ah, sir, and for more than that," said the old saint, "those are the least of God's mercies, though I used to think them the greatest; but I have thought them the least ever since that day, sir, when He was found of me, when I sought Him not."

"I know what you mean," said Mr. Warborough, abstractedly, "only as your pastor, dear Robert, I always feel bound to warn you against trusting to feelings of that kind—you came regularly to church as long as you could, and you read your Bible, and you receive the Lord's Body and Blood at my hands with your family, whenever I am able to give you an opportunity, and so by a patient continuance in well doing you seek for salvation."

"Yes, sir, that is it now, JESUS CHRIST makes my poor feeble services to Him acceptable in His sight; but I never feel that I am doing them to be saved by them; but I am constrained by the love of Christ, whose salvation is a free gift to me."

"Still we must be careful," said Mr. Warborough, "there is a strong text, you know, 'let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.'"

"Oh! yes, sir," said the old man, "God forbid that I should ever think I stood. How could I stand unless CHRIST held me up. In Him is all my trust and confidence, and sure and certain hope."

Mr. Warborough smiled and shook his head, and so did Sir George; but his brother, William, looked very serious, and said, "Tell us of the day of which you said—'you were found of Him whom you sought not.'"

"Oh, sir," said the old man, with a smile of real happiness and peace beaming in his face, "it is forty years ago now, but

still I remember it as distinctly as if it were only yesterday. I went to —, to spend a few weeks with my uncle, and while I was there I never went near the church, for my uncle was not a religious man, and he always spent the Sunday in reading a newspaper and smoking. Well, I was lying in bed one morning, far later than I had any business; the window was open and the curtains drawn, when suddenly I heard a sound of voices without, and, rising from my bed, and going to the window to see what it was all about, I found a quantity of men and women assembled in the carpenter's yard under, and standing on a large log of wood, was the Vicar of the Parish, getting ready to preach. I went back to my bed, and lay down feeling solemn, sir, and thinking why so many had come together while I was still taking my ease, merely to hear a sermon before work, when the wind blew back the window curtain, and one strong and steady but scarce audible gust bore into my room these words, so plainly and distinctly that I heard them all:— 'God so loved the world that He gave His only beloved Son, to the end that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' In a moment I was all in a thrill—whosoever! why that includes me. . . God spake peace to my soul. I believed, not as the trembling devils do, but with the heart unto righteousness. It is forty years ago now, gentlemen; but, blessed be God, it is as clear now as ever, and God has been sanctifying my soul ever since."

"Then, were you seriously inclined before?" said William.

"No, sir, no," said the aged pilgrim, "and never should I but for God's mercy; poor old Parson Lever cared for none of these, and set us young men a pretty example of carelessness and—"

"Tell the story about the Gospel," interposed Sir George, "by way of illustration; my father was in the Church at the time; but you can tell the story better than I can."

"Very well, sir," said the old man, "it wont be the first time ; I s'pose I've told it a hundred times or more ; but my brother was clerk at the time, and, as he was ill, I had undertaken to read the responses for him ; so I sat very nigh the parson, you see, sirs ; well, when it came the time for reading the Epistle, he made a mistake and read the Gospel instead. Just as he had got half way through he found out his mistake, and, on the spur of the moment, called out quite loud, just as he was used to do in talking:—'Pooh, pooh! nonsense!'" Nearly every body was laughing, sir, and I'm ashamed to say that I laughed too."

"Such things are never done now," said Sir George.

"I beg your pardon," said his brother, it is hardly fifteen years since I was, in a small country church in ——— shire, where the clerk, coming to the verse of the Psalm which runs —'Gebal, and Ammon, and Amalek ; the Philistines, and them that dwell at Tyre,—it being rather dark, and he himself being, as I afterwards found, very short sighted, read the verse in this way—it appears he was afraid to run the risk of pronouncing the long words wrong, so he said—'Geboll, the man with the Almanack, the Physicians, and they that be tired.' And to come down still later, only last year, in a country church in the West of England, I actually saw an old clergyman enter the reading desk, on a Sunday morning, with a favorite monkey behind him, and I was informed on enquiry of one of the parishioners, that it was his weekly custom to do so."

"I know who you mean," said Mr. Warborough, "he was a kinsman of mine, and died three months ago. But there are very few such as he in the present day, I am thankful to say."

"Not so many as there were, sir," said old Robert ; "still some of the parsons are not much better ; at all events they don't seem to make the people much better."

"Not so, not so, my friend," said Mr. Warborough, it is

many years since you have been able to mix freely with your fellow men, and so you are no judge; but we must leave you now, Robert, for it is eleven o'clock almost, and we have several other cottages to visit, and we hope to visit the cascade before dinner, so good-bye."

"Good-bye, sir, good-bye, and the LORD be with you, all three of you—my respects, sir, to my good lady." "And mine too," said old Dame Phillips, coming in with the children, whose flowers she had been arranging and tying up, "and to Miss Bridget, and the dear young lady." So, after a little more friendly interchange of farewell words, the three visitors left the cottage, and were soon lost among the lofty elm trees which lined the narrow lane on either side, and formed a most beautiful avenue, leading directly into the village.

There is something lovely and awful in nature's own arcades, and high-embowered roofs, with the deep-blue sky peeping between, and the winged choristers, on every bough, chanting their hymn of praise, and joining in the universal strain of thanksgiving to the great Creator, arising up to Him from all His works. There is nothing articulate in that strange chorus, nothing human; still, as it swells along the pathway of the summer breeze, and is borne to the ear of the listener on the perfumed breath of the violet and honey-suckle, while the cool shade of the arching boughs, and the cooler rippling of the stream beneath, afford a shelter and a relief from rays which else would be too piercing to be born as the sun is glorying in his noon-day strength; who does not, in such an hour, forget, amid the harmony of nature, that there can be any jarring string among them all? Sweet lanes, and valleys, and hill-sides of our native land! Dark and besotted; nay, duller than the clods which he treads up, must his mind be, who, living in scenes like these, and spending all his days, far from the living haunts of men, in the blessed retreat of the peaceful

country, yet cannot realize, in all around him, the ruling, guiding, forming, changing, ever-working hand of an Almighty Architect, an all-knowing, an Omnipresent Creator !

And England's homesteads ! How beautiful are they ! How does the heart beat freer, and the breath run smoother, and ones whole self feel more at liberty, as we pass out of the last street of some country town, always the filthiest and the worst everywhere, and find ourself hurrying along, at the speed of four miles an hour, into the country ! There, we have passed the mill, and we have the unchecked, unshackled stream, leaping from shelf to shelf among the tiny rocks—lichen-clad, fern-crested. Fine old oaks, and elms which seem too dignified to stoop, darken the water all along its course, unless, perchance, one little gap left in the bright sky, casts a silver line across its waving surface. Here is some modern Isaac Walton, sitting on an overhanging rock, and gazing listlessly on the stream, as at intervals he draws up his line, and again, with all the ease of a well-skilled trout fisher, flings it back into the eddying current. See, he has just had a bite—let us watch him—aye more than a bite, for there is a noble trout—ringing, twisting, twirling, bobbing about, around—now it is throbbing on the grass. Another moment and he is secure enough in the basket with a score of others ; and again the re-adjusted hook is at its treacherous work. But we may no longer tarry. Still our way lies along the river ; there is only a hedge-row between, with an occasional elm raising its giant head far above its summit—the road lies straight before us, bounded by a knot of trees, and a little turnpike nestling beneath their shade. Now the scene opens, we have almost got out of sight of the town, and only its highest chimneys are visible above the woods. On the left, the hill slants round behind a large mansion house, and affords a peep down a lovely valley, whose sides are everywhere clothed with the rounded foliage of copses and woods,

sloping away, one behind the other, till their forms blend with the purple distance, and seem to us as though these were in Jacob's mind, when he spake of the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills. On the right is a less open view; the hill slopes up suddenly, so straight and high, that it shuts out the land behind. Look on the summit at those cresting firs, pointing heavenward with their taper peaks, and spreading out their arms, as if to shadow and embrace those whom they would guide to the better country above. There, just beneath them, lies the first quiet-looking homestead; surely it is the abode of peace: at least it seems so; it seems the abode of all that is innocent and pure, of all that is holy and heavenly-minded. But it is gone; a group of elms and feathery waving poplars has shut it in, and we shall see it, perhaps, no more. But see, the white chimneys and walls of another of England's homes appear, and as quickly vanishes among the luxuriant foliage which clusters all around the side of the hill, and encircles the two abodes—of peace and happiness? Here is no busy hum of men, their voices in single strains are heard, when heard at all. No busy factories are here; no noise save the singing of the birds and the buzzing of the bees, and the lowing of the oxen, and the tinkling of the sheep-bell. How then, when all is peace without, can man's heart be at war within: Now, does it not, in such a garden of nature's choicest glades as this, ever abound with the warmest feelings of gratitude to the all-wise, all good Creator—the God of long-suffering, of mercy, and of unfailing love? But we have reached the turnpike gate, and now shall we pursue our course onwards along the high road, or shall we take the pleasant shady lane on the left—stop, we will ask the toll-keeper; it may be that he can tell us some point from which we may best view this lovely scenery. But look at that strange man with the high white neck-tie, and the huge cloak upon his arm, although it is so hot that we

have long been obliged materially to diminish our speed. How he stared at us when we passed him three minutes ago; and there he has been standing in the same spot gazing at us ever since. Poor fellow, there is one jarring string in the glorious outward harmony, at least; for he certainly is possessed by some strange monomania or other.

"What road, sir?" says the toll-keeper at last, "keep straight on, sir, past the villas on the right, and keep the river on your left—there is no other road; this lane behind the purple-washed cottages leads up to the houses."

Homesteads of England! Pure and bright amethysts on the emerald bosom of our island-home! Oh! tell us not that they who dwell within your beaming walls are not lovely and pure as ye! But pass we on, though not without a sigh, which the stranger heeds not because he hears it not, and the heart of the lone traveller knoweth its own bitterness, and with its joy a stranger intermeddleth not,—with its joy, for though every string be not in tune, yet are there some of choicest melody,—though, in scenes like these, the thoughtful passer by—sighs over the jagged and rough pebble, he thinks, perhaps, of some pure diamond whose brilliant water none knows or values so much as he, and casts a lingering glance at some nook amongst the trees, where he knows that such a treasure lies hid, unknown perhaps to all, save him.

Homesteads of England! be it a cottage or a princely hall, though the former charms more, and grows not sere so soon, yet both are lovely, even though both be not equally pure and noble. For true nobility lies in nobility of soul, and not of name—it is a fire which burns only where God's love is present to kindle it, and his favour there to fan it into a flame, and keep it burning; and oft around a cottage hearth its flame is clearer and burns more steadily than in the less free atmosphere of wordly vanity and self-esteem. See, there is another quiet little

dwelling coming in sight, peeping down from among the trees over the steep grass slope, and yet another raises its head beyond; and now tree after tree, and coppice after coppice skirt the valley on both sides of the road, while the river glides peacefully and quietly along through a narrow belt of meadow-land beneath. Here and there a little stream of light blue smoke, creeping forth from an orchard, betrays the presence of some little cot, and tells of some honest housewife getting ready her husband's dinner against the noonday hour. At every turn of the road new beauty strikes our eye, and our hearts feel warmed towards our fellow men, as we return the salutation of some honest yeoman, who raises his rough brown hand—sure token of his English heart of oak—to his plain tough leather hat, and wishes us a good-day, or civilly ask us the hour. Then, again, some neat children, carrying little smoking pitchers, and clean blue china-pattern plates, wrapped up in coarse brown cloths—their father's homely meal, curtsy as they pass “the gentleman,” and cast a furtive, half-bold, half-trembling glance upon his dog, who does not seem at all disinclined to make their acquaintance. Forgive us, readers; we have been in the clouds most certainly, and have been most innocently endeavouring to draw you up with us: this has been a dreamy chapter, but there are hours when ones thoughts love to wander among scenes such as these, and to revel among the pure delights of the Paradise that remains to us here—lovely, holy, beautiful nature—bright foretaste to the sons of God; of another and a better country, that is a heavenly; of a building of God, a house not made with hands; of the New Jerusalem; the New Heaven and the New Earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun set, full of Autumnal splendour, on the night of the 25th of October, A.D. 1415; and seldom have his last rays shone on a more bloody spectacle than they did on that occasion. They took their last look at a place covered with tents, some few standing, others thrown down, others smouldering in ashes, and many still in flames: they set upon dead bodies of men and horses, here piled one upon another, betokening how fiercely the combat had raged on this spot; there more scattered, showing that there the battle had been desultory—the ghastly gashes in their bodies and armour, telling fearful tales of the deadliness of the weapons used, and the strength of those wielding them,—and upon the scarcely more fortunate wounded, whose groans and cries rent the air. They set upon groups of soldiers who were scattered about the field plundering the slain, searching for the wounded of note, or satisfying their hunger with slices cut from the dead horses around them, and hastily roasted at fires equally hastily kindled. Above all they set upon a party of officers assembled round a tent which crowned the summit of a little hill, and from whose top floated the red-cross banner of S. George. Haggard and war-worn they all looked, and in sorry array; though among them stood the highest peers of England's realm. Their gay surtouts were torn and covered with blood; their plumes and crests, in most instances, shorn from their helmets; and many had holes in their coats of mail which spoke of other hands beside the armourer's. In the midst of them stood one who was leaning his arm carelessly on the high demi-piqued saddle of a large gaunt-looking gray horse, and whose helmet (denuded of the crown and plumes which had surmounted it) and surtout,

emblazoned with the royal arms of England and France, bespoke the victor of Agincourt, the brave and great Henry V.

At a few paces distance was Mount-joye, the French Herald; whose pampered and well-managed horse formed as strong a contrast to the lean condition of the English steeds as did his own sleek and well-fed form and face to those of the riders.

"How now, Mount-joye," asked the king, "what brings thee here again."

"I come, dread sovereign, to obtain leave to count over and remove our dead," was the reply.

"But twelve short hours ago, herald, thou did'st come to me for ransom; how say ye now, is the victory ours or yours?"

"The victory is thine, sir king," answered Mount-joye.

"Then, what means yonder troop of cavalry hovering about on the hills?" asked the king. "Let them draw off if they wish to; or if they would attack us let them come on at once; for, weak as we are, we will not shun them."

"They are but the remnants of our miserable host, sir king," replied Mount-joye, "and ere long thou wilt see no more of them; thy victory has been too great for us to wish another conflict."

"The Lord be praised, and to His name alone be the glory," said Henry, devoutly. "What is yonder castle called, Mount-joye."

"Agincourt, sir king," was the reply.

"Then, let this victory be called by that name. Ha! what means that cry. Sound trumpets—mount gallant knights, our work is not yet done."

The noise, to which the king referred, proceeded from the troops of cavalry, before mentioned, which appeared convulsed with some strange struggle, and from which indistinct war-cries were heard to proceed. As all eyes were bent on the spot, the crowd began to approach nearer to the field of battle, and

the shout of "Mount-joye, S. Denis," was distinctly heard. Instantly the English trumpets rang out a loud blast; the banners of various barons were waved in the wind; and the scattered troops began to assemble around them. All eyes were turned on the approaching French; and Henry, vaulting into his saddle, rode hastily along the line, marshalling his troops, when suddenly the dense mass was rent assunder, and, like a thunder-bolt, a small but compact body of horse dashed through it, and continued its headlong course, over the plain, direct for the place where the royal standard was flying.

The leader of this little band had allowed them all to pass him, and had hung in the rear for some time; but, seeing that no pursuit was attempted, he resumed his place in the van just as he entered the field of battle. The pennon at the end of his long lance was stained with gore, and two or three of his followers appeared to be slightly wounded—a proof that they had not broken through the enemies' ranks without some difficulty. As the band entered the outskirts of the army, he raised the visor of his helmet, and discovered to the spectators the face of a young man, whose blue eyes, and light auburn hair spoke of English birth. His lip was just coloured, as it were, with a small moustache, and his chin was decked with a downy beard. As he rode, at full speed, he lowered his pennon gracefully to those of the peers whom he passed, and at length, when he arrived in the royal presence, handing his lance carelessly to the squire who rode behind him, he sprang from the saddle without checking his fiery pace, and next moment was on his knees at the king's feet.

"Thou comest somewhat too late, Sir Henry Rolt," said the king.

"I cannot come too late" was the reply, "when I find the Majesty of England unwounded, and the victor of such a bloody field as this; but, nevertheless, I would gladly have been here twelve hours sooner if I could have compassed it."

"I believe thee, my brave Rolt; but stand aside apace. I will hear thy tidings presently."

As the king spoke, a sad procession made its appearance. It consisted of a body of men-at-arms, eight of whom bore, on their levelled lances, two dead bodies. In front of each walked a knight; the first with the banner of the Duke of York, the other with that of the Earl of Suffolk—both were furled, and pointed towards the ground. As they approached, the king, and all around him advanced; the procession halted, and the bodies were lowered to the ground. Henry gazed earnestly at their uncovered faces, and then, stooping down, imprinted a kiss on the cold brow of each. For a moment his softer feelings got the mastery; and as he turned away he dashed away a tear. At a sign from the Duke of Exeter, the bodies were lifted from the ground and conveyed away.

"Follow me to my tent, Sir Henry," said the king, after this had occurred, "I would hear thy news."

"There is but little, so please thee, my liege," replied the knight, "save that the boors of Sussex and Hants are again in arms in the New Forest; otherwise the land is quiet."

"So that is all thy news," said Henry. "Go with thy friend Wilmot; I see he would converse with thee." "Uncle, of Exeter, wilt thou with me?"

Familiarly placing his arm within his uncle's, the gallant Henry passed to his tent, and Sir Henry Rolt followed his friend to his quarters.

CHAPTER II.

"RIGHT glad am I to see thee, Rolt," said Sir George Wilmot, as they picked their way among the carcasses of the slain, "for I am in sore straits."

Rolt's only answer was a deep sigh.

"What?" exclaimed Wilmot; "Rolt sighing—thou sighing, man; why, I should as soon have expected to hear the foul fiend chanting a penitential psalm. What ails thee?"

"Nothing," was the reply; "—nay, why should I conceal it from thee, Wilmot; the money I owe thee, I see no chance of paying."

"The devil!" cried Wilmot, "how cometh that about?"

"I hardly know myself," answered his companion, "save, that as the canting abbot of Netley told me but the other day, 'Riches take to themselves wings and fly away.'"

"And prythee, friend," asked Wilmot with a smile, "what cause hadst thou to hold converse with the abbot of Netley; hast struck some fair doe within his demesne?"

"The foul fiend fly away with all fair does for me," cried Rolt, passionately, "hark thee Wilmot, knowest thou a lass with a laughing eye, whom men call Catherine de Beaujeu?"

"Catherine de Beaujeu!" repeated Wilmot, in surprise, "well do I know her; and moreover, much do I pity the luckless wight that falleth into her hands. Hast spent thy nobles on her?"

The handsome youth blushed deeply at his folly, but plucking up his spirits, he replied— "Thou hast broken thy lance fairly on my breast, Wilmot; I will tell thee that I saw her but three short months ago for the first time; her beauty struck me, and fool that I was, I declared myself her knight, and proclaimed her as unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Three and twenty good lances, have I laid in rest since that day, as the like number of gallant fellows whom I met can prove; but alas! I had better have been starving in France than feasting in England; for my money melted so, that when I received the news of our gallant King's jeopardy, I could not for the life of me abstain from joining him with what help I could. I found a score of Jews surrounding me whithersoever I went, demanding with

loud outcries certain moneys which they declared I owed them. It was in vain I threatened them with what our Northern Knights call "Border Law:" they threatened me with Sir William Gaseigne, and well thou knowest, Wilmot, there is no arguing concerning laws with my Lord Chief Justice, since our King's accession; so I was fain to betake me to the abbey of Netley, the which my forefathers had benefitted much both by money and lands.

But wouldst believe it, Wilmot? the knave abbot laughed at me, and bade me go beg or go die, he cared not which. The scoundrel—I had well nigh beaten out his brains with my curtal-axe, but that I feared me the deed might not be acceptable at head quarters; so I changed my song from giving to lending. He was more conformable then; but after much talking, and many Latin texts, purporting to show me how utterly undone I was, the which in pity to my ignorance he translated, all I could obtain was four hundred pounds to be repaid at the end of nine months, or else all my fair lands must go to the Church. Well! I put my money on horseback, and here I am without a noble in my purse."

"I pity thee with all my heart; Rolt," replied Wilmot, pressing his hand, "and as to the money thou owest me, think not of it till brighter times; far be it from me to crush a bent reed."

"I had hoped to have been here ere a battle was fought," said Rolt; "then perchance, I had raised money enough by putting some rich French knight to ransom; but Wilmot, hast not thou done something in that way?—it was thy wont methinks."

"True Harry, but my fortune hath been small; for I met with a Scottish knight early in the day who stuck to me like a leech; and it was not till I had let out some of his malapert blood that he gave himself up. But for ransom thou mightest as

well try to squeeze blood from a stone, as money from a Scotch auxilliary. Certainly, I found one or two French knights afterwards, but they, poor fellows aere past leech's aid."

Poor fortune indeed," said Rolt. "I had hoped to have taken a knight whom I unhorsed upon yon hill, as my prisoner; but yonder knaves of mine, who know full well that I have no money to spare, vowed they would not expose themselves to danger for my sake; though, had they taken the trouble to consider, they would have known that their own pay depended upon my success in the war."

"Like all mercenaries, Rolt," replied Wilmot, "but methinks, had I been in thy place, I should have left them to bring up their own rear, instead of taking the care of them that thou didst."

"It would have been no more than their deserts to have done so," answered Rolt, "but somehow, I like not to be out of the way when hard blows are going on."

"True;" said Wilmot, "I had forgotten it was foreign to thy nature to do as I said; but see, there is my tent, let us to it and get what refreshment we can; though I fear me my larder is not over well stocked."

"Put not thyself out about that," responded Rolt, "a soldier's stomach should not be weak; and, the Virgin be praised, I never felt any qualms, even when I fed on horse's and dog's flesh, what time my uncle was besieged by the Welsh in his castle, in the Western Marches."

As he spoke, the two knights entered the tent; where we may leave them, and say—

"May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

while we fly across the English Channel, and take a peep at the interior of the castellated mansion of Beaujeu, once the residence of a powerful family of that name, but now no more.

CHAPTER III.

"THOU art sad my daughter, and methinks thy proud spirit is somewhat humbled, for which I shall not fail to thank Our Ladie in my vespers this evening; but take courage my daughter, and unfold thy whole breast to me; perchance thy spirits may be better after confession; to say nothing of the comfortable advice it may be in my power to give thee."

Thus spoke Father Clement the spiritual adviser of the fair Catherine de Beaujeau, whose blood shot-eyes betrayed how lately she had given way to her feelings, and whose haggard appearance and languid manner showed that all was not right within. She raised her head from the couch on which she had reclined, when the priest finished speaking, and replied languidly.

"Good Clement why should'st thou still continue to annoy me with thy rebukes and complaints, I have already told thee that I do repent most sincerely of my former foolish manner of life; but as to the cause of my sadness, tell it to thee I cannot, and I will not.

So saying she again sank back upon the couch, and burying her face in the cushion gave way to another flood of tears.

"Nay woman," said the priest sternly, "be not contumacious, lest the Holy Church be compelled to use the power she hath against thee; remember that confession is good for the soul, and without it thou canst not be absolved, and if not absolved thou art utterly damned."

"Father Clement" replied the maiden starting up, and with a strong effort repressing her tears "how often must I tell thee, that my grief depends not on any concealed sin; and now we are on the subject let me inform thee once for all, I never yet found myself the easier after thou hadst absolved me, and to say the truth I have great doubts of the value of that on which thou dost set so much importance."

"What say'st thou?" exclaimed the priest, "wretched woman knowest thou that thou hast blasphemed the holy sacrament of confession—verily the fate of the heretical Oldcastle were too good for thee. Repent thee, repent thee woman; ere I pronounce a curse upon thee.

"Begone from my presence priest" said Catherine rising from her seat, and pointing to the door "thou had'st not dared to speak thus to me, had my father been alive or my mother here with me."

"Thou sayest right" interrupted the Lady de Beaujean, placing herself in the door the priest opened, so as to stop his exit; "but it is not too late. What means this sir priest, is it thy place to speak thus to a daughter of the house that hath hitherto sheltered thee? this once I forgive thee, but begone and beware—I say *beware*" and stepping into the room she allowed the ecclesiastic to pass out; he being apparently nothing loath to escape.

"And to thee, Catherine, I say beware, too," continued the lady, "lest thou shouldest give cause of offence to the church; and remember we have now no one to sustain us in the hour of danger. I would my daughter that thou wouldest give thy hand to some worthy gentleman who might help us, if in any trouble. Oh! Catherine many such have offered themselves; but thy untameable caprice hath caused them all to leave thee, and now I fear me, thou art too well known for any one to seek thy favour."

"Mother dearest mother—" replied her daughter throwing herself into her arms "reproach me not, for if I have been proud I am now sufficiently punished for it by the loss of the only suitor I ever could love; all but he sought me for my wealth and station; but he loved me for myself alone; that one I have driven to desperation, and for aught I know to death."

"Alas! my daughter he is not the only one who is in a like

state on account of thy pride; how often have I warned thee, and yet thou wouldst not listen to my advice; but I will not say more to thee Catherine—tell me who is thy favoured suitor."

"Call him not favoured mother" was the reply "for the better I liked a man the worse was the treatment he received, and thus it fared with the noble youth, Henry Rolt, oh! could I but see him again, could I but know he is alive! half my sorrows would cease."

"Nay then, my daughter, I can assure thee that he is yet alive; for it was but just now that Herbert the forester arrived from France, and told how that he and all the others who accompanied this same Sir Henry had deserted him on his arrival in England, because he had not wherewithal to pay them."

"Alas! Henry, dearest Henry, and I have brought thee to this," exclaimed the penitent girl, throwing herself upon the couch, and seeking relief in another copious flood of tears.

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER GLASS.—An hour-glass is still placed on the pulpit of some country churches. Dan. Burgess, a dissenter of whimsical memory, never preached without one; and he frequently saw it out three times during one sermon.

In a discourse, which he once held at a Meeting House, in Russell Court, against drunkenness, some of his hearers began to yawn at the end of the second glass; but Daniel was not to be silenced by a yawn; so he turned his time-keeper, and altering the tone of his voice, he desired they would be patient a little longer, for he had much more to say on the sin of drunkenness. "Therefore," said he, "my brethren we'll have another glass, and then—"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

HUGHES' NEW POCKET-MAPS OF EUROPE AND OF THE BALTIC. John Hughes.

These are the best maps that we have seen; and they are folded up into so small a compass, that they may be easily put into the waistcoat pocket. They are engraved on steel by Beckers Patent Process. They are neatly coloured; and they exhibit the seat of war much better and clearer than many of the larger maps; besides they combine cheapness with usefulness, being only sixpence each, or one shilling mounted on cloth.

SIMPLE SKETCHES FROM CHURCH HISTORY FOR YOUNG PERSONS; by Mrs. TOOGOOD. New Edition. John, Hughes 1854.

This very compendious history of the Church, commences at the fall of Adam, and concludes with the saintly Bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man; it seems to be admirably calculated for Schools; and we strongly recommend it to teachers of both sexes. The fair authoress is a sound high Churchwoman, and faithfully relates the facts of history without exaggeration. Our limits, this month, will only admit of our extracting the concluding paragraph (p. 216)—“Since the time of Wilson no great event has occurred in the Church. There are many others among the bishops and clergy of the English Church over whose holy lives one would love to linger; but the limits assigned for this little book will not allow the mention of them. The object has been, by the simple statement of a few facts, to remind the younger members of the English branch of the Catholic Church, that they are, by God's un-

merited mercy, ‘no longer strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God.’” The price is only eighteen pence, having been reduced from three shillings; and it is neatly done up in cloth boards.

SAVING FAITH. Masters. THE METHODISTIC TENET OF CONVERSION, by a CORNISH CURATE. J. H. Parker.

Mr. Aitken has made himself famous. He has revived the Methodist tenet of Conversion, as if men were heathens; and we regret to think that with some of the young, ardent and enthusiastic, he has made a dangerous impression; and the sooner they can brush it out the better. “In a Word,” says the Cornish Curate, “this methodistic system requires us to view baptized christians *practically* in the condition of the heathen—out of a state of salvation and in a state of condemnation;” therefore if this *new light* be true, we may ask what is the use of baptism or of the Lord's Supper? Men of the old light have been accustomed to believe and to teach that the two sacraments were instituted for the remission of sin. Conversion from sin, is, alas! an every day duty; but the sudden and inexplicable conversion preached by Mr. Aitken, is a delusion of the devil in order to perpetuate the sin of spiritual pride which carries many others in its train. In the baptism of infants, original sin is washed away, and a new creature is formed in Christ; and in the Lord's Supper, actual sins are remitted on performing the conditions of the baptismal covenant; which in point of fact is neither

more nor less than that justification by faith which enthusiasts, of the species methodistic are eternally hammering at, without knowing much about the matter: for we are justified in baptism; justified every time we partake of the Lord's Supper in true contrition of heart and with faith and obedience; and shall be finally justified when the judge of all the earth shall say, "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." These two pamphlets are most excellent antidotes to this new resurrection of an old methodistic heresy; and we wish them an extensive sale. We regret that we cannot make such extensive extracts from them as we had marked; but as they are both so cheap we recommend our readers to provide themselves with copies; especially those who have allowed Mr. Aiken's specious declamations, like the will-o'-the-wisp, to lead them into the dangerous delusion of spiritual pride.

THE WAR; and *What are we to Get by it?* By B. CLARKE. Collins.

The talented author of this well-written and well-timed pamphlet, takes a mercantile view of the war; and he clearly proves that the Crimea, if it should fall into better hands and under the protection of Great Britain, might become one of the greatest *entrepôts* for commerce; and be a never-failing source of profit to the English Merchant; for "the towns are sufficiently numerous and large enough to constitute good depots for business.....they are all admirably situated for the purposes of trade, and command an influence over the surrounding regions, both of land and water."

This excellent pamphlet combines the history, the diplomacy and the treaties betwixt this country and Turkey: the mercantile advantages and the statistics of the Crimea and the Black Sea; and it is most deserving of the best attention of the merchant and the philanthropist: to whom we beg most earnestly to recommend it.

STATEMENT OF GEORGE ANTONY DENISON, Masters.

The arch-deacons Denison and Wilberforce have created a sensation. We have been called a Zuinglian heretic for differing from the latter, who is now in a transition state towards Rome; but the former seems more honest. Dr. Wilberforce like a true Romanist, harps upon the REAL presence in the Eucharist, meaning all the while the *Corporeal*; but it appears to us that Dr. Denison, means honestly the real spiritual presence. It is much to be lamented that all those who have entered the controversial lists with these archdeacons, have adopted the uncatholic idea, that the *real* means the *Corporeal* presence of Christ in the Eucharist; whereas, they might as well assert, when Christ said He would be in the *midst* where two or three of His worshippers were assembled, that He promised to be *corporeally* present instead of *really*, that is *spiritually*. We demur, however, to Dr. Denison's sixth proposition, that "the *inward* part, or thing signified" in the Eucharist, "is given to, and received by, all who communicate," as being too general; because S. Paul says, that "he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's Body." All men of themselves are

unworthy; but the impenitent are here meant who only press with their teeth the outward part or sign, but do not receive in their heart the inward part or thing signified; that is, the body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the *faithful* in the Lord's Supper." But the impenitent are *not* faithful; for S. Paul says, "all men have not faith;" therefore, the impenitent receive the sign, but not the thing signified."

SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS. J. H. Parker.

Parts 12 and 13 of these admirable sermons for September and October are now before us; and they contain—The glory of the new Law; the law of life; the prosperity of the wicked; reliance on forms; worldly business, a school for holiness; angels and their ministry; the love of Christ; humility; love, the keeping of the Commandments; the historian of the Church; the invisible presence; dangers of heresy and schism; rejoicing in spiritual services; the Communion of Saints.

A PLAIN COMMENTARY ON THE FOUR GOSPELS. J. H. Parker.

This intelligible and good Commentary has now reached its 18th part, which commences with the

fourth and concludes with the sixth chapter of S. John's Gospel. Much benefit may be derived from this excellent commentary, and we hope it may have a large circulation.

THE LAMPLIGHTER. ROUTLEDGE & Co. 1854.

When a tale becomes very popular it is perhaps almost superfluous to make any remarks about it, when such remarks can only be made in its praise. Unlike that famous American book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of noble memory; and more or less like the favorite "Wide Wide World," which established Miss Wetherall's reputation, and sold "Queechy," the "Lamp-lighter" is quite deserving of the patronage it is now obtaining. It can be had in so many cheap forms that we shall attempt no analysis of its contents, but beg all our readers who have not already bought and read it, to delay themselves such a treat no longer. Gertrude they will find everything they could wish; Kitty is a poor, foolish, warm-hearted, good-natured little thing; and Belle is a decided brute. All ends delightfully. Beyond this we shall not enlighten our readers. If they wish to be amused and instructed by an interesting narrative, they will not be disappointed in the "Lamp-lighter."

A REASON.—An eminent minister at Norwich made a sudden pause in his sermon; the congregation were panic-struck. Having riveted their attention, he addressed himself by name to a gentleman in the gallery—"Has that poor man, who stands at the back of your pew, a gold ring on his finger?" The gentleman turned round and replied, "I believe not, sir." "Oh, then, I suppose that is the reason he must not have a seat." The gentleman had three gold rings on his hand, and his pew was nearly empty.

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VOL. VIII.

AN OMNIGATHERUM.

IRELAND, or rather the Irish people, have been the grand difficulty of all English statesmen, since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The Church of Ireland was a branch of the ancient pure and independent British Church, planted in England by S. Paul; following in the rear of the Roman armies it extended to Scotland; and it found its way across the Channel into Ireland along with such little traffic and intercourse as then prevailed; for the Roman armies never penetrated into the island of so-called saints. In an evil hour Henry II was seized with the very common disease of his times, the lust of conquest! and of adding province to province and kingdom to kingdom. He invaded and conquered Ireland; he was encouraged thereto by the pope, and received the papal blessing, which is perhaps of as little benefit, as its cursing is dangerous; and Adrian who was Henry's born subject, sitting in the temple of God and shewing himself an object of adoration, and trampling on all human authority, forced the infernal system of popery on the free, pure and independent Church of Ireland. The consequence appears to have been, that the woe denounced by Isaiah has followed that unrighteous conquest ever since—"Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field;" and ever since that period it has been a source of weakness to the strongest power in Europe. Up to the middle of the twelfth century, the Church of Ireland knew nothing of popery; but Henry forced popery upon it, thereby sowing the wind; and all his successors have ever since been reaping the whirlwind of rebellion and bloodshed.

Popery is a sworn confederacy of priests who have, by the conciliatory folly of different governments, been suffered to place themselves *above* the law, and to constitute what S. Paul calls "~~that~~ man of Sin," "the son of Perdition" or the man of rebellion, the lawless man, and the false prophet; impious men who "despise the dominion" of sovereign princes, and "who oppose and exalt themselves above all" law and government; and although all men are strictly commanded to be subject for conscience' sake to the temporal sovereign because he is the minister of God, and His representative; yet the lawless man impiously takes upon himself to excommunicate all Christian kings, princes, and governors, and especially God's servant Victoria our queen, and to absolve their subjects from all allegiance to them, unless they submit to be trampled under the feet of the pope and his hierachy which, together constitute the lawless man. This lawlessness of papal pretensions is carried to such an impious extent that the usurpation of Rome is laid down in plain and unmistakeable terms in the fifth section of the Bull *Cœna Domini*; "Farther we excommunicate and anathematise all who impose or augment any new tolls or gabels in their dominions, *except* in cases *permitted* to them *by law* or by special *leave* of the Apostolic See; or who exact such taxes forbidden to be imposed or augmented." The permission by law here spoken of is the permission of the pope and his hierachy; so that this is a clear and positive assumption of power and authority over every legislature in the world. It is, therefore, no wonder at all that Irish papists are, and ever have been, such unruly and ungovernable savages as they are; for they yield a previous and more sacred obedience to the lawless man. But the lawless man is not simply and solely the pope, but the pope as the head of, and in conjunction with, a banded and sworn confederacy of priests who carry his laws and canons into execution in every country that is cursed with their presence in any number. So evident is this infernal despotism that even such a blinded and deluded papist as the expatriated rebel John Mitchell can see it; and he says to his wretched country-men in a recent number of the *New York Citizen*:—"If the freedom of Ireland is ever to be won, *it must be won in spite of the priests*; and, for my part, I begin to be convinced that the Irish in Ireland will never begin to advance one step

towards liberty until they shall have been *well cursed* by pope and bishop with crosier, bell, book, and candle." Perhaps Mitchell borrowed this idea from the late Mr. Shiel; for he said in one of his speeches:—"If all Ireland were protestant, and.....he was sometimes almost tempted to wish it, how different would have been her history and position. It is in truth a melancholy spectacle. A country as richly blessed with natural capabilities as its inhabitants are endowed with the material of physical and mental pre-eminence, is yet cheated of its great destiny; and, notwithstanding all its promise, somehow dwindles into a failure and a reproach. We see the great limbs, and occasionally the great soul, of a Hercules; but alas! the hero sits under *the basest and most sottish of tutslages* [popery to wit]. We can hope from him no exploit worthy of the muscle or the valour of the demigod, whilst his *black-robed, pimply, bloated*, old, Omphale rules him with a slipper and distaff."

In the eyes and understandings of papists, not one of our acts of parliament are lawful; because they have not the "special leave of the Apostolic See," that is of the court of Rome; therefore, they are taught by the lawless man that they are acts of persecution, and that obedience to these laws is a cruel oppression. But were they allowed to read and meditate upon the Scriptures, they would find that the lawless and rebellious teaching of the Court of Rome and its hierarchy are directly contradicted both by the prophets of the Old, and by the apostles of the New Law. One prophet says, "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter;" as the Church of Rome notoriously does. And another prophet hits the Roman hierarchy still harder, for he says, "Woe be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture, saith the Lord;.....behold, I will visit upon you the evil of your doings, saith the Lord." On turning to the New Testament, they would find that the very man whose successor the son of perdition pretends to be, commands them to submit themselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the queen, *as supreme*, or unto governors whom she has sent for the punishment of evil doers. And again, the apostle of the Gentiles commands

"every soul to be subject unto the higher powers;" because God, being the source of all power, has ordained all sovereigns to be His representatives and "*ministers*," and has put the sword of justice into their hands, to punish evil doers in His name and by His authority. He farther says that whosoever opposes or rebels against his sovereign and the laws, in reality opposes or rebels against God Himself; and that those who so resist "shall receive to themselves damnation." But the lawless man that is the pope as chief, and the bishops and priests in Ireland, constantly, systematically, and ostentatiously *resist the ordinance of God*, by declaring the queen to be an usurper and her laws to be null and void, because they are deficient of the pope's permission; therefore, the melancholy truth forces itself upon our conviction, that they must "receive to themselves damnation!"

When Henry II forced the papal supremacy upon the ancient Irish Church, the bishops submitted, but not without a protest to a power which they could not resist; and popery continued triumphant from the twelfth century till the accession of queen Elizabeth, when two bishops only adhered to popery and were deprived; the rest shook off their popery and continued in their sees; and from them, the present Irish bishops have derived their succession. Towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, the pope intruded a set of his creatures having Italian and Spanish orders, but who never had any connexion with the native Church of Ireland. They were schismatics; and the fruits of their schism and lawlessness were soon visible in turbulence, rebellion and bloodshed.

During all the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, the whole popish population were in a state of constant rebellion; but in the reign of Charles I, they took advantage of his political embarrassments to commit a most atrocious wholesale massacre of the protestant Irish, without respect of either age, or sex, or condition of life. Rebellion and bloodshed have continued in that unhappy country ever since without any intermission, by the papists; not to speak of the massacres in cold blood of thousands of protestants in the rebellion of 1798; the land has been deluged with protestant blood ever since. Protostants of all ranks have suffered a most cruel persecution whenever an opportunity afforded; and these opportunities are now

increased by shutting up popish and protestant paupers in the union workhouses; where the popish paupers are instigated by the priests to ill-use the protestants in a most barbarous manner to compel them to apostatise. The Irish newspapers are full of instances which are reported to the Poor Law Board, but without meeting with any redress. In the *Achil Herald* now before us, the Commissioners received the evidence of Sarah and James Thomas, orphans and protestants; the former said "Father Owen came into the school where she was; and a couple of girls dragged her out of the school after him, and threatened to slit her nose if she did not go to mass; the girls were always at her; they kicked her out of her bed one night and she lay on the floor." The boy James was obliged to go to mass, "because all the boys were killing him." Such instances are of every day occurrence; but the Commissioners dismiss all complaints with a gentle rebuke without making the least difference in the way that the protestant poor are treated by the priests.

Altar denunciations and private advice in the confessional have doomed thousands of protestant landlords to untimely death; this mode of extirpating the protestants has been systematically carried on ever since the wholesale massacre in the reign of Charles I; and it mattered not, whether the doomed man was a public benefactor or not; his being a protestant was a sufficient reason for his murder, or the destruction of his property. And very recently, a wholesale massacre was attempted of nearly a thousand protestants "at one fell swoop" on the railway between Enniskillen and Londonderry; and they were saved only by the direct protection of God; for, so well was the plan laid, that no human means could have saved the passengers from being crushed to death. The coping stones of a bridge were laid across the railway, so as to throw the engine and carriages over a precipitous declivity of more than forty feet in height; but the magnitude of the stones providentially prevented the catastrophe; for the shock was so great as to break the iron couplings, and the carriages were thrown off the rails on the other side. Had this diabolical design been effected, it is fearful to contemplate the loss of life that must have taken place, of all ranks, degrees, and ages. The greatest sign of guilt is the attempts of the popish press to

throw the blame upon all parties, except the right one. In will and intention, the Enniskillen affair was a premeditated wholesale massacre of the protestant passengers, by members of the popish communion, secretly instigated thereto by the priests, in connexion with the Ribbon Society. Into this Ribbon Society no protestant can be admitted; its members are all sworn papists, and its supreme direction is in the hands of priests who are in confidential intercourse with their bishops; and these again in close correspondence with the Court of Rome. Here, then, is a chain connecting the whole apostacy link by link, from the most imbrutalized murderer by profession in Ireland, rising progressively to the lawless man in the Vatican who is the head of the apostacy; who, with the assumed meekness of the Lamb, speaks with the voice and in the spirit of the Dragon who is the real sponsor of the popery of the Church of Rome.

S. John affirms that the Spirit of the Antichrist was in the world in his own time; the characteristic which he gives of the Antichrist, is the denial of the Father and of the Son; and that can be no other than a spirit of infidelity which may shew itself by a denial that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh; for "who is a liar, but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is the Antichrist who denieth the Father and the Son." We have not yet heard that the Church of Rome has directly denied either the Father or the Son, but confesses both; therefore, in *that* sense, she is not *the* Antichrist which S. John says is to arise at the conclusion of the great apostacy.

But that Church may be Antichristian *in another sense*; for Christ Himself says that he that is not for Him, is directly and decidedly against Him. Now the Church of Rome has deposed Christ from His mediatorial office; she has gone from Him and taken refuge with the Blessed Virgin; and she has declared the Virgin to be their last refuge and their only hope; praying to her in their public devotions:—"O holy mother of God, help my frailty and weakness, assist me this day in all my calamities, temptations, and dangers; but, especially at the hour of my death vouchsafe not to depart from me, that by thy prayers and protection, I may be safe in that last and dangerous battle. Amen." Besides, the Church of Rome gives the attributes and titles of God the Son to her; and the late pope in an ency-

clical letter assured his hierarchy and people:—"that all may have a successful and happy issue, let us raise our eyes to the Blessed Virgin Mary who *alone* destroys heresies; *who is our greatest hope*, yea the ENTIRE GROUND of our hope." In some devotions called the New month of Mary," it is prayed "Hail holy Queen, mother of Mercy, *our sweetness and our HOPE*."

It appears there is at present a holy convocation at Rome to settle the long agitated dispute between the rival monkeries of the Dominicans and Franciscans, whether or not the Blessed Virgin was born like other people the heiress of original sin, and of that proneness to evil which has descended as an heirloom to all the descendants of the first Adam, without any other exception than of Him who became for our sakes the second Adam. Although the long and obstinate apostacy of the Roman Church has not altogether obliterated the faith in that Church as a Church; yet the deification of the ever Blessed Virgin for so many ages back has constituted the apostacy which S. Paul predicted; and this crowning act which is now under consideration at Rome, is surely one of the greatest and most intelligible signs of Antichristianism which the world has ever yet seen. And as this grand apostacy from *the faith* will not be the act of one individual only, but the consentient adoption of the whole body of the papal Church—of the pope as the *head* of the apostacy, of the bishops and clergy as the *arteries and vessels*, and of the people as the "*thones and sinews*" of the body; we humbly conceive that we may possibly be now beholding the revelation of the ANTICHRIST; first in the completed apostacy of the Roman Church, and secondly in the extension and more ostentatious developement of that *infidelity* which so widely overspreads all the continental kingdoms.

INFIDELITY is the foundation principle of the Antichrist; and the new elevation of the Blessed Virgin to supreme deification is the surest proof of the universal and radical infidelity of the Church of Rome, in its head and members. A late writer on prophecy, speaking of the Antichrist, says:—"The character of the wilful king, [of Daniel] determines him to be the great Antichrist of S. John; while the context and tenor of the prophecy no less determine him to be the divided [*secular*] Roman Empire, from about the chronological close of the

seventeenth century. Hence, the Roman Empire, from that chronological epoch [the conclusion of the second Woe, at the battle of Zenta, in 1697] stands indetified with the Antichrist of S. John. But the Roman Empire is also indetified with the Ten-horned Wild Beast; while the Ten-horned Wild Beast was esteemed, in the early Church, either Antichrist himself, or the Roman Empire, viewed as especially subsisting under Antichrist, its seventh head. Hence, the result will be, that the wilful king, the ten-horned Wild-beast, the divided Roman Empire, during a specified term of its later existence, and the Great God-denying Antichrist, are all identical."

Therefore, as we live in such fearful times, we ought to stand in awe and sin not; to commune with our own hearts in the stillness of our chambers; to offer the sacrifice of righteousness; and to put our whole trust in God the Almighty; for when His judgments are in the earth we ought to learn righteousness. We have seen the commencement of that predicted, "great hail out of heaven; every stone" of which is to be "about the weight of a talent," and younger men than ourselves may live to see the full blown developement of the Antichrist will be was in league with the False Prophet, that is the pope and his hierarchy; and whom, both together, the Lord will consume with the Spirit of His mouth; and whom He will destroy with the brightness of His coming; that is the appearing of His own presence. And when the working of Satan, his power, his signs and living wonders, his deceivableness of unrighteousness, his strong delusion, and his lying energy, will cease; the ancient people of God will be restored to the land of their fathers, and the *living waters* shall again go out from Jerusalem—"And it shall come to pass in the last days [these are now the last days] that the mountain of the Lord's House [the pure Church] shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and *all nations shall flow into it*. And many people shall go and say, come ye, and let us go to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and He will teach us of His ways. and we will walk in His paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And He shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares.

and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

W. C. P.

THE COLONIST;

OR WHERE IS HE?

BEING, RECOLLECTIONS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

(Concluded from page 315.)

CHAPTER X.

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

WE always felt inclined to fancy that our friend, De Font, rather relished the "Rustication." It was merely, in his idea, a prolongation of the Christmas Vacation; and then it would not interfere with the favorite Summer Term, and the Commemoration. Moreover, it would skip another opportunity of passing "Little Go;" a season always attended to him with certain nuisances, such as a scout looming across quad, bawling — "Mr. De Font! Mr. T——, your tutor, desires to see you immediately." And then would ensue a most disagreeable encounter with that most austere gentleman, and some such conversation as this—"Ha! Hie! Mr. De Font,"—(a queer motion between a nod and a bow, a slight quivering of one eye-brow, and a nervous adjustment of one of his—the tutor's gills,) "I sent for you, ah!—By-the-bye, Mr. De Font, are you going in this term for your Responsions? (extends the split of an unfortunate quill-pen to such a degree as to render it useless henceforth for ever, and takes up a volume of Arnold's *Thucydides*, and lays it down again) "it is high time!"

"Well, yes—'tis a long while since I—ah—"

"Hie! since you matriculated, Mr. De Font; yes, it is, indeed."

De Font looks upon one of his shoes, and the tutor, walking

across the room, puts in Vol. I. of Bloomfield's Thucydides, and takes out Vol. II. of Arnold's Edition, pulling up the window-blind on his way back, and fingering a queer pamphlet on the proposed building for the University Museum. [Cyprus, lie down! Since you have had a kitten you have been more impudent than any cat with half your intelligence and twice your boldness would dare to be. You have been a perfect little green-stockings, and won't allow us to write the last chapter of this delightful history in peace! Lie down!]

"Well, Mr. De Font, I would wish you to come up to-morrow, and bring me your list of books. I am engaged at present. Good morning!" Whereupon our friend breathes freer, and bounds down the staircase with considerable agility.

* * * *

Reader, do you love the country? If you do not, never profane another page of our unrivalled composition, by venturing to pass your choked, dull eyes across it! Go down with De Font into his Spring retreat, and learn better. Behold he is "gone down," and is enjoying the sweets of a country life. Where the balmy air is choked with no smoke, where the trees are green, and not white with dust, where birds sing cheerily in every nook, and man goeth forth to his work and to his labour in a natural and rational way—Not sitting all day before such incorrigible rubbish as "Aldrich's Logic," or the exploded follies of Aristotle, or the dry, dull, stupid, unprofitable pages of romance and fable called ancient history; but turning up the rich reeking clod, and scattering the seeds of hope over his yawning furrows. Farewell, De Font, we wish you a pleasant "RUSTICATION!"

* * * *

It is bright, beautiful June! The aged veteran commander, in the days of yore, of our victorious troops has passed away from earth, and widowed Alma Mater is to be wedded again

to a worthy bridegroom—the representative of the noble House of Stanley. All is alive and stirring, for the day of his Installation is come. But a certain gloom sits on some undergraduate faces: and why is this? Why, when the sun is shining, and not a cloud obscures the face of the bright azure sky, does gloom settle where all things seem conspiring to plant the germ of gladness, the seeds of mirth and joy? It is for this—Two great days are coming: the theatre will not hold all on both occasions; so tickets must be issued—which was never (we believe) done before; and one half must go to the Installation, and the other half to the Commemoration on a subsequent day. Which half to the Installation?—There was the question! there was the rub! But the good old proverb came in very seasonably—*seniores priores*; the senior men must claim precedence, and the juniors must content themselves with the lesser satellite. * * * * De Font was walking moodily about the quad. We saw in a moment what was the matter, for he was just about the “Senior Junior,” according to the order of tickets, and the number which had been assigned to our college; consequently he would not have a ticket for a grand day.

“I say, —, I could pull that old —’s nose off, for interfering with our old arrangements! Here there won’t be any skuffling, nor any squeezing up the stairs, nor any rolling and sweeping around the corkscrew staircase, nor any smashing windows with caps, [to let the air in and the steam out] nor any bustle—nor anything jolly. All admitted in a slow way, one by one, by tickets, and not one of them for me!”

“Well, never mind, it is provoking, certainly, but—but you may as well be contented, for you can’t help it.”

“Can’t help it! yes, I will, though;” cried our indignant friend—“I’ll get in to-day by some means or other, depend upon it—keep me out, indeed, it’s like them—very. What right have they got to trample us under foot in this way;—

and off he walked, scowling gloomily, and looking exactly as if he could hack all the authorities in pieces.

* * * * *

It was six in the evening, and De Font had just come running into our rooms—

“Ha! old chap—Ha, ha! ha! ha! ha! So I got in after all!”

“You do’nt mean to say so!”

“Oh, yes! didn’t I tell you I would?”

“What a fellow you are! How did you manage it?”

“Oh! when I got to the gate there were two Pros. taking the tickets, so I watched an opportunity, while another man was giving his ticket, and rushed by into the passage. The old Pro. called out in a voice like thunder—‘Come back, sir, where is your ticket!’ but I knew better than that, so I just looked round and said—‘I’m a Member of the University,’ and rushed on—of course he could’nt come in chase, or a dozen would have got in at least; so all he could do was to give me my way, and be more careful for the future.”

This was our friend’s last achievement. We must now follow him through the last scene of his University life, and then bid him farewell for ever.

Again the time of Little Go came round. Collections (vide a previous chapter for some account of this interesting process) were going on, and at the high table at the end of the Hall were seated the Sub. and three tutors in awful conclave, looking sublime, as such dignitaries generally do look on such occasions.

“Mr. De Font,” echoed in sonorous tones along the hall: and our friend, who was making some attempts towards a translation of a Chorus in the Antigone, suddenly rose from his seat, and walking towards the Dais, stationed himself on the middle step.

"Mr. De Font," said the Sub., gravely, "you have been at this college a very long time, and I regret to find you have not yet even attempted to pass Responsions, whereas you should have done so in your third term, most certainly. Why is this?"

"Oh, sir, I do'nt know! 'Tis, ah! yes, 'tis—"

"What, Mr. De Font," asked the senior Tutor, roguishly,—
"Mr. De Font! What is the impediment?"

Why — why," was the answer, "That Euclid. I can never get over that Euclid!"

"How so?" asked the Sub., "you can learn two books, surely."

"Ah, that's it," said De Font, "'tis the second book—those propositions are so long; if they would—ah! ah! divide some of them into three, they would be quite long enough!

[Sub.—Ha! ha! ha!

Senior Tutor.—Hough! hough! hough!

Senior Tutors.—Tew! What next?

Sub loquitur.—"Why can't you learn them, Mr. De Font, although they are long?"

"Why, sir, you see, 'tis memory—'tis memory!"

"Well, Mr. De Font, we have a painful duty to perform, [looks sympathisingly, and blows his nose twice,] and it causes us all the more pain, [looks very affected, and particularly softened, and blows his nose three times,] on the present occasion, because, with one little exception, which we wont mention, you have behaved yourself with great sobriety and the utmost respectability, [looks more like himself, only blows his nose once, and takes up a quill pen, for the express purpose apparently of punishing the same,] still it is a painful duty—I may say a very painful duty, and one which people in my position [feels his ring, and readjusts it nicely, so as to make its flat surface at right-angles with his finger,] always dread [pulls out his shirt wrist-bands,] beyond every thing else; but

still, from our high sense of duty, [raises his white neck-tie by the aid of both hands] we never shrink from, merely to [blows his nose, and commences cleaning the glasses of his spectacles,] spare our own private feelings of sympathy. In short, Mr. De Font, you have skipped so many opportunities of passing your Responsions, that we are under the painful necessity [looks very queer—dignified and magnificent, with a strange mixture of compassion, or some kindred sentiment, and puts on his spectacles,] of requesting you to withdraw your name [looks up at the portrait of the Founder, and gently feels his bands with one hand, and strokes his whiskers with the other,] from the College Books! [changes his tone, and looks very mild, placing the palm of a hand on either thigh, and gently propelling them in the direction of his knees.]

"By the bye, Mr. De Font, what do you propose to be?"

This was rather a startling question—De Font had never put it to himself in so abrupt or definite a form, and so he felt, no doubt, in rather an odd position: accordingly he looked down, but said nothing.

"Why, surely, Mr. De Font," said the senior tutor, "surely you have fixed long ago on some profession, eh?"

"Come now," said the sub. patting him on the back, "what is it to be?"

"Why, sir," said De Font, "I don't think I've thought much about it; but I—I—ah—I think I—I should like to—ah—ah—be A COLONIST!!"

Sub.—Haw! haw! haw! haw! haw! haw!

Senior Tutor.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Second Tutor.—He! he! he! he! he! he! he!

Third Ditto.—His! his! his! his! his!

General Chorus.—Aw! aw! aw! aw! aw!

And now, Readers, "WHERE IS HE?"

For ourselves, we do not know!"

F. C. H.

THE SCOTTISH COMMUNION OFFICE.

IN an able pamphlet published by Masters, the Rev. J. B. Pratt, a clergyman of the Scottish Church, thus sums up the explanation which he gives of the statement which he makes in a letter on the Scottish Communion Office.

Two things, he says, are necessary to the right conception of the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, and of its due administration.

First, things to be *believed*; secondly, things to be *done*.

The things to be believed, are what Christ *said*; the things to be done, are what He *did*.

First. Christ said that the bread which He took, blessed, brake and gave to His disciples, was HIS BODY; and the wine which He also took, blessed, and over which He gave thanks, was HIS BLOOD. That they are so really though *not substantially; spiritually*, though *not carnally*. He taught when, for the purpose of removing the doubts of His disciples concerning the possibility of eating His flesh and drinking His blood, he said, "what and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend where He was before;" as if He had said, "it is not my natural flesh and blood that ye shall eat and drink, for these shall ascend into heaven;" and He immediately adds, "it is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." The Son of Man was to ascend; the bread and wine were to be quickened by the Spirit.

It is *to be believed*, then, that *in the same sense* in which our Lord said of the bread, "This is my body," and of the cup, "This is my blood," the Body and Blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper; and hence that all who thus "discern the Lord's body," and so eat and drink, DWELL in Christ and Christ in them; they are *ONE* with Christ and Christ with them; and that they shall be raised up at the last day.

Secondly. Christ DID this; 1. He took bread and wine and said, "This is my Body; this is my Blood;" my Body which is *given* for you; my Blood which is shed for you. 2. He *gave* or *offered* these to God, to be the propitiation for their sins; 3. He blessed; 4. He brake; 5. He gave thanks.

This is what Christ DID; and which He commanded His apostles TO DO. "This do as oft as ye shall drink it in remembrance of me."

It is by thus DOING what He DID, that bread and wine become, in efficacy and in Spirit, verily and indeed, the Body and Blood of Christ; for *inherently*, they can have no saving power, nor be in any sense the Body and Blood of our Lord.

It is therefore necessary that everything be done which, as our pattern and guide, He did and also commanded to be done.

With regard to the things *to be believed*, the doctrine is the same in the Scottish and in the Anglican branches of the Catholic Church. They both believe that Christ is "verily and indeed;" present in the Holy Eucharist; but "*only* after an heavenly and Spiritual manner;" that "we spiritually eat His flesh and drink His blood;" and that we are "made *one* with Christ and Christ with us" in that Sacrament.

But with regard to the things *to be done* there is a marked difference in the practice of the two churches . . . The rule indeed, is the same in both Churches:—

"Before all things, this we must be sure of especially, that this Supper be in such ways done and ministered as our Lord and Saviour *did* and commanded *to be done*; as His holy Apostles used it; and the good fathers of the primitive Church frequented it!" This rule is still strictly observed in the Scottish office; the following prayer in the act of consecration is not in the English service.

"Hear us O merciful Father, we most humbly beseech

Thee; and grant that we, receiving Thy creatures of bread and wine, according to Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ's holy Institution, in remembrance of His death and passion, may be partakers of His most blessed Body and Blood."

In the Scottish service the oblation and invocation are in the act of consecration, as follows:—

"Wherefore O Lord and heavenly Father, according to the institution of Thy dearly beloved Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, we, Thy humble servants do celebrate and make here, before Thy Divine Majesty with these Thy holy gifts, *which we now offer unto Thee*, the memorial Thy Son has commanded us to make: having in remembrance His blessed passion and precious death, His mighty resurrection and glorious ascension: rendering unto Thee most hearty thanks for the innumerable benefits procured unto us by the same. And we most humbly beseech Thee O merciful Father, to hear us, and of Thy Almighty goodness, vouchsafe to bless and sanctify with Thy Word and Holy Spirit, these Thy gifts and creatures of bread and wine, that they may become the Body and Blood of thy most dearly beloved Son."

CONSECRATION OF MOUNT PELLON CHURCH.

THIS imposing solemnity, which for some time had been expected with considerable interest in the neighbourhood, took place on the 27th. of October. The weather was beautiful. A magnificent autumnal sun lighted up the landscape; and the many-tinted foliage of Birks Hall Wood was seen to the greatest advantage. Never, certainly, within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," was such a concourse of people seen in Mount Pellon. Most of the aristocracy of the neighbourhood were present; nor were the more humble classes unrepresented. Many a decent artisan and labourer was there; his carefully kept coat, worn only on Sundays and special Festivals, being "donned" for the occasion, showed the inter-

est he felt in the opening of the House of Prayer.

Admission to the Church, prior to the consecration, could only be obtained by ticket. This mode was rendered necessary by the limited size of the edifice; so that at least the subscribers and friends, whether rich or poor, might, in the first instance, secure the accommodation they needed. No distinction of rank, however, was observed in the distribution of tickets. The equitable rule of "first come, first served," never was more strictly carried out than in the present instance. And yet the church was very much crowded in every part, and many were obliged to turn away unable to obtain admittance.

The ceremony of "~~laying the foundation stone~~" of this Church took place on the 31st of May, in ~~last~~ year; a well-drawn up form of prayer and ceremonial having been prepared for the occasion by the Incumbent of Illingworth. The stone was laid by Mrs John Gott, of Wyther Hall, near Leeds, in the presence of a numerous and deeply interested assemblage. The site, which is most eligible, and admirably situated, was the gift of Mrs. Lancashire and Mrs Brooke, of Birks Hall. "Beautiful for selection" may, with strict truth, be applied to it. The style of architecture is "decorated, of the 14th century; combining solidity and strength with an airy lightness, and well harmonizing, in all its details, with the surrounding locality. The sacred edifice consists of nave, chancel, and vestry, a small aisle, divided from the nave by four well-proportioned bays, and a tower, containing a peal of three fine-toned bells, the generous gift of John Gott, Esq., a clock, with a double face, to chime the quarters, and now in process of construction, will be erected in the same commanding position; which will prove a most useful boon, not only to the inhabitants of the increasing village of Mount Pellon, but likewise to those of the surrounding district: this is to be the mu-

nificent gift of Mrs. J. Gott. The altar rails and holy table are of oak; the latter is covered with a rich crimson cloth, having on the antependium, in embroidery of gold-coloured silk, the sacred monogram, similar in design to that on the altar cloth of S. Peter's Church, Leeds. This, together, with the fittings up of the prayer desk, pulpit, altar-cushions, &c., are also the gift of Mrs. Gott. The communion plate, consisting of a splendid chalice, paten, flagon, and offertory plate, all in silver, and manufactured from a design of the Ecclesiological Society, together with the bible, prayer books, altar services, and a book of the offices, all handsomely bound in purple Morocco, are the truly munificent gift of Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes, of Henerton, Berkshire. The font, worked by himself, and of a beautiful design, is the generous and most acceptable offering of Mr. Pratt, Stonemason of Halifax. The altar carpet, which is a Brussels pattern, and of a chaste design, as also the vestry carpet and rug, are the gift of the eminent firm of J. Cressby and Sons. There are other donations of smaller amount, to which our space does not admit of allusion; but we presume most acceptable to the parties concerned. The roof of the building is open, the beams resting upon stone corbels, and plastered between the rafters, which contributes not only to the appearance but to the comfort of the building. All the woodwork, (save that already referred to, and the doors) is of deal, stained so as to resemble old oak, and presents a very pleasing appearance. The seats are without doors, and free; no vulgar undevotional "square pews," or *pens* being allowed to destroy the aspect of the house of prayer. The pulpit is advantageously placed in the north-east corner of the nave, and is entered from the vestry; it is of stone, with a canopy of the same material. All the dripstones are terminated by heads, and four gurgoyles appear beneath the battlements of the tower. The east and west windows,—the tracery of which

is in the beautiful decorated style,—the former consisting of three lights, and the latter of four, on suitable stained glass, to render them perfect. On the south side of the aisle already referred to, the windows are square-headed, like those of Leeds parish church. The east window of this aisle is a circular one; and, even without the adornment of stained glass, (which it certainly needs) is universally admired.

Upon the whole, this really attractive edifice may safely be pronounced one of the most perfect specimens, of a small village church, to be met with in the west Riding of Yorkshire. From whatever quarter it is seen, it presents not only a conspicuous but a beautiful object; and it reflects no small credit upon the architects,—the distinguished firm of Mallinson & Healy, of Halifax and Bradford.

Upwards of £960 have, through the instrumentality of the incumbent of Illingworth, been raised in voluntary subscriptions. Her Majesty's Commissioners for Building Churches, have made a grant of £125; the Incorporated Society, £160; the Ripon Diocesan Society, £225; and the Co-operative Society, £15. The church is calculated to accommodate 300 worshippers; and the district will be taken in nearly equal proportions, from the parochial chapelry of Illingworth (in which the sacred edifice has been erected) and the district of S. James, in the Borough of Halifax.

At eleven o'clock in the day referred to, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Ripon, accompanied by the Venerable the Arch-deacon of Craven, were received at the entrance to the burial ground, by the Rev. William Gillmor, M.A., incumbent of Illingworth, the Rev. G. Kinnear, nominated to the ministry of Mount Pellon District, John Gott, Esq., J. W. Rhodes, Esq., Messrs. S. Welster, J. Greenroyd, together with Messrs. Low & Skelton, churchwardens of Illingworth, and by them conducted to the vestry. His Lordship, having put on his epis-

copal robes, left the vestry, attended by T. G. Teale, Esq. registrar of the Diocese, and followed by twenty-seven clergymen, robed in surplices, and bearing the badges of their collegiate degrees, proceeded to the principal entrance in the tower, where a petition was presented to the Bishop, by the Rev. W. Gillmor, praying his lordship to consecrate the church. The petition having been read, and the bishop having declared his readiness to comply with the request, the procession moved up the nave of the Church, the bishop and clergy alternately repeating the 24th psalm. The clergy then took their places, so far as practicable, within the chancel. The bishop sat on the north side of the altar, and the Rev. W. Gillmor, on the south. His lordship, having concluded the initial process of consecration, directed his Registrar to read the deed of consecration; and having signed the instrument, commanded it to be registered, together with the petition, among the muniments of the diocese.

The ordinary morning service, in the course of which several prayers appropriate to the occasion were said by the bishop, was then offered up by the Ven. Archdeacon Musgrave. The proper lessons selected for the occasion were read by the Rev. G. Kinnear; the psalms, canticles, versicles, responses, and hymns, were chanted or sung, without any musical accompaniment, by the Illingworth Choir, and that hitherto engaged at the room licensed for Divine Service in Ovenden Wood (and which now has been given up),—all of whom were under the direction of Mr. Hartley, organist of Illingworth. The music was, as it ought to be, both simple and sweet; and was in consequence, greatly admired. The communion service was read by the Bishop; and the epistle by the Rev. W. Gillmor, who also gave notice of the celebration of the Holy Communion on the following Sunday, and read throughout the first exhortation from the Book of Common Prayer. The consecration

sermon was impressively preached by the Bishop from Galatians vi. 14. After the sermon, and during the reading of the offertory sentences by his lordship, the alms of the congregation were collected by Major Edwards, John Golt, Esq., and Robert Parker, Esq., assisted by Messrs. Low and Skelton, churchwardens of Illingworth; and amounted to £54 15, exclusive of a donation of £10 from the worshipful Mayor of Halifax, and £5 from Samuel Waterhouse, Esq.

The blessing having been pronounced by the Bishop, his lordship, attended by the clergy and others, repaired to the burial-ground; and having proceeded round it, repeating alternately the 49th psalm, consecrated it in accordance with the formulary used on such occasions in the diocese of Ripon. This service excited much interest among those who, owing to the crowded state of the church, were unable to obtain admission within its walls.

The sacred ceremonial being thus ended, the Bishop, clergy, and many of the ladies and gentlemen forming the congregation, proceeded to the New Assembly Rooms in Halifax, where a very elegant collation had been provided for their necessary refreshment. John Golt, Esq. was in the chair, and the Rev. W. Gillmor occupied the vice-chair. Among those present to meet his lordship were:—The Venerable Archdeacon Musgrave, Mrs. Brooke, Mrs. J. Gott, J. W. Rhodes, Esq., and Mrs. Rhodes, of Heverton, Berks., Major and Mrs. Edwards, Edward Akroyd, Esq., and Mrs Akroyd, Mrs. and the Misses Gillmor, Miss Edwards, Robert Parker, Esq., George Beaumont, Esq. and Mrs. Beaumont, Miss Rawson, J. Mallinson, Esq. and Mrs. Mallinson, T. G. Teale, Esq., R. Carter, Esq., Rev. S. Danby, J. H. Gouch, W. Smith, G. Ferris, H. B. Lennard, R. Allen, J. Hosse, G. Kinnear, T. Sutcliffe, W. Wright, J. Fawcett, G. W. Ninis, C. Holmes, H. Macrae, W. Roberts, &c.

After the usual loyal toasts, Major Edwards replying in a

very spirited and appropriate speech for "The Army and Navy," the healths of the Bishop, Archdeacon Musgrave, and the clergy of the parish of Halifax, the Rev. W. Gillmor, "to whose unwearied zeal and great ability they were all indebted for the successful carrying out of this important work," were given from the chair; and from the vice-chair, Mrs. Lancashire and Mrs. Brooke, of Birks Hall. The Rev. gentleman called upon them to consider this as "the toast of the day." He said—"they were indebted to these excellent ladies for the first intimation of this good work; for the truly beautiful site on which the church had been erected; for a most liberal donation to the building fund; and a few sundry other acts of Christian generosity in this cause, to which a feeling of delicacy prevented his giving minute expression on that occasion." The toast was received and drank with the greatest enthusiasm, all the company standing. Mr. Gillmor also proposed the health of Edward Akroyd, Esq., "a gentleman," he said, "foremost in every good work; and to whose munificent liberality the church throughout the diocese was largely indebted." Mr. Akroyd replied in a speech of great practical utility. After a few more toasts, the party broke up.

An excellent and well-served luncheon was also provided at the Wheatsheaf Inn, Mount Pellon, which was numerously and respectably attended.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CATECHISM.

(Continued from page 41.)

As Christ died for us, and was buried; so also is it to be believed that He went down into Hell. This is what the Church teaches us in her third article, and as she is the witness and keeper of holy writ, on whose interpretation all her members

must rely since she teaches nothing contrary to the word of God; so we are to believe what she here lays down on this subject.

There is no passage of scripture in which it is distinctly and expressly stated that Christ descended into Hell; we must therefore look to those parts of the sacred volume, where it is implied although not expressly stated. In 1 Peter III. 18-19: it is written "being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the spirit by which also He went and preached unto the spirits in prison;" where says Bishop Pearson, the *spirit* seems to be the *soul of Christ*, and the *spirits in prison*, the souls of *them that were in hell*, or in some place at least separated from the joys of heaven: whither because we never read our Saviour was at any other time, we may conceive He went in spirit there when His soul departed from His body on the cross. In Acts 11. 31 St. Peter refers to the prophecy of David (Ps. XVI) respecting our Saviour which he quotes in verse 22 and seq. "I foresaw the Lord always before my face &c., and my flesh shall rest in hope: because thou wilt not leave my soul in hell." S. Peter explains this prophecy as applying to Christ that His soul was not left in hell; from this place of Scripture it is plain that the soul of Christ was not left in hell at the time of His Resurrection, therefore, it must have been there before His death; therefore upon or after His death and before His Resurrection, the soul of Christ descended into hell; we must therefore confess, with the creed, and third article of the Church that Christ went down into Hell.

The third day he rose again from the dead. "That Jesus did rise from the dead according to the Scriptures, is a certain and infallible truth, delivered unto us, and confirmed by testimonies human, angelical, and divine."—(Bishop Pearson)

1. *Human testimony.* Holy women, we learn from the latter

chapters of the four Evangelists, came to the Sepulchre early in the morning of the first day in the week, for the purpose of anointing His dead body, and found Him alive and risen: S. Luke in Acts 1. 3, tells us that He showed Himself alive to the Apostles during forty days, and in Acts 11, S. Peter testifies that God had raised Him up, "This same Jesus hath God raised up of whom we all are witnesses," (v 32) and the same Apostle again in Acts X. 40. "Him God raised up the third day, and showed Him openly, not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God, even to us who did eat and drink with Him, *after He rose from the dead*" S. Paul too bears witness to the Resurrection, Acts XIII. 30 and seq. and in the 1 Cor. XV. 4-7 "that He rose again (the third day) according to the Scriptures: and was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve: after that he was seen of above 500 brethren at once; after that He was seen of James; then of all the Apostles (Acts 1.) and last of all he was seen of me also; and in verse 20 of the same Chapter "now is Christ *risen from the dead* and become the fruits of them that slept."

2. *Angelic testimony.* If further authority were wanted we have it in the testimony of the Angels. When Mary Magdalene and the other Mary came to the Sepulchre and, (finding the stone rolled away) looked in, they saw two Angels sitting, who said to them "Why seek ye Him that liveth among the dead! He is not here but is risen:" S. Matt. XXVIII. 6 Mark XVI. 6 S. Luke XXIV. 5,6.

3. *Divine Testimony.* "That Christ did truly rise again from death" as the Church teaches in her fourth Article, is certain from the words of our Lord Himself to His Apostles when they doubted the reality of His appearance in bodily form, "and supposed that they had seen a spirit;" "Behold" says He "my hands, and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see Me have;" (S. Luke

XXIV. 89) and to the unbelief of Thomas, He said, " Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side ; and be not faithless but believing."

SONG

TO BE SUNG BY THE FRIENDS
OF

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY,

*When the Bill to allow Marriage with a Wife's Sister shall
receive the Royal Assent.*

The days of priestcraft now are passed,
And popery is laid low at last ;
We've struck a blow in Freedom's cause,
And set at naught the marriage laws.
A man may now first take a wife,
Next with her sister share his life ;
But this will surely not be all
Unless S. Basil's lore should fall ;
For truly that illustrious saint,
With logic good and language quaint,
The qualms of conscience doth release,
For those whom both at once might please.
Some folks maintain he is but jeering—
But give that holy sage a hearing :—
" We may not, it is very true,
Vex any wife by having two ;
When she her sister should abuse,
A man his second bride must lose.
But if you think these maids are sweet,
Why, then, I s'pose, 'twould be most meet

The dear ones not to separate,
If each in turn may be your mate.
And free men scorn the Church's tether,
'Then why not wed them both together.'
If gentle were the Grecian girls,
Britannia's maids are surely pearls.
So let us all the sisters wed
(Though twenty-two :) before one's dead.
With popish fictions we'll have done,
'That man and wife, though twain, are one ;
We'll never let the puseyite
Deprive us of the Gospel-light,
But test the truth with intellect,
And pay the Germans more respect
Who love their partners to divorce,
And change almost like cow or horse,
But two chaste wives old Luther took
Out of the *Jewish* statute book,
Releasing from a precious mess
His friend the worthy Prince of Hesse.
'The Gospel then must give us more,
Yea ! like the Koran, bless with four.
What once was right can ne'er be wrong ;
Be that the burden of our song.
Hugh Bennet's arguments displease us,
While Carrington and Keble tease us,
The "Free Church" reasonings cast away,
For Roundell Palmer pray don't stay ;
Should Gladstone and Napier be right
The Bible then itself we'll fight ;
Morality's an useless clog,
We care not for the decalogue,

We fear not God, nor honour man,
 Nor own restraint to any plan ;
 Order, religion, decency,
 Shall flee the 19th century.
 Yea! every principle we'll lose,
 And make the rule of faith: **WE CHOOSE.**

PEDRO TRAVASSES VALDEZ.

CHARLES B. INCLEDON.

[We presume that the following notice of a very celebrated Cornishman will be acceptable to our readers; particularly to the musical portion of them. It is abridged from the *New Monthly Magazine* for June, 1838].

Charles Benj. Incledon was born in 1764 at S. Keverne in Cornwall where his father was a surgeon and Apothecary. At a very early age he was entered as one of the choristers of Exeter Cathedral: where Jackson the celebrated organist, soon discovered his superior powers and took delight in cultivating and improving him. He therefore made rapid improvement, and became a great favourite in all the musical parties in Exeter.

While at Exeter, in the Assize week, Judge Nares attended divine service in the Cathedral Incledon sang the solo, 'Let the soul live;' the pathos and sensibility with which he gave it had such an effect upon the Judge that he shed tears; at the end of the service he sent for the boy, and gave him five guineas, as a mark of his approbation.

One fine summer evening he was sitting on the rails of the Cathedral yard singing; 'Were I a shepherd's maid,' when a gentleman inquired who he was?—The next morning Jackson sent for him and introduced him to this stranger. "Young

gentleman," said he "Mr. Jackson has given you leave to go and see Commodore Walshingham, at Torbay; have you any objection to accompany me thither?" Charles very gladly assented; and he remained on board the *Thunderer* three days charming the officers with his vocal abilities. The boy quite happy, wished to remain on board; the Commodore wished that he might, his parents were consulted, but they fortunately refused, for the *Thunderer* went down in a dreadful hurricane not long after. This visit however, fixed his inclination for a seafaring life; and four years after, he and a fellow-chorister started for Plymouth with all their property "tied up in a blue-and-white pocket-handkerchief." They were overtaken at Ivy Bridge; brought back, and punished, by being obliged to perform their duties in the church for a week without their surplices. But as soon as Incledon obtained his liberty, in 1779, he joined the *Formidable*, 98, and afterwards went on board the *Raisonné*, 64, to the West Indies as a common sailor. At St. Lucie his captain gave a large party on board. It was Saturday-night; and "wives and sweethearts" went round amongst the crew as usual. Charles's vocal talents were then unknown, but when it came to his turn he burst forth upon them with—"Twas Thursday in the Morn," The crew involuntarily set up a hurrah, which brought out one of the officers, who was just as much astonished as the sailors. He called the Captain, who, unseen, heard the last verse; and then ordered Incledon to the cabin, where he remained for some time singing Jackson's songs, to the delight and astonishment of the company, who jocularly appointed him *Singer to the British Fleet*. At the expiration of the war he was discharged and applied unsuccessfully to Colman for an engagement at the Haymarket. After one or two more disappointments, he made his debut at Southampton at fifteen shillings-a-week, and was subsequently engaged at Bath, at thirty shillings. He happened, however;

to sing when Rauzzini was present, who was forcibly struck with his extraordinary power and beautiful voice: he gave him instructions, which soon brought him into notice, and obtained him an engagement at Vauxhall. In 1791 Bartleman and Harrison, who had the oratorios at Covent Garden, engaged him. On the same night he sang "Sound an alarm" in which he electrified the audience, and established himself as the first English singer.—While he was at sea he got into a coarse style of singing and never quite recovered the science he had acquired under that excellent instructor Jackson; yet he had so fine an ear, and so retentive a memory, that having once made himself perfect in any piece of music, he had no occasion ever again to practise it.—The last song he ever sang was at the Rein Deer at Worcester. He had attended the Glee Club at that house but declined singing and left the room rather depressed. In his way out; he strolled into the kitchen, where recovering his spirits, and gathering the servants around him, he sang "Then farewell, my trim-built wherry" in his most brilliant style: scarcely had he finished it, however, when he lapsed into his previous gloom, quitted the room and not many days after died. This was in February, 1826.—Never did Nature pour out her gifts more profusely on any singer, His voice combined every excellence; powerful, brilliant, melodious, sweet, liquid and rich, it flowed like a torrent, while its correct intonation made its most subdued tones effective. It was a legitimate tenour of great compass, probably from A to G, about fourteen notes; his fallsetto glided imperceptibly from his natural voice, and was very extensive, and his bass was very good also. His ear was so perfect that he could not sing out of tune; and if by any accident he was imperfect in his music whatever he substituted was in strict harmony. In short as a singer take him for all in all we are not likely to look upon his like again.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH WARDEN.

MY DEAR SIR,—One of your oldest and most frequent contributors, and staunchest friends, may well claim space in your pages for a few words in reply to a review, in which you have assailed a subject very near his heart. I refer to your notice in the November number of "Saving Faith," and the "Cornish Curate's" few words on the same topic. I have never seen either book, and the one extract you have made from the latter, goes very far to prove to me that the curate has not taken the trouble to read Mr. Aitken's writings. If he has read them,—as he certainly was bound to do before writing against them, he would not have fallen into the mistake he has about the word *Christians*.

There are many kinds of Christians: real Christians, and professing Christians: aye, and there will be Christians in Hell, and not *only* Christians in Heaven. For when a man, who has not known GOD, comes by His mercy to know Him, and be known of Him, he is immediately in the saved state: he has come, and has not been cast out; that is, he has been received. If he were to die, he would go to Heaven, because it is his Father's home, and he has received the adoption of a son. Still he would not be a Christian, or any thing more than Abraham or Moses. Baptism makes a Christian: as many of us as are baptized into Christ have put on Christ, and all ought to observe Christ's command who have the power. But of those who are baptized, who are made Christians, some will ascend thither where their Lord is; and others, alas! the many, will be Christians in Hell throughout eternity. Christ once put on can never be put off: the cross on the brow, in baptism, will either shine in the courts of heaven, or burn in the depths of hell. This is enough for the Curate: I may not say more, because I do not know enough of his

views. Now, my dear sir, bear with me while I say a few words in reference to your own remarks—

“*If this new light be true.*” New light! “Therefore *being* justified by faith, we *have* peace with God,” and “the spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the sons of God.” Is this out of “the old-fashioned book,” a new light? And is it not true? “What is the *use*,” you proceed, “*of Baptism and the Lord’s Supper?*” If it be *true* that conversion is necessary, and who will dare to say it is not, will not the man whom God’s grace has pardoned, if he be unbaptized, rush to that Holy Fount that his fleshly nature may be regenerated, and the first seeds of the divine nature of Christ, planted in him; and will he not come humbly to the altar of his God, and partake meekly of his Body and Blood, whereby Christ designs to impart unto him more and more of His divine nature, even of Himself, and to give to the regenerated, faithful, man His resurrection power? “He that eateth my Flesh and drinketh my Blood; (not, *shall* have, but) *hath* eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day.” This is the gift of God’s grace—eternal life—“The gift of God is ETERNAL LIFE through Jesus Christ our Lord.” And are Baptism and the Lord’s Supper of no use? Nay; but the former first began the change in our corrupt nature: the latter is the meat and drink whereby our spiritual nature is sustained.

Then again you forget, (when, following in the train of the Cornish Curate, you imply that we look upon baptized Christians as practically heathen,) that the *prodigal* was *still* a SON, that in an instant, when in a far country with the harlots and the swine, remembered the good condition even of the servants of his FATHER, and arose to return to him. The baptized sinner is still a son; the baptized heathen is still a *Christian*; the everlasting arms of a *Father’s* mercy are open to receive him. There is *but one conversion*, *but one returning* from the far

country of the world's wickedness. Conversion is not an every-day duty: the penitence of the converted man is.

See Hebrews vi. 4, *et seq.* "For it is impossible for those who *were* ONCE *enlightened*, and *have tasted of the heavenly gift*, and *were made partakers of the Holy Ghost*, and *have tasted the good Word of God*, and the powers of the world to come; if they shall fall away to renew them again into repentance." Here is ONE act spoken of, which cannot be Baptism; for who then could be saved, as all baptised infants evidently fall from baptismal grace. And again, in Hebrews x:—"If we sin wilfully, *after we have received the knowledge of the truth*, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin;" and so also, 2 S. Peter, II. 20-22.

All these refer so evidently to a certain ONE ACT: the being received as a prodigal son, but to say in spite of such texts that conversion is an every day duty, is indeed presumption.

You must not judge of this doctrine, which I *know* to be God's truth, by *modern* Methodism. If you will be at the pains of reading through "John Wesley's Journal," you will be constrained to admire and love the apostolic saint, who, in days of almost total darkness and extinction of the Truth, gave up himself with a zeal unheard-of since the apostolic times, to the preaching of Christ everywhere.

And as to the spiritual pride of those who confess themselves lost and damned sinners, but can look up and say—"Christ hath died!" Who cast off the filthiness of their own rags of righteousness, that they may be clothed by Christ alone; who empty themselves utterly, that they may be filled with Him alone; who cast off all self-merit, that *He* may have *all* the glories who trod the wine-press *alone*. If this be spiritual pride then is humility not acceptable to Christ, not part of Christianity. David said—"O all ye who fear the Lord, come, and I will tell you what He hath done for *my* soul." This was not

spiritual pride, but true humility. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name give the praise, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.

Believe me to be, my dear sir,
Very sincerely yours,
F. C. H.

S. Ives, November 2nd, 1854.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

(Continued from page 349.)

CHAPTER IV.

We must now pass over a space of eight months from the commencement of our story, and introduce the reader to one of the most frequented roads in the New Forest of Hampshire. But do not imagine, kind reader, that the aforesaid was a fine open highroad rejoicing, in all advantages of a modern turnpike, or the chances are you will be mistaken. Though dignified by the name of a road, it was in fact a mere footpath, scarcely passable for one horseman, and utterly impracticable for even the rude vehicles then in use, which, be it spoken, were only employed in agricultural operations. Here the path took a sharp turn to avoid a huge tree, there it wound round on account of a precipitous bank, here a morass caused a circuit of a mile or two, and there it was lost utterly in the green sward which covered the open glades that here and there intersected the forest.

Beneath the underwood bordering on one of these glades, were seated about a dozen men dressed in coats of Lincoln Green and high buskins of deer's hide untanned, and with the hair outside. Beside them lay their tough yew bows, and each man had by his side a *couteau de chasse* and at his back a quiver.

They were conversing in a low tone, till one of them suddenly springing up, exclaimed,

"Hist! list my masters, I hear some one coming."

"Lie close, then," replied one who appeared to be their leader, "don't use your bows if you can avoid it; overpower them if possible, and take them to our captain."

The outlaws, for such they were, accordingly dispersed themselves as best suited their purpose, and awaited their prey in silence. The foot-fall of a horse was now heard more and more distinctly; and in a short time the traveller appeared in the open space. He was apparently a knight, but his appearance was extremely pitiable, as was that of his charger. The latter was so lean that the bones were distinctly visible through the skin, and though he had still some remains of his former spirit, it was evident that he was nearly on his last legs; nor was his rider in much better condition; his once gay armour was battered and worn, the coat of arms was almost erased from his shield, and his only offensive weapons were his sword and dagger. In fact no one who saw him in his present plight, would have recognized the once gay and gallant Sir Henry Rolt. After advancing a little way into the glade, he reined in, dismounted, and took the saddle and bridle from his weary steed saying—

"Poor Bevis, here at least thou may'st eat thy fill without being grudged it; and with a deep sigh he threw himself upon the grass. Scarcely had he done so when the outlaws pounced upon him, and in a minute had him a close prisoner. It was in vain he exerted his strength to throw them off, and finding he had no chance, he ceased to struggle, merely saying—

"Base churls surely ye will not spill the blood of a noble knight; but" he added in a lower tone "death would be a welcome end to all my troubles—do what ye will with me."

"We intend thee no harm we only want good ransom,

replied one of his captors, "give thy word as a knight that thou wilt go with us quietly, and we will unhand thee, and if thou wilt not, we must e'en carry thee off bodily."

"There is no need," replied Rolt "do what ye will with me I can be no worse off than I was before—lead on, I will go with ye."

The outlaws accordingly released their hold. And the knight rising to his feet caught his horse and was about to saddle it, when he was interrupted by their leader, who told him to follow him; Rolt obeyed, and was led by his captors through a variety of bye paths so intricate that it was only by long practice they could be threaded, till at last they reached a tree, standing by itself in the midst of a large open space. Here the main body of the outlaws to the number of two or three hundred were assembled. "So, ho! Jenkin," exclaimed the captain a handsome man of about 40 years of age "thou hast taken a prisoner at last; Come Sir Knight, compound for thy ransom, 400 merks and thou art free"

Ask the oak to give thee pumpions, or the thistle to bring forth grapes friend," replied Rolt with a discordant laugh, "both the one and the other will be able to grant thy request as easily as I can."

"Pshaw," replied the outlaw, "Knights go not thus poorly provided; search his pockets and saddle bags, Jenkin, and see what he hath upon him."

"Four pence out of your 400," replied Rolt smiling, as he patiently submitted to the outlaws removing his cuirass, and searching the pockets of his gyphon, or close fitting garment worn under the armour. Sure enough four pence rewarded their trouble.

"'Tis somewhat strange" muttered the Captain, "Come Sir Knight, thy face is troubled, and thy mien betokens uneasiness of mind, tell me thy difficulties, and mayhap a remedy may

be found—meantime taste some venison pasty; perchance a drop of good brown ale to wash it down, will not come amiss."

The invitation as may be supposed, was readily accepted; and the hungry knight was not long in making an acquaintance with the interior of a mighty venison pasty, while his steed which was by this time brought up, was regaled with a good meal of corn. In the course of the conversation, Rolt opened his heart to his entertainer, and explained all his difficulties.

"What security wilt thou give if I advance thee the money" asked the outlaw chief, when he heard the Knight's statement.

"Sure enough" replied Rolt "ask security! thou mightest as well ask the money itself."

"Hast thou no friend to help thee at this pinch" enquired the other.

"I have one good friend, but sooth to say, he is as badly off as I am."

"A pretty pair of ye certainly," said the captain smiling.

"What is thy name prythee?"

"The world once heard of me as Henry Rolt," was the reply.

"Sir Henry Rolt the lover of the fair Catherine de Beaujeu," exclaimed the other, "I myself will be thy security. What say ye mates, will ye lend the knight the money? I will answer for it to ye."

"As thou wishest captain we will trust thee," was the general reply.

And ere evening, Sir Henry Rolt was pursuing his way towards Netley Abbey with 400 pounds in his pocket, and a heart lighter than he had known for some time.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE CREED AND THE CHURCH.

J. H. Parker. 1854.

This useful little work is entitled "A Summary of Christian Truth, Doctrine and Practice; from Pearson and Hooker. It is a new edition of Mr. Keble's selections from the Fifth Book of the judicious Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity; to which has been prefixed Bishop Pearson's Summary Paraphrase of the Apostle's Creed, as arranged by the Bishop of S. Andrew's who says in his preface that, "there is much to discourage an ardent mind in the present aspect of the British Churches;" and the cause which he assigns is "the absence of anything like a stated course of systematic preparatory teaching and discipline for the candidates of our sacred ministry. It is," his lordship continues, "the object of this little manual to contribute something, however small, to the remedy of this sad evil. And if it were universally to be committed to memory in our Schools and Colleges, it is confidently hoped that an intellectual habit would be formed, and a moral foundation laid which would go far to remove, in a future generation, the disorders which the Church is suffering, and must still expect to suffer as the penalty of past sins, negligences, and ignorances in our own." The Bishop of S. Andrew's plan is excellent; and his summary presents a complete epitome of Bishop Pearson's immortal work. It will be a good study for professional men, in the commencement of their theological course, and help to smoothen many difficulties with which they will meet in those studies which are not taught in the universities; but which they will be

compelled to pursue after the commencement of their parochial duties.

We would recommend the separate publication of Bishop Wordsworth's Summary of the Creed, that it may circulate largely among the laity. It runs on to 86 pages, and might be published for two or three pence; and, if that is done, we would recommend a larger extract from Pearson, describing what is meant by the Catholic Church, beginning at the last paragraph of page 349, of the fourth folio edition of 1676, which is now before us;—"The necessity of believing the Holy Catholic Church," &c. The selections from Hooker have been for some time before the public; and it would be a good thing if our Low Church divines would read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it. Hooker was the great champion of the Church against Cartwright, who was a thorough-paced partizan of the Geneva discipline and doctrine. He was a turbulent hot-headed fanatic, and had a personal spite at Hooker because he was chosen Master of the Temple, instead of himself. His works are now held in little estimation; and he would have been utterly unknown had not his illustrious antagonist preserved his name from oblivion by placing his initials, T. C., on the margin of his own immortal work, "The Ecclesiastical Polity."

MEMORIALS OF THE MOST REV. FATHER IN GOD, THOMAS CRANMER, SOME TIME LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. Routledge & Co. 1853.

The Biography of Archbishop Cranmer, is the History of the Church of England during one of

its most important periods; "and the reformation of it, during the primacy of the said archbishop, are greatly illustrated; and many singular matters relating thereunto new first published (1694). In three books; collected chiefly from records, registers, authentic letters, and other original manuscripts, by JOHN STRYPE, M. A. This new edition, in two volumes, is revised & edited by Philip E. Barnes, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. The first volume is concluded at the death of King Edward VI.; after which the illustrious martyr's persecution commenced; the second volume contains an account of his sufferings, and cruel death at the stake; and an appendix containing original documents, letters, and copies of manuscripts. The learned editor has done his part well, and has left nothing to be desired; and he has illustrated the text with foot-notes, which render it more intelligent to the common reader.

The blood of Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Hooper, and other martyrs, moisten the foundation of our reformation; as Wickliffe was its morning star. The first spring in Cranmer's rise was an opinion, in a private company, which he gave respecting Henry VIII. marriage with Catherine of Arragon, his brother's widow; which opinion having been reported to the king, Henry exclaimed "Ha! we have at last got the right sow by the ear!" The question of the lawfulness of the King's marriage was discussed by a meeting of six learned men, at Cambridge, of whom Cranmer was one; he brought over five of them, and many others besides: and both the universities determined the king's cause against the pope's dis-

penation. His rise was rapid; and March 30, 1533, he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury; an honour which he declined partly from sincere humility, and partly from a conscientious objection to the papal supremacy which he had renounced. But his imperious sovereign insisted upon his elevation; and he accordingly executed a solemn protest against the pope's authority, at the altar, in the presence of his consecrators; and he caused public instruments to be made of it, which will be found in the appendix, in the second volume of this edition. The first exercise of his office was in conjunction with Gardiner, afterwards his chief persecutor, to pronounce the sentence of divorce between the king and queen; the concluding article of which is; "We think that the pretended matrimony of Henry, King of England, and Catherine, the queen, hath been, and is, none at all; being prohibited both by the law of God and nations."

Archbishop Cranmer was indefatigable in his exertions to cause the bible, which is the foundation of all true religion, to be published in the English language; and, in 1538, it was received and read by the people with the greatest joy. The popish Bishops, after much secret intrigue, induced Henry to suppress it, in 1542; contrary, says Strype, to his own better judgment. Cranmer continued a firm believer in transubstantiation, as he had received it from the Popish Church, till 1547; when he was brought to a knowledge of the truth on this doctrine, by Bishop Ridley, who first caught the important truth from a perusal of the works of Bertram of Corbay, written in opposition to Radpert the first Propounder.

of Transubstantiation, in the year 831. The gross errors in the doctrine, and the despotism in the discipline of the Church of Rome, drove many to reject everything connected with the papal apostacy; but Cranmer wisely distinguished between the truth as it is in Jesus, and the errors which have obscured the Roman Church; and the essential changes which he effected were marked by that moderation which was a distinguishing feature of his character. Mr. Todd has shewn from good evidence that the homilies on salvation or justification, of faith and good works were written by Cranmer; and he compiled the *Reformatio Legum ecclesiasticarum* in 1551; and also the 42 articles of religion in 1552, assisted by bishops Ridley and Latimer. "The practical system of the Church of England as happily settled by Cranmer and his coadjutors, bears a strong resemblance to that of the first Christians; and it was unhappily interrupted as theirs was, by the fire of persecution, and the fervour of speculative dissention." The thirst of blood which popery inspires, is remarkably exhibited by the malignant jesuit who either wrote, or prompted Cobbett in the writing of his infamous history of the reformation in England; and we fancy we can see him gnashing his teeth whilst writing the following sentence. When recording the martyrdom of this illustrious and amiable prelate he says, Cranmer is "a name which we could not pronounce without almost doubting of the justice of God, were it not for the knowledge of the fact, that the cold-blooded, most perfidious, most impious, most blasphemous catiff expired at last amidst those flames

which he himself had been the chief cause of kindling."

Both the learned editor and the enterprising publishers deserve the thanks of every member of the Anglican Communion for republishing Strype's standard work on the English Reformation, contained in the life of her illustrious martyr and reformer. The editor is peculiarly qualified for his office; and we sincerely hope that the reception which the present volumes will meet with, may encourage the continuance of the works of Strype, at intervals, until the entire series is complete, according to the design of the editor and publishers. The whole series will be published at such a price as "will place them within the reach of every person who desires to become acquainted with the facts of the reformation;" and these volumes "may be the means to a more general knowledge and understanding of that important event."

THE 'CHILD'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.
J. H. Parker. New Edition.
1854.

These are hymns for every Sunday and holiday, compiled for the use of parochial schools; and they are intended, by the Rev. Author, "to bring the whole body of our Church's teaching more into unison with the tone of her prayer book, and, by consequence, with that of the Ancient Universal Church." This is a consummation most devoutly to be wished; and, no doubt, these orthodox hymns will greatly conduce to fix the Church's teaching in the susceptible minds of the rising generation.

THE

CHURCH WARDER,

AND

Domestic Magazine.

“ ————— But still keep
My bosom franchis’d and allegiance clear.”

VOL. IX.

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MDCCCLV.

**RICHARD BORN, PRINTER,
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P R E F A C E.

IT was on the first day of September, in the year of grace 1846, that the first number of **THE CHURCH WARDER** was published; and we then stated that our object was "to elucidate in a popular manner, the history, the doctrines, and the discipline of the Catholic Church of England." This we have been endeavouring to do ever since that time, now over nine years; and small assistance we have received from the "stewards of the mysteries of God," who, instead of coming to the help of the Lord, whilst His Church has been attacked, have stood looking on with their hands in kid gloves, deprecating the ungentility and the uncharitableness of meeting the encroaching foe on his own ground; but let these sentimentalists, with pillows sewed under their armholes, and kerchiefs upon their heads, beware; their repose on an establishment may be rudely broken; for

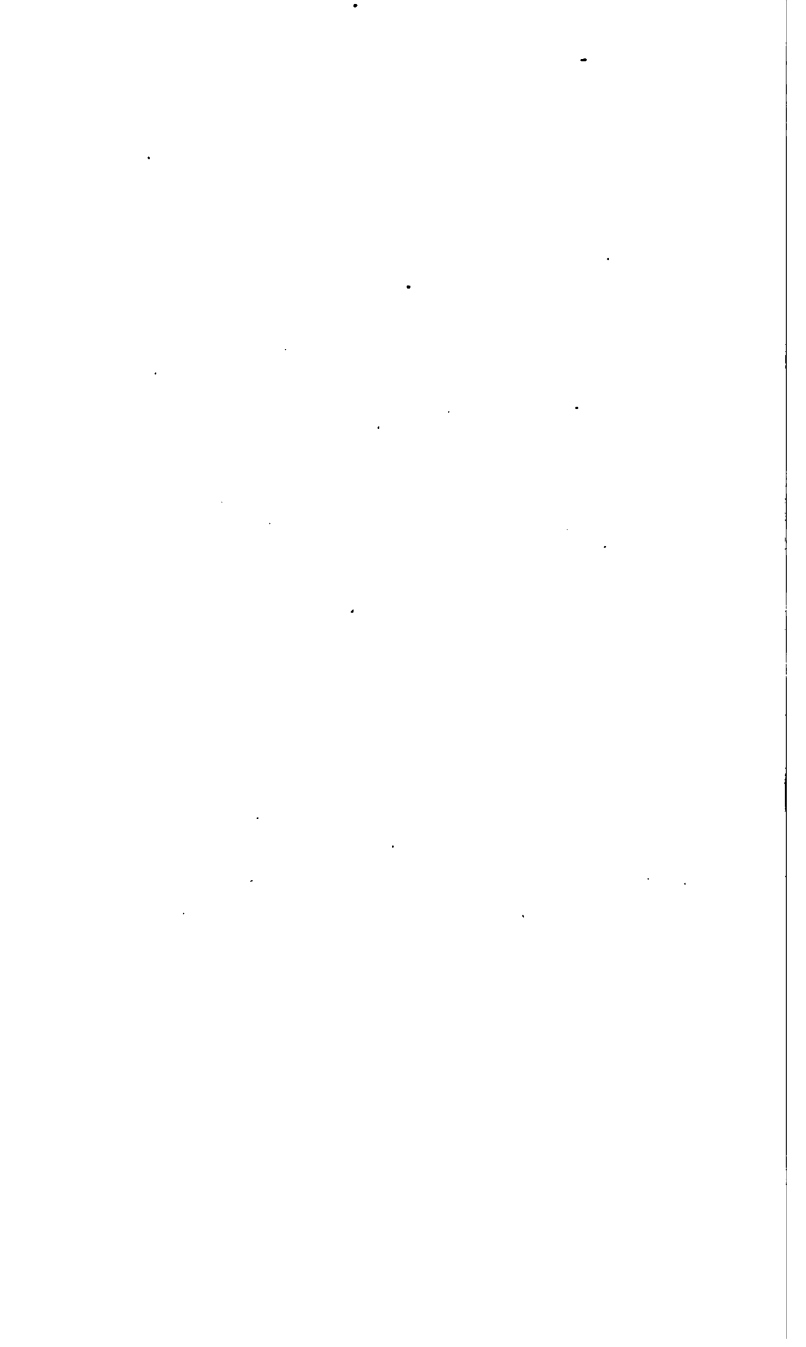
the self-styled Reformer is abroad. During the last year we have had to concentrate our efforts in the defence of the scriptural doctrines of the Church of England, against numerous societies for what they call the reformation of the Church's doctrine and constitution. But in reality these different reformations simply mean the divorce of all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, which can be proved by most certain warrant of Holy Scripture; and in their stead the introduction of all the exploded heresies of Calvin and his school, and of the mere *opinions* of the different reforming societies. These *opinions* being liable to constant change, with the successive generations of men, the Church, which is always the same as the immutable ROCK on which it is founded, will be put to the torture of a new *change of opinions* with every new generation of reformers. Therefore let us entreat the friends of the Church to arouse themselves and prepare for the combat; for our venerable mother is beset by Jesuits and dissenting bodies from without, and betrayed by reformers and false friends from within. We, therefore, invite the co-operation and support of those who stand on the watch-tower of the Church, both in assisting us to defend the Church's doctrines, but also in aiding to

circulate **THE CHURCH WARDER** amongst their neighbours. Our adversaries well understand the value of the Press, and employ it against the Church; and it would be the wisdom of her friends to employ it in her favour; let not, therefore, earnest-minded Churchmen neglect or despise the power of the Press, our part of which is hereby placed at the service of the Church; and we earnestly entreat them to continue their support to **THE CHURCH WARDER**, which the Editor with his whole heart and soul has devoted to the service of God and His Church.

We hope to begin and continue our publication in the year 1856 under an increased circulation; and now wish our old friends a merry and a happy Christmas.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON,

December 1, 1855.



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THE
CHURCH WARDER,
And Domestic Magazine.

No. CIII.

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VOL. IX.

CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA.

At the present moment there are few topics so interesting as the campaign in the Crimea, which has been, though of short duration one of the most bloody, and the most bravely fought that, as yet, the world has ever seen. But, when our brave troops fought with, and conquered such fearful odds, well, truly and humbly may we say "If the Lord Himself had not been on our side, now may Israel say If the Lord Himself had not been on our side when men rose up against us; they had swallowed us up quick when they were so wrathfully displeased at us; but praised be the Lord, who hath not given us over, for a prey unto their teeth;" therefore, "our help standeth in the name of the Lord."

On the 26th of April last year, our gracious sovereign guided by the authority of Scripture, summoned the whole nation to do a great act of homage to God the Almighty, the King of kings, and the Lord of lords; to unite in humble supplication to Him who alone can cover the soldier's head in the day of battle, to acknowledge His Sovereignty; to confess our own unworthiness; and to solicit His mercy in the great conflict on which we have been forced by the unparalleled ambition of one man. What more noble spectacle can the earth present than a whole people with their sovereign at their head, bowing down as one man before the Lord of Hosts to solicit his mercy, on which day there was not a parish in the three Kingdoms, that did not resound with prayer; and we may hope that this united homage of a great, and an enlightened, and a Christian people was through the sweet smelling savour of their Saviour's merits, pleasing and acceptable to God. And now that He has

given victory to our arms, "O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness;" and by a *national* thanksgiving "declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men."

Perhaps a brief statement of the events of this campaign may not be altogether uninteresting to our readers, especially to those who have relations, or friends in that noble phalanx; for our own part we have neither friend nor relation in it except our old school companion Sir George Brown whom we have not seen since that period, when he had as little expectation of being most deservedly a Knight Companion of the Bath, as we had of being, albeit unworthily, the editor of the Church Warder.

On the 14th September 1854 the British troops under Lord Raglan, and the French under Marshal S. Arnaud, landed unopposed at Kalamita Bay; and being without tents, fires, or covering of any sort, they were obliged to bivouack a short distance from the beach, under a very heavy rain; where the army was obliged to remain for some days; but met with no opposition from the Russians who, to the amount of 45000 men were posted on the left bank of the river Alma, and strongly fortified with guns of the heaviest calibre on the heights above that river. The British troops commanded by Lord Raglan, formed the left wing; the French under the command in chief of Marshal S. Arnaud were posted on the right, with their right resting on the sea; while a small body of Turks were placed in the centre. On the 26th September, the allies charged through the Alma and scaled the steep heights on the left bank with the most determined bravery under the impression of national emulation and of natural courage; and, in the face of an enemy superior in numbers, more powerful in artillery, and with every advantage of position and knowledge of the ground, who were pouring down round and grape shot besides bombshells like hail, they stormed and took the Russian intrenchments and drove them into disgraceful flight. Prince Menschikoff, the Russian commander, wrote to the Czar that he could maintain his position on the Alma for *three weeks* in the course of which reinforcements might reach him, when he would drive the invaders into the sea and so confident was he of preventing the advance of the allies, that he had stages erected for the tender hearted Russian matrons and damsels to see the battle and utter discomfiture of the Anglo-French army. However after very severe

fighting, and an immense loss of officers and men, the allies carried the heights of Alma in about *three hours*; drove the Russians into disastrous flight; and were only prevented from pursuing and annihilating their army by the want of cavalry.

After the glorious victory of the Alma, the allies advanced to the river Belbeck; from which they made a flank movement to the left or the south side of Sebastopol; and took possession of the village and harbour of Balaklava as a base for their future operations, where the fleet also rendezvoused. The allies now changed their position; the British became the right, and the French the left wing of the army. Although without tents or protection of any sort either from the weather or the enemy, the initiatory works for the siege of Sebastopol commenced; the heaviest artillery and the lower-deck guns of the fleet had to be dragged a considerable distance over a hilly country, to the lines which at first were not less than a thousand yards from the walls of perhaps the strongest fortress in the world; the siege works had to be driven through rocks and ground totally unfit for such operations, under the fire of the enemies heaviest guns; and besides, the earth which formed the entrenchments had to be brought from a distance. To assist in the operations, a considerable body of seamen were landed from the fleet; and they, as well as the military, worked incessantly at bringing up the guns, and placing them in position; and on the night of the 16th October, all was ready for opening fire on the following day, with 117 heavy guns in position. In the meantime, however, the Russians were not idle; but, with the aid of the crews of their men-of-war which they had sunk across the mouth of the harbour, they had raised new batteries, repaired and strengthened old fortifications, and mounted the heavy guns of the sunken ships on the walls and newly constructed earthworks, so as nearly to double their powers of resistance to the allies; when, therefore, the siege commenced, they brought 140 guns of the heaviest metal to bear against the allied army; and they almost crushed the efforts of the brave French by the weight of metal which they brought to bear against their works.

The French army was divided into two bodies; one of which conducted the siege operations, and the other under the command of General Bosquet was stationed as a corps of

observation, in a position that commanded the valley of Balaclava and of the Chernaya, with its left joining the English at Inkermann. The British army was now stationed on the right, with its own left leaning on the large ravine of Sebastopol, which separates the two French and English attacks; with its right formed of the division of General Sir De Lacy Evans, on the cliffs of Inkermann. The centre was composed of the divisions under the command of General Cathcart and the Duke of Cambridge; and in front of them the light division under Sir George Brown. We pass over the erection of batteries and the opening of trenches, until the simultaneous opening of the fire from the French and British batteries along the whole line, on the morning of October 17th. On the 16th Generals Lord Raglan and Canrobert decided that the fire should commence the next morning at half past six on a signal of three shells fired from one of the French batteries; with the intention that the combined fleet should co-operate with the besiegers. At half past six the signal was given and the firing commenced from 58 pieces in the French, and from 73 pieces in the English batteries, in all 126 guns and mortars. The Russians replied promptly from 250 pieces which did little damage to the English batteries; but the French guns were soon nearly silenced by the bursting of a bomb on one of their magazines which blew it up, and injured their works considerably, killing and wounding about 50 men; and, in a short time afterwards, a caisson of large cartridges blew up in the battery which was served by the French sailors; and their fire ceased until the damage could be repaired. About three o'clock P.M., the Russian Redan battery in front of the English army blew up, and only left three guns in a state to fire. At one in the afternoon, the fleets took their station on the left of their line and directed their fire on the Quarantine fort and on the town, which returned their fire with great vigour. The awful scene continued till dusk, when the firing from the batteries ceased; and the fleets, which had sustained considerable damage, returned to their anchorage; and the night of the 17th passed over tranquilly, the Russians not firing, and the besiegers repairing the embrasures and putting the batteries in a fit state to recommence their fire. The result of the first day's fire was the silencing of several of the enemy's batteries,

the explosion of a great magazine on which the Russians had hoisted a black flag under pretence of its being an hospital, and the destruction of the upper defences of fort Contantine which commands the entrance to the harbour of Sebastopol.

The Russians opened a very heavy cannonade on the British on Sunday morning, October 22, it is always their system to attack us on Sunday, and Divine Service that day was performed with a thorough bass of cannon rolling through the responses and liturgy, from 230 of the enemy's guns. The valley of Balaclava is graphically described by a Serjeant of the Scots Greys in a letter to his mother, to resemble a great sheet held up at the four corners, the sunken centre of which, forming in shape and appearance the valley; and an officer describes it as being "wonderfully like the Trossachs." On the hill tops the Turks had thrown up earthen redoubts defended by 250 men each, armed with three heavy ship's guns, and guaranteed by one artilleryman in each; on the road leading up the valley, close to the entrance of the town of Balaclava and beneath the hills, the 93rd Highlanders were encamped; whilst the cavalry lines were a little in advance of the Highlanders.

At half past seven o'clock, an orderly reported at head quarters, that a strong corps of Russian horse, supported by guns and infantry, had marched into the valley at daybreak; that they had already taken one of the Turkish redoubts, and would soon be in possession of the others. Orders were given to Generals Cathcart and the Duke of Cambridge to put their divisions in motion towards the scene of action, and General Bosquet brought up his division to their assistance. Sir Colin Campbell drew up the Highlanders on the road to the town, and the marines with the seamen's batteries on the heights prepared for action, whilst on the first shot from the enemy the Turks fled with the utmost celerity. In the meantime the booming of artillery and the quick rattle of musketry were heard rising from the valley so loud as to drown the roar of the siege guns in front of Sebastopol. The action commenced by a great force of skirmishers, followed by dense masses of infantry preceded by twenty pieces of artillery, and a very powerful body of cavalry. At the distance of half a mile the Highlanders calmly awaited in line the approach of

about 1500 of the enemy's cavalry which drew breath for a moment and then dashed at the Highlanders; the Turks who had fled from the redoubts, having formed under cover of the highlanders, fired a volley at the Russians at 800 yards and run; but when the Russian horse came within 600 yards, the Highlanders levelled their Minies and fired a volley, which checked, but did not much damage their assailants who still rushed on; but the 93rd loaded quickly, and, when within 150 yards, they flashed another volley on the Russian horse, which caused great slaughter, and made them wheel, and run away faster than they had advanced.

But now a terrible cavalry fight took place in the valley. The Russian horse advanced down the hill at a slow canter; and their line was nearly double the length of our cavalry, and three times as deep; and they were supported by a similar line equally strong and compact; but they evidently despised the small body of English cavalry to which they were opposed. The trumpets sounded a charge and the Greys and Enniskillens rushed at the Russian centre with a cheer which animated every heart, and broke the enemy's column and drove them back on the second line which was advancing to their succour, and utterly routed them. "By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their way through the enemy's squadrons; and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when with irresistible force like a bolt from a bow the 1st Royals the 4th and the 5th Dragoon guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of paste board; and dashing on the second body of Russians which was still disordered by the terrible assault of the greys and their companions put them to utter rout." In less than five minutes this immense body of Russian horse was flying with its utmost speed before a body of British Cavalry not half its strength; and the heroes were greeted with a cheer from the whole army that had been spectators of the fight; both officers and men clapped their hands, waved their caps, and shouted with enthusiasm. Our loss in this brilliant action was happily not great; but the Russian Cavalry fled in confusion leaving the ground covered with men and horses.

After this there appears to have been a short cessation, as the infantry on both sides had not hitherto been engaged. The French Chasseurs came down to the plain, and took up their ground in advance of our left; and the unhappy, and it appears misunderstood order was given to Lord Lucan, which he with reluctance repeated to Lord Cardigan, to advance the light Cavalry brigade in order to take a battery of 30 guns, a mile and a half off, which played upon them during the whole of this advance, with six battalions of infantry, besides a strong body of Cavalry to support them in their rear. Cavalry will attack and take guns; but to secure and carry them off, the support of infantry is necessary. When the heroic light cavalry brigade went on this terrible assault, they only numbered 607 sabres; they advanced, conscious that they were encountering their own destruction, at an easy trot which quickened to a gallop; and when within 1200 yards of the enemy, their artillery began to make fearful havoc in the British ranks; the flashing of their uplifted sabres was seen through the smoke as they dashed up and cut down the Russians at their guns; and broke through a column of infantry and scattered them like chaff; but a concealed battery on the hill attacked their flank and mowed them down in great numbers. They were obliged to retreat and an enormous mass of Russian Lancers attacked them in flank and rear; but with superhuman courage they cut their way through the enemy's lancers; then the Russian gunners returning to their guns, poured a murderous volley of grape and cannister on the mingled foemen, making no distinction between the British and their own men. The killed, wounded and missing of this gallant band of heroes were 409; 198, only, returning to tell the tale.

The Russians abandoned the redoubts which they had captured from the Turks; and about twelve o'clock their infantry began to retreat, leaving the allies masters of the field. During the battle the Russians made a sortie from Sebastopol, but they were repulsed by Sir De Lacy Evans's division. The enemy were utterly routed; they fled in great confusion harassed by our artillery, and by a Lancaster gun which mowed them down twenty at a time. But it redounds to the infamy of the Russian generals and army, that they fired on the British and French soldiers when in the act of burying the Russia dead;

they killed our wounded officers and soldiers in cold blood, as they lay unable to move from the severity of their wounds. This is a barbarism which no civilized nation has ever practised, and which no people calling themselves Christians would ever have been guilty. It argues little for the Greek church which is now by such wickedness perhaps, filling up the measure of its iniquity; and making preparation for that dreadful punishment which, we are informed by S. John, is to fall upon her more guilty sister whose sins must now have reached unto Heaven, by the recognition of the Blessed Virgin as the supreme goddess of their church. But one guilty church may be commissioned, in the mysterious working of the providence of God the Almighty to be the instrument for punishing the other; for in this last war "*great hail out of Heaven*" is the metaphor employed to describe the terrible judgment which has now fallen upon the earth; every stone of which is to be "about the weight of a talent;" and certainly if the massacre of Sinope, and the battles of Alma, Balaklava and Inkermann, be stones of this terrible hailstorm, we may conclude that the hailstones which are yet to come, will certainly bring the bloodshed up to S. John's hyberbolè, that "blood came out of the wine-press even unto the horses bridles."

ANNETSLEIGH:

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

(Continued from page 399)

CHAPTER 7.

It was dinner time when our party returned from reconnoitering the Parish; and now that meal is over, and they are all seated around the drawing-room table looking over some new plates of Northamptonshire Churches, which Mr. Benson, who had come up to tea, had brought with him.

"Look at this splendid Chancel" said Mr. Warborough taking up a view of Heckington Church; "I do not believe that it has its equal as a specimen of middle-pointed parochial architecture."

"Heckington is very fine," said Sir George, "but Ewerby is a favourite of mine, I almost like it best. What think you Cecilia?"

"Oh Papa, I am not architectural critic enough to decide on the respective merits of two such glorious churches: I like both, Ewerby has its beauties and so has Heckington; perhaps Ewerby is the most striking; that spire is so very noble."

"Ewerby is my favourite certainly" said Mr. Benson, whose opinion always exactly coincided with that of Cecilia, whatever it might happen to be, "it is a more religious conception than Heckington, and the Spire is very like our own Annetsleigh."

"Very indeed" said Bridget, who then, for the first time, raised her eyes from a bit of crochet edging, with which she was employed; "but I always say that I never can like any spire after that beautiful one at Bloxham in Oxfordshire, which Papa and I saw last summer."

"In my opinion," said Mr Warborough. "S. Mary's at Oxford has no rival in all the glories of our English parochial architecture—such a plain, sombre Tower, such a grove of lovely pinnacles and turrets, such a slim yet stately spire."

"I never saw it," said Sir George, "Cambridge you know is my *Alma Mater*, and I can't say much for Cambridge spires whatever may be found in that line in Cambridgeshire. I like Ewerby. Which do you, William."

"Oh! now, Uncle William," said Cecilia, you have travelled so much more than Papa or we have—I dare say you will say some odd queer thing though."

"Why? you little puss," said her Uncle, chucking her under the chin, "I've no doubt you will call me queen when I run away from Northamptonshire and Lincolnshire and all the genuine spire and tower-famed Shires, far, far away to a very delightful country, which I visited last year; before I went

there, I called it West Barbary, but now I am quite at a loss for a name good enough for it!"

"Well that is so like you, William" said Sir George "I have yet to learn that the finest spire in England is in Cornwall!"

"I never said it was, Sir" said his brother playfully "that is a most unfair gloss upon my statement"—

"Ha! ha! but what did you see there which pleased you so much?"

"I slept as you know at Devonport, and the next day being rainy I did not proceed, but postponed my journey till the morrow. The Landlord who seemed to have a kind of instinctive knowledge of my tastes, brought up for my amusement a volume of the Transactions of the Exeter Architectural Society, one of the papers of which by a Mr Street—who by the way, is an excellent Architect—I found to my great satisfaction, was on the middle-pointed of Cornwall. Turning over the plates, I was particularly attracted by the view of Lostwithiel Spire, and going to the map of Cornwall, I found it lay on one of the main roads. Determined if possible to get a sight of it on my way down, I rang the bell, and found, on enquiring, that the mail did not pass through Lostwithiel, but took the more northerly road by Liskeard and Bodmin, but that a buss called 'the Fairy' did pass through the favoured town."

"So you actually had the courage to embark in a buss, full of small children very far from well, and of old women with great umbrellas, and of long necked Commercial Travellers, pulling up all the windows to supply the deficiency in their cravats, in order to get a view of this amazing spire," said Sir George, looking round at the group of smiling faces to watch the effect of his vivid descriptions of the pleasures of the buss on the visible nerves of each.

"Oh! yes!" said his brother smiling "I was not going to allow the terrors of the machine to rob me of such a treat, so I

took my place immediately, and the next morning found me at the step of the Royal Hotel, awaiting the arrival of 'the Fairy.'

"A beautiful fairy I expect," said Cecilia.

"Well" continued her Uncle, "after waiting five minutes with no small curiosity as to what a Cornish omnibus would be like, I suddenly saw a huge pile of boxes, trunks, portmanteaus, carpet bags, and sailors, being rapidly dragged towards me by four horses. In a few minutes more, the huge conveyance stopped, and my carpet bag was hurled up, and buried in the chaos of luggage above in a twinkling. 'Now Sir' screamed the conductor 'you *must* go inside, Sir, the outside is quite full, we can't accomodate another soul outside.'—"

"Ha!" said Sir George, "that was capital—ha! ha! and a broiling day?"

"Yes, it could not be hotter certainly: an omnibus is an awkward thing to get into—I ascended the steps, and raised my right leg, in the hope of getting it in, but how I was to pierce the mass of gowns and shawls which met in the middle as compactly as a blancmange; was a mystery to me."

"Ha! Ha; capital;" said the unsympathising Sir George, "how did you manage?"

"I can scarcely tell—amid sundry murmurings about toes, and so forth, I scrambled into the middle, and sat down in a space cleared between four railway rugs, three cloaks of the kind worn by elderly females, two umbrellas, a hat-box, a band-box, two baskets of provisions for the way, and a cage full of canary-birds, tied up in a red pocket-handkerchief."

"'Aw!' cried an old woman who sat by the door 'you've upset all my basket into the road! and in half a minute a Clergyman who was passing by, touched my shoulder through the side window, and handed in some of the contents thinking they had fallen out of my pocket, to wit, two penny currant buns, one red cotton pocket-handkerchief, and a small

snuff box, containing some money, which constituted the old dame's purse,—‘Are these yours Sir,’ ‘No,’ I answered and gave the old woman her property again. In two minutes we were rattling away towards the Steambridge at Torpoint.”

“Well who were your company,” said Mr. Warborough.

“On my right sat a lady—the owner of the canary-birds and opposite me were the old woman of the currant buns, and Quaker Doctor of Medicine, and beyond, in the distant mist sundry other country folk packed as closely as the cells in a honey-comb. The Quaker was a very original being—a perfect Dominie Sampson, and always making quaint remarks. He had with him a horrid dry book on Pleurisy, and when he put it down a man by his side, with more curiosity than manners, took it up and began to read it. Our Quaker looked at him in a very odd way, and I saw something quaint was coming—after a moment he could bear no longer to gaze silently at the unperturbed countenance of his neighbour, but said, ‘I don’t think that that work will edify thee much, Friend.’”

“How original,” said Bridget,—

“Very” said Cecilia,—

“Not bad,” said Sir George,—

“How did the other look” enquired Mr. Warborough.

“Look! as stolid as possible, he raised his eyes, gazed stupidly for a moment on the Doctor, and then dropping them again upon the book, continued to dive them into the mysteries of Esculapius. So our Quaker abandoned the book to its fate, and looking out of the window seemed lost in meditation. At last however, he raised himself again; and, gazing at the lady with the canary-birds, whose son had also a dog with him, for want of something better to say I presume, leant over, and quietly remarked to my great amusement;—‘Thou seemest to travel with a managerie Friend.’”

This primitive speech produced such an universal peal of

laughter, that the speaker's voice was quite inaudible; and whatever he said more is utterly lost to posterity.

"Well, uncle," said Cecilia, "how the omnibus has carried us away from the spire you were going to describe."

"Nay, my dearest Cecilia," said her uncle, "not so; it carried me to the spire. Oh! I shall never forget that lovely view! there on the right was a broad expanse of hill and dale, one rising beyond the other, higher and higher up to Rough-tor and Brownwilly; on the left the hills fell away rapidly, and then rose again before they dipped into the sea, which stretched its azure curtain far beyond, and hung along the horizon; while before us far down, lay a deep pit, wooded on all sides and curving and sloping away, down, down, down, as if it had no bottom; and there, in a perfect nest of trees lay Lestwithiel. Oh! I would not object to be conveyed in an omnibus to see it once more."

"I can fancy it very beautiful," said Cecilia, "I like nothing more than a fine wooded valley; it is not the most healthy situation for a town, perhaps, but it certainly is the prettiest."

"They say it is called, 'Lestwithiel,' because it is lost with hills, do they not?" said Bridget, "I think I have read so somewhere."

"They say so," said her uncle, "but I expect it is rather fanciful than true."

"So I should say," whispered Sir George, in a provokingly incredulous manner, "but stay—what did you think of the spire?"

"It is very small, but very beautiful; the tower as plain as may be, is first-pointed, and rises above the roof of the nave; then it branches off into a lovely octagonal lantern, filled with the most exquisitely pierced tracery in each gable of the octagon, and running up into a spire to a considerable height. As I said before, it is very small, but very lovely."

"Rather like the ruin we saw at Abbotsbury the day before yesterday, I should fancy," said Mr. Warborough.

"By the way," said Bridget, "you never told me how you managed to get home that day; old Peggy came in and interrupted you, just as you had got as far as Mr. Warborough's departure for the carriage."

"Oh! don't ask," said Lady Annet.

"Lucky you had my umbrella, for once," said Sir George, triumphantly.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Warborough, "though I am afraid the poor old fellow, who had seen his best days before, suffered severely. It answered very well though; without it Miss Cecilia, though you do laugh at its greenness and its ponderosity, you would have been obliged to swim into the carriage."

"Oh! Mr. Warborough," was the answer, "don't be unmerciful!"

"On you, or on the umbrella?"

"Oh! papa, papa!"—giving him a kiss, and clinging round his neck—"how you do love to make fun of poor little Cicely."

"Not so, my child, not so," said her fond father, smiling and returning the kiss, "you little laughing blue-eyed beauty; I utterly ruin and spoil you, and make you good for nothing. I pity the man who—"

"Oh! hush, papa!" screamed Cecilia, putting her little hand upon his mouth.

"I am sure," said Mr. Warborough, "Miss Bridget had the laughing side of us on Tuesday, umbrella and all."

Bridget thought of the thimble and the dog, and the "Harmonious Blacksmith," and was silent; Mr. Benson began to turn over the neglected views of Ewerby and Heckington in a confused way; and Mr. Warborough quickly perceiving that some string was set out of place, looked at his watch said it was time for him to leave, and broke up the party.

(To be continued.)

THE TRAVELLERS:

A SKETCH.

CHAPTER I.

“O God! O good beyond compare!
 If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
 If thus Thy bounties gild the span
 Of ruined earth and sinful man,
 How glorious must the mansion be
 Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!”

BISHOP HEBER.

THERE are some things which, though they are as old as the world itself, mankind generally are practically as ignorant of, as if they could only be attained by such wisdom as Solomon's. Such, for example, is the truth, that we are all *travellers*; and not born to fill a station on earth only. Still, if we reflect for a moment, there is no difficulty in understanding the word, for its meaning is obvious, and fraught with much of romance in idea and in poetry.

In former days, when travelling was painful and wearisome for all—rich and poor alike—it was one of the watchwords of sympathy. But now, in these days of calculating coldness, such attentive hospitality as it was then in every man's heart to bestow on his fellow-creature, under such circumstances, seldom if ever occurs; and can scarcely be realised. Formerly, a householder had an intuitive impulse to offer his best to any travellers of whatever grade or clime, who should knock with a pleasing confidence at the door of the abode, from whence gleamed the light which kindly bespoke shelter and comfort within. The extra task of providing good cheer to the way-worn and welcome guest, was only an addition to the pleasure and refreshment that the sight and conversation of the traveller afforded; nor did the household part with him, bidding him God speed, without entertaining towards him a feeling of some

generous impulse nearly akin to love; nor did they return to their usual avocations for many a day after, without a memory or a word of their grateful brother in Life's Journey. Onward he journeyed; the Heavens hung out their lamps to light and guide him, and the inhabitants of the earth held their arms open to receive him.

But now, in a great measure, Science has rendered man independent both of the light of Heaven and of the sympathy of the Earth; and in travelling, he proudly shuts himself up from all the assistance which a fellow-creature could bestow; and in the blindness resulting from pride—which is the child either of ignorance or wickedness—gives himself often unnecessary trouble, and glories in his habit of independence.

The luxury of this habit, however, tends to the decrease of happiness in the end, if too much indulged in: and the exclusion of oneself from accepting "favors," as they are called, from others entirely, except, indeed, when necessity prevents, is productive not only of evil to oneself but to one's friends, (as all evil is infectious,) for it debars us from the privilege and pleasure of affording happiness and perhaps of doing good to others, and it prevents others from executing that generosity which sends the blood flowing more warmly through their own veins: besides, the opportunity for mutual benefit at all times become generally more and more stagnant, and at last quite dry.

Scientific knowledge then, (or rather its results,) has rendered man independent with regard to travelling. He has nothing to premeditate in a journey to any part of the kingdom; but a hasty glance at "Bradshaw." First he takes a few minutes, it may be, to reach the station; then he obtains a ticket, which acts as a passport through any investigations he may be required to undergo; in a few hours he may be at his destination, and find himself comfortably housed for the night,

where the Hotel-keeper is his entertainer, and his purse his thanks.

And so many a taciturn Englishman pursues his journey selfishly, wrapped up in his own thoughts, or no thoughts: he only sighs and grumbles occasionally, and when at his journey's end he has scarcely politeness enough to let his friend step out before him.

We do not say that there are not many cases when the mind of the traveller is too preoccupied to let him talk: a heart-rending parting or dreaded meeting may suffice to seal the lips in the presence of an indifferent stranger, and business or a myriad of other things may make the spare time in a train or elsewhere very acceptable for meditation.

Yet in many cases this is not so, and it is clear that travelling might be made an instrument of working good, if used with delicate feeling and tact enough to discover when conversation is a pleasure or a burden.

Such had been my reflections while I was sitting in a Railway carriage alone, where I was compelled to remain for several hours, and as I was frequently reminded by the whistle of the approach of the Station, I began to wonder with some amusement and curiosity, who might be the companion I should perhaps meet with. Being of a taciturn nature I had congratulated myself at first upon the unusual treat of an entire compartment of the carriage to myself, and, was not sure, when they entered, that I should address them, unless they should break the ice by introducing some interesting discussion.

I watched with interest the faces and appearances of several who peered into different windows; and saw no one very inviting except a delicately looking young lady and her father. They had been talking very eagerly till the bell rang, and then she gave the benevolent old gentleman a parting kiss as he hurried

her, after a moment's hesitation, into my carriage. She sat near the window to see the last of him, and he shook her affectionately by the hand, and said "God bless you" reverently and in a tone of deep love. There was no appearance of theirs being a long parting, as the tear which arose quickly disappeared, (though tears are not the only sure indications of grief), but her face wore no sad expression afterwards; so I conjectured she might be going to remain for a few days with some friend for change of air.

Her countenance was beautiful—not indeed with actual feature, but with mild intelligence. She had dark eyes and hair and a pallid complexion, and was probably about twenty years of age. She took out her book and began to read. "Ah!", thought I "here is an end to all my good intentions in this uncivilized, unsociable world;" forgetting how taciturn I had always been before; so I gazed out of the window and returned to converse with self again. But soon my companion put down her book, shut it up, and began to look out of the window also. Moreover she was the first to speak and arrested my attention by remarking—

"We are travelling through a very uninteresting country."

There is certainly not much to gratify the eye at present" I said "but if it be dull to us, I imagine it would make many very angry to call it so."

"How!" she replied "do you give such a liberal allowance to taste? Well!" she continued laughing "those admire it, no doubt who are blinded by a love of associations: I dare say some brave soldiers and sailors have left their homes here and in all their foreign wanderings have met with nothing that pleases their eyes so well!"

I asked her if she was fond of travelling:

"I never have much," she replied candidly "but there is a something which I enjoy in merely going from one station to

another by railway. I do not mean the change of scenery only, but the change of faces ; and sometimes one overhears conversations, or scraps of them which are full of interest, or which suggest fresh thoughts."

"But people are generally so silent" I observed, "that travelling is often wearisome simply on account of being not actually alone—for that is pleasant sometimes—but in company with others who impart no new thoughts, while they distract one's own effectually."

She had touched upon the very subject I had been thinking of every body has been astonished at times to find their own reflections seeming to summon those they had been thinking about, from a distance to their own immediate presence ; and how often do one's own reflections seem as if by some magic spell to be transferred to the mind of one's friend.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS ON THE CATECHISM.

Continued from page 378. vol. VIII.

THE words of our Lord, S. John ii. 19, "Destroy this temple and in three days I will build it up" had reference to the resurrection of His body (v. 21), and when He was risen His disciples remembered these words and "believed the Scripture and the word which Jesus had said," and we find this prophecy fulfilled by His resurrection on the *third* day (S. Matt. xvi. 21. xvii. 23. xx. 19. S. Mark ix. 31. Luke xviii. 33. and 1 Cor. XV. 4.) It is to be observed concerning the time between His death and resurrection, that although His body was not the full time of three days and three nights in the grave yet the day of His resurrection was the *third* day. The day on which our blessed Lord was crucified and buried was the "*preparation*" i. e., the day before the Sabbath (S. Mark xv. 42) or the sixth day ; He lay in the grave all the day

which followed, and there He "rested" on the seventh day, the Sabbath, from the work of Redemption (see Genisis ii. 6) and also during the night which followed that Sabbath; and we are told in the last chapter of that Gospel that "when the Sabbath was past, early in the morning of the first day in the week" He rose from the grave, and so He rose on the third day, for the day of His death and burial was the *first* of the three days, the night which followed and the Sabbath to which that night belonged was the *second* day, and the night succeeding the Sabbath with the next day's dawn on which He arose was the *third* day. By His rising on the third day He fulfilled the type represented by "the first fruits of the harvest," (1 Cor. xv. 20.) and "the lamb without blemish," which were offered to the Lord "*on the morrow after the Sabbath.*" (Levit. xxiii. 10-12.) God commanded the Israelites to keep holy the Sabbath day, both, because on that day He rested from the work of creation, and also in remembrance of their deliverance from bondage in Egypt; (Deut. v. 15.) and our Lord having finished the work of our Redemption by His death, rested on the Sabbath day in the grave, and by His resurrection on the first day of the week has for ever consecrated that day of the week, by His resurrection. He completed our deliverance from a far greater bondage than that of Egypt, the bondage of sin; and we find that this day was constantly set apart by the apostles for His worship. On the evening of that same first day of the week on which He arose, when the disciples were assembled, He appeared in the midst and breathed on them the Holy Ghost, (S. John xx. 19 et Seq.) and after eight days, when the disciples were again met together, He came the second time among them (Jn. xx. 26.) fulfilling the promise which He had given on a former occasion, and which we believe He performs even *now*, "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." (S. Matt. xviii. 20.) Some years after our

Lord's resurrection, we find S. Paul preaching at Troas on *the first day of the week*, when the disciples came together to break bread (Acts xxvii), i.e. to celebrate the Holy Communion, in remembrance of Him who instituted this holy rite (S. Matt. xxvi. 26, 27; S. Luke xxii. 19, 20.); and S. Paul's direction to the Corinthians, is (1 Cor. xvi. 2.) "upon *the first day of the week* let every one lay by him in store, as God has prospered him," seems plainly to refer to their assemblies for public worship on that day; thus the *first day of the week* has, from this practice of the apostles, been ever since kept by our Apostolic Church, as "the Lord's day." (Rev. i. 10.) And thus, says Bishop Pearson, "the observation of that day, which the Jews did sanctify, ceased, and was buried with our Saviour; and instead of it, the religious observation of that day on which the Son of God rose from the dead, by the constant practice of the blessed Apostles, was thus united to the Church of God, and so continued in all ages."

From the consideration of our Lord's resurrection we learn, that by His death and rising again from the dead, God the Son completed the work of our redemption, and made full satisfaction for our sins, and has given us an assurance of our acceptance with God the Father, if we be penitent, "for if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son; much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life." (Rom, v. 10.) By the resurrection of Christ our faith and hope is confirmed, for if we believe faithfully what has been revealed to us in Holy Scripture, that our Lord, Jesus Christ, died for our sins, and was raised again for our justification, then we know that He will raise us up also, for He is the first-fruits of them that sleep, and as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive (1 Cor. xv. 22.) St. Paul says, "If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall quicken

your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." (Rom. viii. 11.) From this we learn that these promises, so full of comfort, are not made to *all* without exception,—to those who live in sin, as well as to those who have made their peace with God; if we would live with Christ, therefore, His Spirit, which we received in baptism, must *dwell* in us *continually*; we must die to sin, be for ever separated from it, before he can be quickened and raised to newness of life; we must put off our works of darkness and be created after God, in righteousness and true holiness. That we may be able to reckon ourselves as dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Rom. vi. 11.)

ON CONVERSION.

THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH WARDER TO MR. F. C. H.

DEAR SIR—, Although differing from you essentially on the subject of conversion in the sense in which you use it, yet I inserted your letter of November 2, in the December number of the Church Warde; inasmuch as you claimed it as a matter of right; but I conceded it only as a matter of courtesy to one of my oldest and esteemed though changed correspondents. I have no intention of defending the author of "Saving Faith," "or the Cornish Curate," for any opinions that they may have formed on the merits of the revival of a Wesleyan tenet, which has been long since consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets; but to say a few words in defence of what I said on "a subject very near your heart;" and in expostulation with you regarding the new opinions which you now advocate with so much zeal.

To that sort of Conversion which our blessed Lord urged on the Jews, to become as little children, and which His Apostles preached to the heathen, and persuaded them to perform, I should be worse than a heathen to object; but to the Conver-

sion of which you are the enthusiastic advocate, I am most conscientiously opposed. The apostles preached conversion to men who were debased by superstition and sunk in the utmost profligacy of unclean living; and they converted multitudes in every country by the power of the Holy Spirit to the obedience of the faith, and consequently to holiness of life. But to your fellow sinners in the nineteenth century, to whom the truths of the gospel have been long familiar, conversion of this sort is not needed; but to them conversion from sin to a life of obedience and holiness is daily more or less necessary as it is clearly indicated by S. James;—Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save *that* soul from death; and shall hide a multitude of the sins of that soul.

Conversion from sin from a rational conviction of its danger and wretchedness, and from sincere sorrow of heart at having offended God, is the evangelical doctrine which is preached by all the clergy of the Church of England; but this is very different from the sudden impulses, either of ecstatic rapture or of gloomy despair, which Mr. Aitken and his disciples now preach; and which they have adopted from Wesley and Whitfield. I called this conversion a *new light*; but in truth it is only an old light revived, and it would have been well for the peace of the Church, if the man who originally broached it in the seventeenth century had never been born. The operations of a conversion from a sinful to an obedient, from a faithless to a faithful life, a resurrection of the soul from the death of sin unto a life of righteousness, are slower and more certain than nervous impulses; but they exert a more permanent dominion over those who, by divine grace, are “restored” to God’s favour, and renewed by His grace, according to His promises to mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord.

I did ask to be informed of the value of the Sacraments if they are to be disregarded, or only used as secondary ordinances, if this new light conversion is to be adopted as the genuine gospel of Christ; and I repeat the question, for the fine burst of eloquence which follows your repetition of my question, is not an answer to it. With exceedingly few exceptions, all men are, by the pious care of their parents, now baptized in infancy, before they are capable of receiving any converting impulses; and they are therefore incapable of "rushing to that holy Fount." But it is evident that you conclude that your species of conversion and regeneration are convertible terms, which I take leave peremptorily to deny; for your conversion is rather a turning men from light to darkness; from the obedience of the faith to the power and delusion of Satan. As we have been born once into the natural life, having been born of Adam, so we can be born but once into the spiritual life, having been born of water and of the Spirit; so, likewise, if we take care to make our baptismal calling and election sure by faith and obedience, we may be born into the life of glory in the resurrection at the last day. Without doubt, baptism is the door of entrance into the house of God, the first beginning of spiritual life, the seed of God, the implantation of the Divine nature; but the Divine seed may lie long unfruitful, and may not bear fruit for many years in some, and perhaps never in others; still it is there; and as the corn of wheat by the refreshing rains and the influence of the sun springs and grows up we know not how, so the seed of God in the human heart, in some earlier, in others later, may, by the refreshing dew of God's blessing, the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and by conversion from sin to a life of righteousness, bring forth the fruit of good works "some thirty fold, some sixty, and some an hundred fold." Now for that species of conversion we have God's own Word, that it

will be effectual to salvation; but for that impulsive sort of conversion which Mr. Aitken is now endeavouring to revive and impose on us as the doctrine of the Gospel, we have only his own, and Calvin's, and Wesley's words, which are just worth no more than the opinions of any other heretics or schismatics, whether ancient or modern.

You make a strange commixture of truth and error in your letter. I do not forget that "the prodigal was still a son;" but as I read that interesting parable it does not appear to me that his return to his duty was an instantaneous work or an impulsive conversion; it was not until after affliction had done its appointed work, that he began to call to remembrance the blessings of his father's house and his present degraded condition; and after reasoning with himself he resolved to arise and go to his father. But at all events I do not consider the prodigal's case as identical with that of the adopted son of God. He had apostatized from the faith, he had gone out of the household of God or the one family in heaven and earth; but the lapsed Christian may have done neither. By the influence of divine grace he can arise from the bondage of sin, repent of his former transgressions, and resolve with divine help, to lead a new life of holiness and obedience to the faith.

If "there is but one conversion, but one returning from the far country of the world's wickedness," why does St. John warn us that "if we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us;" and the Church teaches us to pray "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin." As far as I can remember of the prodigal's history, it is not said by the unerring narrator of that parable, that he should not again fall away from grace; or that there "is but one conversion, but one returning from the far country of the world's wickedness;" for whilst we live in this world, the door of grace

and mercy is not shut against true penitents, howsoever often they may fall.

In your application of the text, Heb. vi, 4, I am humbly of opinion that you are not correct; for this "one act," on which you lay so much stress, is certainly baptism; from which, if any one fall away or apostatize, there is no renewal to repentance by a second baptism or enlightenment. This apostacy in the apostolic times was the return of Christian converts to Judaism and to Gentile idolatry, which many of them did; and in modern times there is an idolatry existing amongst "a new race of Gentiles," which will correspond with the apostacy alluded to by the apostle; *argal; prenez garde*, for it is but a step from Geneva to Rome. The impossibility of a renewal to repentance spoken of in that text, arises from the resistance which some of the early converts made to the evidences which had been afforded them, and the voluntary renunciation of the faith which brought them within the bounds of that sin against the Holy Ghost denounced by our Lord; but which it is to be hoped will not be frequent among Anglo-Catholics. True, there is no more sacrifice for sin; for the sin-offering of Christ has so completely expiated the sins of mankind who have been illuminated, and who have tasted the good word of God, that there is no more need of His offering Himself again for sin; His own oblation once offered being sufficient to make a perfect atonement and to reconcile us to God.

I decline reading through Wesley's Journal. By those to whom he is a "father and founder," he is no doubt considered an "apostolic saint;" but I know of no apostolic saint in the Apostles' days who was a schismatic at least, if not a heretic. It is possible for persons who "confess themselves lost and damned sinners," to deceive themselves; and to mistake the exaggerations and sudden impulses of enthusiasm for the

motions of the Holy Spirit. There may be somewhat of spiritual pride in boasting of "emptying themselves utterly;" which may by implication mean—"Stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou." But I hope better things of thee, friend F. C. H.; and when the "fitful fever" of Aitkenism is "o'er," that thou wilt be reconverted to the Catholic faith of "one baptism for the remission of sins." I am thine assured friend.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. By the REV. W. B. FLOWER. Masters, 1854.

This is a very compendious history of the civil, and some of the ecclesiastical affairs of the northern kingdom, consisting of 237 pages, by the Incumbent of Kenkerswell, Devonshire; and it is very appropriately dedicated "to the Right Reverend W. Skinner, D. D., the venerable Primus of Scotland." It seems to be a sequel to the history of England; and both are intended for the use of children. It commences at the earliest period, and just touches as it were, the salient points only of the historical facts; and it concludes at the consecration of Dr. Seabury, to the diocese of Connecticut, in the United States; with a brief statement of the present state of the Church in Scotland. In conclusion, Mr. Flower says,— "Within the last few years, the Church of Scotland has shown great vitality and power. There is a magnificent institution at Glenalmond, for the education of the young, presided over by the Bishop of S. Andrew's," who has, since the publication of Mr. Flower's history, resigned; and Dr. Hannay is now

the Warden, who was previously the head master of the Edinburgh Academy. "Another institution has also been set on foot at Cumbræ, for the education of candidates for the ministry, through the instrumentality of a generous layman, of which, the Bishop of Argyle and the Isles, is the Provost. Efforts are also being made to establish Cathedrals, on a true and solid basis; the noble building at Perth being the first effort in this direction. There are now seven bishops, one hundred and thirty-nine presbyters," commonly called priests, "one hundred and thirty-two churches, fifty-five schools, and thirty-nine parsonages. Humanly judging, there seem bright days in store for this branch of the Catholic Church. Much has she borne, this handmaid of our Blessed Lord; yet, amid all, unflinching and unwavering hath been her testimony to the Faith once for all delivered to the saints."

THE PRISONERS OF CRAIGMACAIR. Masters. 1852.

In point of fact, Cragmaicair is Stonehaven; and the author gives a pretty correct description of the County town of Kincardine; and

it is situate in the mouth of the How o' the Mearns. The staple of this interesting and prettily worked up story, will be found at page 335, et seq. of Stephen's History of the Church of Scotland. It is a pretty story, and well written; and, as it has a touch of the romantic about it, a love story, and a conversion, (but not of Mr. Aitken's sort,) it will meet with great favour from our young and "Constant Readers." It will besides give a lively idea of the strength of that faith which survived the persecution of the first two Georges.

SACRED PRINTS FOR PAROCHIAL USE. 8vo. J. H. Parker.

These are prints from Scripture History, designed for hanging up in cottage rooms; for which purpose they are admirably adapted. Those on paper, simply have an ornamental border; and the price is one penny: those mounted on cardboard, with a loop for hanging up, are three-pence each: and the same, when glazed, are sixpence each. Each has a title, the parallel texts, and, at foot, the words of one or other of the Evangelists, describing the subject of the print. They are just the things for giving as prizes to deserving scholars. Twelve of the penny prints are put up in coloured envelopes with ornamental borders, and may be sent through the post.

CONTROVERSIAL CORRESPONDENCE

R. W. KENNARD, Esq. Wertheim & Macintosh. Part II. 8vo. 1854.

It is not to be doubted but that by this time father Paul Machlachlan has been soundly beaten; and that he is expiating, in dust and ashes, his deplorable mistake in rousing such a giant in controversy

as the late Sheriff of London. But that is his look out, and he must pay the penalty for entering into controversy *citra permissum superiorum*. Perhaps the Roman Controversy has never been better maintained, both in respect of the temper and disposition in which it is handled; nor in the superiority of the arguments by which Mr. Kennard meets the mere assertions and fallacies of the Falkirk priest. The Roman party never venture on arguments founded on facts; because generally they are against them; but they deal largely in general assertions and assumptions, which have been refuted times without number; yet they still continue to repeat the same falsehoods, as if they had never been refuted. Goldsmith's schoolmaster is an excellent type of their controversialists:—"though confuted, they can argue still." We observe that Mr. Kennard's letters are still proceeding through the public newspapers; and in due time a third Part will be separately published, to which we wish every possible success. Of this controversy, we most cordially agree with that eminent and learned bibliothecary, Dr. Irving, late of the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, who says:—"This is a remarkable publication. Mr. Machlachlan, is sufficiently skilled in the Romish arts of controversy; but in logical dexterity, and even in theological learning, the popish priest is evidently no match for the protestant layman." And one of the most eloquent men of the present day, Dr. Croly, observes of this controversy,—“I sincerely admire its learning, its reasoning, and its spirit of Christianity; and I know of no production fitter to produce a more ample assurance in the mind

of any man open to *rational* conviction."

THE GREAT WARFARE. J. H. Parker. 16mo. 1854. 27 pp.

This is a very good tract, explaining to the unlettered, the fact, that the Christian course is a warfare; of which many worthy persons are quite ignorant; although they themselves have read it in S. Paul's epistles, and have heard it read year after year in the churches, that they might "war a good warfare;" and, moreover, informing them, that "the weapons of their warfare are *not carnal*;" yet, nevertheless, that they are most powerful in this spiritual campaign, with the help of divine grace, against sin, the world, the flesh and the Devil. This excellent tract is intended for the poor man's cottage; but it might be very appropriately recommended to the rich man's parlour; considering that the profession of the Faith is as scarce a commodity in the one as in the other.

SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS. J. H. Parker. Part 14.

Part 14, of the second series for November, concludes this excellent work. It contains;—Discourses on joy, a mark of a true Christian; the praises of wisdom: the government of the tongue; Divine delays; the secret way of death; the last Sunday of the Christian year. This Part also contains title pages, and separate contents for each of the four volumes; also tables of the texts of the discourses; and an index to the subjects of the sermons. These excellent sermons will be an armoury, suggestive of many subjects for weekly prelections: and we beg to recommend them to those whose time is overburdened with other parochial duties.

GRANDMAMA'S FIRST CATECHISM. Second Edition. J. H. Parker. 1854

This grandmother is one of the right sort; there is no mistake about her principles; for they are all cast in the Church's mould. Parents, and teachers of young children, cannot do better than to use this little tract, of only 23 pages, in their schools and nurseries.

THE PREVAILING SIN OF COUNTRY PARISHES, is not published, but printed for private circulation. It only contains four pages, and the money of philanthropists could not be better laid out, than in ordering dozens of this tract to give away to village lads and lasses, when leaving home, or on going out to service. It is, perhaps, needless to mention that the Seventh commandment, and the consequence of its breach, are the subjects discussed; and that, in so guarded a manner, as will not hurt the most fastidious taste. It may be had of Mr. John Henry Parker, Strand. It is signed W. J.

WHAT THE FALLING LEAVES SAY TO US. pp. 12.

HOW TO GIVE THANKS. pp. 12.

By Rev. W. H. RIDLEY, Rector of Hambledon, Buckinghamshire. J. Whitaker, 310, Strand.

These are good, well meant, and well written tracts. The former is intended to teach us, that in the midst of Life we are in Death; and that the decay, the fall, and the decomposition of the leaves of the trees, are indications of our decay and death; but, unlike them, to rise again, it may be, to glory everlasting. The last paragraph is peculiarly felicitous:—"My dear friends, *think, think* a moment about the leaves. Think how your poor

soul was withered by sin, till Christ gave you new life. Think how it will wither again and perish, if you do sin now. Think how you are every day passing away, and may fall and die without a moment's warning. Think of your eternal life, which the leaves have not. And when trouble and temptation come upon you, go to God at once, and pray Him, for Jesus Christ's sake, to strengthen and help you, that you may flourish like a Cedar in Lebanon, whose leaves do not fall in His heavenly land for evermore."

It is readily to be believed that "all people that on earth do dwell," are thankful to the Almighty Disposer of all blessings; but to many, the when, and the "How to give thanks," is the grand difficulty. In private conversation, in public places, and as wayfaring men, upon the streets, we cannot avoid constantly hearing exclamations of thanksgiving: although it appears to us that these ejaculations, thrown out in common conversation, partake largely of the taking the Great Name in Vain: in as much, as the words of thanksgiving are frequently uttered more for decency's sake, and to be heard of men, than from any utterance of sincere thanksgiving, which should be expressed in the depth of the heart, where none but He, unto whom all flesh shall come, can either hear or see. Both these tracts are well worthy of the attention of those who are in the habit of distributing tracts among the well-disposed poor; and to such we can sincerely recommend them. Their price is only 1d.

THE DEALINGS OF GOD WITH NATIONS. A Sermon. pp. 16.
CAN CONSECRATION BE UNCONSECRATED. A Speech pp. 16.

By the Rev. GEORGE CROLY.
 Kendrick, London. Price 1d.

Dr. Croly is, out of sight, the most eloquent man in London; and in these tracts he has unloosed a flood of eloquence, to commemorate the national humiliation on the 26th of April; and in objections to Lord Harrowby's Bill for the removal of the city churches, and the sale of the burial grounds. In his sermon he justly asserts "that the breach of treaties never passes without its punishment;" and he takes a rapid view of the alternatives of such breaches, and of the national punishments succeeding them; and in arriving at the present crisis, he says, of the Czar's attack on Turkey,—"there never was a war more unprovoked, more contemptuous of all reason, or more incapable of all palliation. Ambition never stood before the world in more naked deformity,—hypocrisy was never more careless of the mask,—fanaticism more worldly, or covetousness more grasping. The sole offence of the Ottoman is his possession of territory; the sole motive of the Russian is the desire of its possession. They are only a penny each; they are worth having, if it was only for their eloquence; but, better still, for their genuine piety, and their directing the glory to be given to Him to whom it is due.

WHAT, WHERE, AND WHO IS ANTICHRIST? Crown 8vo. Bagster & Sons.

By the Rev. H. H. BEAMISH, M.A.
 In his Epistles S. John more than once mentions *the Antichrist*, as the manifestation of some remarkable enemy to the Faith; and Mr. Beamish discusses the first part of the question of the "WHAT," in his first Lecture; and, in discussing it,

humble, but cheerful and hearty faith in their Lord and Saviour. — was badly wounded, and was very weak; he expressed anxiety about his 'poor wife and children.' He joined fervently in prayer, casting his care upon God, and declared his trust in his Saviour. — had been wounded through the stomach. He was in deep concern for his soul, and timidly desirous to lay hold of the Hope for sinners. He joined earnestly in prayer."

At day break of the 5th of November our outposts at Inkermann experienced a surprise; for the enemy shewed themselves on the right of the English army, having crossed the bridge over the Chernaya, at Inkermann, menacing a redoubt containing only two guns; on which, and on the Telegraph fort, under cover of a thick fog, they opened a heavy fire about half-past six o'clock; whilst, without any suspicion of such an attack, our men were returning from the trenches, and were preparing to cook and eat their breakfasts; consequently our brave men went to work with empty stomachs. The Russians had, unperceived, in consequence of the fog, placed a strong battery of heavy guns on the summit of a very precipitous hill, near the Inkermann light; and from this eminence they poured a most destructive fire of shot and shell among our tents. The enemy had been considerably reinforced by the troops which had formerly combated with Omar Pasha; but, by the treacherous intervention of Ausria, had been released, and were enabled to join their comrades in the Crimea; and, along with them, two of the Imperial Grand Dukes, had arrived at Menschikoffs headquarters.

On Sunday morning, therefore, November the 5th, or the anniversary of England's great deliverance from the gunpowder plot, strong columns of the enemy attacked our pickets, in overwhelming numbers; these defended the ground foot by foot, with the greatest gallantry, until the second division, under General Pennesfather, had placed their guns in position. It had rained almost incessantly the previous night; and, towards dawn a heavy fog, in fact a Scotch mist, had settled down on the heights and in the Valley of the Inkermann; consequently the men on the pickets and out-lying posts, were drenched to the skin; and the foggy darkness was so great that the men could scarcely see two yards before them. Du-

archy conjoined, who jointly rule and teach the laity; and, as the spirit of infidelity, pervades the whole of the community over which the Pope rules, and which the False Prophet, through his hierarchy, teaches; it seems reasonable to conclude that the Pope, in conjunction with his whole communion, is Daniel's Infidel King, and the Antichrist of S. John.

We regret much that our space will not admit of our making any extracts from this work, as we intended and had marked out, except the concluding sentence of the preface.—“If the advocates of the respective schools of prophetic interpretation, would bear these great truths in mind, they would have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion to which the author has, he trusts, been led by the teaching of the Holy Spirit—namely, that the Roman Empire is the seat of Anti-

christ, that the Roman city is the metropolis or capital of his empire—that the Pope of Rome, wearing the triple crown, and claiming universal spiritual and temporal supremacy, is the Antichrist *for the time being*—that his system of mock christianity is the Antichristianism *of the day*, and ‘the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth,’—that the ‘Antichrist,’ yet to be revealed, ‘the man of sin,’ and ‘son of perdition,’ will be a full embodiment of all the distinguishing principles of the papacy—and be, moreover, in his mysterious personality, the counterparallel and infernal mimicry of ‘Emanuel,’ an incarnation of Him who conquered the first Adam, and who is emphatically described in full grown bestial form, as ‘the Dragon that old Serpent, which is the Devil and Satan.’ (Rev. xx.2)

ENCROACHMENTS OF RUSSIA.—Within little more than half a century, the Russian frontier has been advanced towards Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, 700 miles; towards Constantinople, 500 miles; and towards Teheran, 1,000 miles. The acquisitions of Russia from Sweden are greater than the territory which now constitutes the latter kingdom. Those from Poland are nearly equal to the Austrian empire. In Tartary alone they are not inferior to the whole of Turkey in Europe, with Greece, Italy, and Spain included. From Turkey in Asia they are nearly equal in area to the whole of the smaller states of Germany, and her acquisitions from Persia are equal in extent to England. Between the accession of Peter in 1689, and the death of Alexander in 1825, the population of Russia has been augmented in number from fifteen to fifty-eight millions. *Marmont's Russia.*

☞ Our publication this month has been delayed in consequence of a fire in the Printing Office on Christmas-day.

THE
CHURCH WARDER,
And Domestic Magazine.

No. CIV.

FEBRUARY, 1855.

VOL. IX.

CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA.

(Continued from page 8.)

IN our last number we brought our history down to the victory of Balaclava; but time would not permit our giving all the particulars of that glorious achievement; and we now proceed to give some of the individual actions which show the valour and the religious principles of both officers and men.

W. H. Pennington, a private of the 11th Hussars, writes to his "beloved mother," that the charge noticed in our last, was a "mad though gallant" one; the word, he says, was given to "charge guns to the front;" and they advanced at a gallop amidst a fearful fire of grape, shell and cannister, both in their front and also on their right and left flanks; besides a severe fire from the Russian infantry; in consequence, men and horse fell thick and fast, but even this did not check their onward rush. They sabred the Russian gunners, and took their guns; but, being unsupported by infantry, they could not keep them. "In this condition we were charged in front and rear by numerous regiments of Russians and cavalry; and, but for the desperation with which our fellows cut their way, there would not have been a single man return from that fatal charge." Pennington never reached the guns, as he was wounded in the calf of one of his legs, and his horse was killed, which left him at the mercy of the enemy's lancers, who lanced all our dismounted and wounded men, and gave no quarter. He caught a riderless horse, formed with the 8th Hussars, and dashed on; but now they were obliged to wheel about, but found their retreat cut off by a strong body of Russian horse. "Of course," he says, "with our handful it was life or death; so we rushed

Coldstreams, who forced their way through all opposition, held their ground, and fought with a desperate courage. The battery was surrounded; but the Guards were determined to sell their lives dearly; in this frightful struggle, the foes were so close that after firing there was neither room nor time to load again. They charged with the bayonet, and beat the Russians with the butt-end of their muskets; and such was the danger that the commissioned officers snatched up the muskets of the killed or wounded, and fought with the bayonet, like the privates; and the Russians left heaps of dead in this bloody encounter. Our fine fellows lay as they fell, in heaps; (about 10 a.m.) sometimes our men over three or four Russians, and sometimes a Russian over three or four of ours. Some had passed away with a smile on their face: others were horribly contorted; some lay as if prepared for burial, whilst others were half standing or kneeling, clutching their weapons or drawing a cartridge.

About 10 a.m. a body of French infantry appeared on our right, which was a cheerful sight to our weakened men. The Zouaves advanced at double quick time; and the French artillery played fearful havoc on the right wing of the Russians. The enemy were assailed in front by the British and broken by the impetuosity of their charge, and the vigorous attack of the French infantry and artillery! and about twelve o'clock they were completely beaten, and driven in confusion from the heights into the valley, where, under any circumstances, it would have been imprudent to have followed them. Although the British formed in front of their lines, and kept the field; yet they were so exhausted with fatigue and hunger, that even if it had been prudent they would have been unable to have pursued the retreating enemy; observing this the Russians halted; faced about, and began to advance, whilst their guns opened a heavy fire on our men; but the arrival of the French changed the face of affairs; and the Russians again resumed their retreat under a murderous fire of grape shot, shell, and musketry from the French battery; "in fact it was a perfect carnage." By half-past two the great mass of the enemy had completely fallen back to their own lines, leaving upwards of 10,000 dead behind them; which is 3000

more than the amount of the British army at the commencement of the battle!

Whilst the battle was at the hottest, the garrison of Sebastopol made a sortie on the French lines, and had reached their trenches; the French turned out and gave them one fearful volley, which made them wheel and run, leaving over a 1000 dead. The French pursued with the bayonet, and entered the town pell mell with the Russians; but, not being in force, were driven out.

The scene was awful. "The whole camp," says the correspondent of the Morning Herald, "seemed encircled by fire, as flash after flash lit up the foggy air in all directions. The uproar was perfectly deafening, and both sides firing shell, increased the din twofold. The shower of these terrible explosives, which rained into the Camp like hail, baffled description;...they killed men, and tore the tents to pieces...The horror of the scene was increased by the obscurity of the morning. It was not six o'clock; the darkness and fog were still thick, and through the heavy air, the broad red flashes of the guns, and their tremendous reports seemed ten times louder than ever."

Individual acts of heroism are too numerous to be all mentioned, and we shall only notice that of a surgeon, who drew his sword, and led on a party to attack a body of Russians which had surrounded the Duke of Cambridge; whilst a drummer drew his sword and headed a company without officers. The Russians deserve the execration of all brave men, bayonetting the British wounded as they lay hopeless on the ground; and for firing on our men when in the act of burying the Russian dead; this was not the act of the privates alone; but by command of superior officers. It seems they shelled our burying parties for three days; and they stabbed the wounded men on the field; in this way General Cathcart met his death, having thirty bayonet wounds in his body when it was found. One Greek officer, in the Russian service, who was taken prisoner, was tried by court martial for having been guilty of this barbarous crime; and was *hanged* like a dog.

W. C. P.

CRAIG-PWLL-DU;*

A WELSH LEGEND OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY.

It was late in the month of October in the year of Grace 670, that the Abbey of Wenlock in Powisland, not far distant from its capital Penguern, (or, as it is now called, Shrewsbury) was thrown into a state of the greatest consternation by the sudden disappearance of one of its inmates, the Sister Mildred, younger sister to Milburga of pious memory, then Abbess of Wenlock—which house, it is said, she rendered a true paradise of all religion and virtue. And here let it be remarked, the nuns, as well as the monks of that remote period, when arts and sciences were rarely fostered without the walls of religious houses, did not lead lives of such strict solitude as in after times, when their good services to mankind in temporal matters were not so much needed. None were more justly celebrated for true kindness and charity than the Sisterhood of that noble Abbey, noble indeed in its decay, yet groaning under the weight of desecration and sacrilege heaped upon it by the hand of man; who now spares not even the most sacred places, within the mouldering walls of the very sanctuary itself.

Many a heartless marauder had been scared from his prey when about to pillage and lay waste the little grange of some honest and peaceful border-husbandman, by the saving presence of a Sister from the Abbey; ministering to the necessities of the sick and afflicted, or breathing forth the last consolations of religion o'er the rough couch of some rude but simple-minded herdsman, now wrestling in his strength with death. Such

* A L E G E N D.

OF

C R A I G - P W L L - D U ,

OR

THE ROCK OF THE DARK CHASM;

Being also

A Supposed Incident in the Life of

S A I N T M I L D R E D ,

Sometime Novice of Wenlock Abbey,

And afterwards

First Abbess of Minstre, Isle of Thanet.

A. D. 609.

was their office; and as such, they needed no human arm to shield and protect them in their wanderings.

A few days had now passed since there had been a hot and bloody fray in the immediate neighbourhood of Wenlock, between the Mercian king Merowald, the father of Milburga and Mildred, and one of the bravest, yet most lawless, of the Welsh Chieftains—Owen Lawgoek, *i. e.*, Owen with the blood red hand.

Victory had been claimed by neither party; but many prisoners were made on both sides. The Welsh immediately put the most inconsiderable of theirs to death; in revenge for the supposed death of their Chieftain, who, in the retreat, was nowhere to be found. Owen had once in the fight been cut down by Merowald's own hand, but had been rescued by a small party of his most trusty followers; who, in their turn, had routed the Mercian king, together with a portion of his forces.

Thus stood matters in Wenlock at the time we speak of. The Welsh spear and long knife had well done their parts; the Saxon axe and cross-bow theirs. One day had been darkened by deeds of slaughter and cold-blooded murder: the following was spent by the Sisterhood of the Abbey in acts of piety and mercy, alike to friend and foe.

Each Sister, clad in the simple garb adopted by the community, and carrying with her certain healing salves and restoratives, went forth on her errand of mercy. Amongst them was the Sister Mildred, who had hardly attained her twentieth year; beautiful withal, and of a princely heart and bearing.

Many were the kind and seasonable offices rendered by herself and her companions to the wounded and dying; dressing with their own hands the wounds of the former, and, with all the energies of their minds, striving to turn away the eyes of the dying pagan from contemplating the glories that awaited him at the blood-stained throne of Odin—that heaven where his revenge should be satiated to the full, and his present sufferings drowned in the blood of his enemies quaffed from their skulls at the banquets of that grim and spectral warrior-band. From such dark and false superstitions did Mildred and her devoted Sisters labour to turn away his dying thoughts,

and fix them on such as could alone quiet his phrensied mind and tortured body here, and give his benighted soul rest hereafter.

Many of the wounded were by their means safely lodged in some of the nearest huts; for, in such matters, foemen though they might in many cases be, their wishes were readily obeyed by all.

As night was gathering in apace, Mildred determined to return to the Abbey, but by a different way from that by which she had come thither. In so doing she had to pass through a small but thickly wooded valley; into which she thought it just possible, that some of the wounded might have been carried by their retreating comrades. Along the bottom of this valley, a deep but sluggish stream flowed; and having reached this by a narrow path-way well known to herself, Mildred stopped for awhile and looked carefully on either side along its low and sedgy banks. Nor were her suspicions unfounded; for, at no great distance from where she stood, there appeared at intervals a faint gleam of light, as if coming from an ill-fed smouldering wood fire. Fearless in her own innocence and the sanctity of her garb which marked her vocation, she approached the spot, and there indeed a sight met her eyes which for a moment filled her with surprise if not alarm. For beneath the giant arms of a majestic though gnarled and blasted oak, and close to the water's edge, there lay, supported by a fierce and wild looking Welshman, the wan and feeble, yet noble form of the much dreaded Welsh Chieftain, Owen Lawgoek. A faint cry from the wounded man, and an involuntary start on the part of his attendant, proclaimed at once the astonishment and fear of both. For the sudden appearance of such an one as Mildred, at such a time, and in so desolate a place, coupled also with the strangeness and peculiarity of her dress, impressed them both with the belief, that they saw in her person that sure forerunner of death—the dreaded Kyhirneth or Banshee.

The mild salutation of Mildred soon quieted their fears; who, not only ministered to the present needs of this dread Chieftain with her own hands, but also left them with a promise that on the morrow a litter should convey Owen Lawgoek to the Abbey; where, although he was her father's mortal

enemy, secrecy immutable in such cases, according to the rule of her order, should be observed as regarded both his rank and person, until such time as he could again be sent in health on his way.

A few days were sufficient for his cure under the hands of the able and attentive inmates of the Abbey; and not more than a week had elapsed since his departure from thence, before the sad and untoward event before alluded to, happened—viz. the sudden disappearance of the Sister Mildred.

Oftentimes had the Welshman pledged his life and fortune for the future safety of the Abbey which had been the means of thus restoring him to his country and his friends—not in poverty and disgrace—but rejoicing in regained liberty and strength, and lacking nothing.

Thus then went matters until the night on which the anxiety for Mildred's safety had spread grief and consternation throughout the Abbey and its neighbourhood. Her accustomed station in the choir of the great church at Vesper time was void, and long ere the deep tones of the midnight bell had ceased, the alarm had become general. Trusty servants had been despatched to all parts of the country; and the good Father Kenulph himself, the venerable Confessor of the Abbey and close friend and supporter of S. Chad, then Bishop of Shrewsbury, had already left Wenlock with a few domestics, to bear the sad tidings to her father Merowald, and thus at once set him on the alert.

That night was a sorrowful one for the Sisterhood of the Abbey; in vain did the benign Abbess strive to conceal her own feelings as well as calm the minds of others; in vain did the elder and more stern of their number endeavour to appear as treating the occurrence lightly, and as that would soon be explained to the satisfaction of all; as for the younger of the Sisters—the more intimate and constant companions of Mildred, they did not attempt to conceal their sorrows, but roamed to and fro along the cold cloisters the whole night through, waiting anxiously for the slightest sound of approaching footsteps. they wept audibly when they pictured to their now heated imaginations the probably sad fate and present unhappy condition of their gentle and affectionate Sister—the beautiful, the noble Mildred.

Merowald's rage knew no bounds when first the good Father related what had happened to his child. His forces were immediately again called together, and ere the sun of the approaching day was high in the heavens, the retinue of the Mercian was fully prepared at all points for the coming fray, and only waited his commands to move onwards towards the marches.

All this tract of country therefore lying between Mercia and the boundaries of South Wales, the king determined thoroughly to scour; and having arrived at a then important border-castle, held by his younger brother Offa (around which the present town of Hay is built), there to remain, and make his incursions from thence, till he had either found his lost child or had gained some true and certain tidings of her.

Thither also did Father Kenulph insist upon following Merowald; indeed, in his great zeal and anxiety for Mildred's safety, he appeared hardly satisfied to consider himself as being merely the peace-loving Confessor to the Abbey.

Now this good Father had narrowly watched the conduct of the wounded Chieftain, whilst dwelling within their walls; he never doubted his deep feelings of thankfulness and gratitude, though expressed in such glowing terms; but other thoughts than these, contending together within his breast, were bared to the shrewd eye of the monk, though suspected by no one else, much less by poor Mildred herself; who little knew what conflicting passions she had been the cause of raising in the heart of that daring Chief, whose nature often prompted him to acts, which in his better moments became his torment.

Of all this the keen-sighted monk was well aware; and a single stern look at parting told him plainly, that one eye at least in the Abbey, had scanned the very secrets of his heart; and that all plans, save deeds of open violence and perjured friendship, should be thwarted.

Having then communicated his well-grounded suspicions to her father, he, on his part, lost no time in acting as has been stated; vowing that war unceasing, with all its miseries, should be carried into the territories of the lawless Welshman, until either he should himself restore Mildred, or take instant and effective measures for bringing the same about; for they doubted not, that even should he himself not be the offender, yet he well knew who was.

Here, then, on the 29th day of October, we find duly established, the venerable Father Kenulph, the Mercian king Merowald, his brother Offa, afterwards king of Mercia, together with their numerous and warlike retinue.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

(Continued from page 389.)

CHAPTER V.

The monks of Netley Abbey were in high glee; that day would, in all probability, add the broad lands of the unfortunate Rolt to their already large demesne, and they well knew that 400 pounds was even at that time a small sum for such an estate. The Abbot his portly figure arrayed in the flowing surplice, and with the mitre on his head, entered the chapter-house, preceded by a priest carrying his crozier; immediately behind him came one of the King's Justices of whom more anon, then followed the monks in due order, and certainly if they did ever fast, it throve mightily well with them, for there was scarcely one of them whose nose was not adorned with "grog blossoms," and their bodies looked as if they were wont

"The deeds of the flesh to mortify
With a dainty bit of a warden pie."

When all were seated, the Abbot ordered the cellarer to supply them with wine and this being done, he turned to the Justice who was seated at his right hand, and said,—handing him a purse—

"Full fifty pounds do I give to thee Sir Justice for the way in which thou hast altered the agreement; the lands are safe, for well I know that Rolt hath not a pound in the world."

"Thanks, Sir Abbot," replied the Justice, "but suppose he should be able to pay thee—how then?"

"No fear, no fear, Sir Justice—but hark I hear the debtor coming."

As the Abbot spoke the door was opened and Sir Henry Rolt was ushered in, in the same sorry array in which we last left him, but the secret joy of his heart was carefully concealed by the clouded brow and troubled air of a debtor who is called to a reckoning, and hath not wherewithal to pay.

"Ha! Sir Spendthrift," exclaimed the Abbot, "hast thou the money ready?"

"Do I look like a man worth any money," asked Rolt, "thinkst thou if I had money I should not be dressed more as becomes my rank?"

"Thy rank, sirrah," replied the insolent churchman, "thy rank is not worth the mentioning; why, fool, the poorest beggar that gets enough by charity to keep life in him is higher in rank than thee, who can neither dig, nor beg, nor steal. Canst pay the debt."

Rolt's brow darkened as he heard this address; but checking the rising wrath of his breast, he replied meekly,

"How canst thou suppose I have raised the money. I come to beg for time to see if I can get enough among my friends."

"Sir Justice, I drink to thee," said the Abbot tossing off a goblet of wine. "Turn yonder beggar out," he added. Two or three lay brothers stepped forward to put the order into execution, but Rolt exclaimed—

"Hear me! hear me! Sir Abbot, my father and his ancestors bestowed many a fair acre upon this same Abbey of Netley, and, it becomes not thee, to treat their descendant thus; unfortunate, though he may be."

"Begone, begone," cried the Abbot, "the Holy Church said masses for the souls of thy forefathers and thereby amply repaid the debt."

"Well then, at any rate," urged the petitioner, "give me a little more money, were it but a single pound, to help me on my way to France, for well I know that thou did'st get my lands cheap enough."

"Not a penny! not a farthing!" replied the Abbot, "for by the Holy Cross, I swear the land has cost us more than it is worth already, and right willing would I be, could we but sell it, full a hundred pounds cheaper than we got it from thee."

"I take thee at thy word, ye all heard what he said," exclaimed the knight, as he stepped up to the table, and pouring his gold from the bag deliberately counted out three hundred pounds and handed them over to the crest-fallen and bewildered Abbot. "And now Sir Scrivener," he added turning to the Sacristan, "hand me over the parchment, quick, my patience is well nigh gone, come,—disgorge, hand it over. The document

was soon in his possession, and he added, "Hark ye, Sir Shaveling, let me but hear one word of insolence from thee, and by my word as a knight I will so harry thy nest with fire and sword that all England shall ring with it. Farewell! much good may the money do thee." To saying he left the conclave, each member of which sat silent with face considerably elongated.

At last the Abbot of Netley broke the silence and said to the Justice:—

"Sir Justice restore me the fifty potnds which I gave thee."

"Not I," replied the other, "mine it is, and keep it I will, and so fare thee well."

And he also disappeared.

CHAPTER VI.

Well, well, good man, it's but little use your talking so about the money; if ye had stayed with the knight ye might have had it all I warrant me," exclaimed the wife of Herbert the Forester from the inside of their cottage where she was employed in preparing their simple meal.

"Pish! woman," replied Herbert, from outside the door, where seated in the sunshine he was feathering some cloth-yard shafts, "it's right little thou know'st of the matter, I tell thee the knight had not so much as a farthing when I left him."

"More shame to thee," replied Margery, "thou and the likes of thee lived upon him, and sucked his blood like leeches till he had no money left, and then ye all left him to shift for himself; shame on ye all."

Peace, jade, peace," said Herbert, angrily, "hold thy tongue, or I'll e'en take my tough yew bow to thee, and make thee—"

"And who cares if thou dost, good man," replied the woman in a shrill tone of defiance, "only touch me, if it were but hard enough to kill a fly, and I warrant thou wilt not want to do it again."

"Who shall make me rue it, if I do, I would ask thee," asked Herbert, "hast thou any one ready to take thy part at the price of a broken head."

"Hark thee, thou old fool," said the woman, coming to the door and placing her arms akimbo, "dost know what our young lady said of thee when she heard thou had'st returned, —marry I trow not—but thou shalt now, 'hang me up this

dog forester,' quoth she, 'and let it be written on the gibbet, 'Thus Catherine de Beajeau treats the coward and the traitor.'

"'Tis a vile lie," exclaimed Herbert, "I am not a coward, and I am not a traitor; and if I could but hear her say so, I would give her the lie in her face."

"Tush! tush! man," replied Margory, "'twere best to hold thy peace; that word had hung thee at once had her mother heard it; so mum; and hark thee, no more tough yew bows; dost mark me."

"Humph," muttered Herbert, "in France our Lady Catherine saved my life, for when I would not wait to help to take a French knight, whom he had unhorsed, prisoner, he out sword, and flourished it round my head with 'An 'twere not for thy Lady's sake—' and here it seems my Lady is half inclined to hang me up for his sake; so between the two, I scarce know whether I'm safe or no; nor what to do."

"What to do," said Margory, good lack, man, hold thy peace, and come eat thy dinner."

The forester laid aside his arrows and entered the house with the intention of following his wife's advice; but scarcely had the first morsel passed his lips, when the tramp of many horses on the green sward, burst upon his ear.

"Who cometh now I wonder?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, some other poor misguided fool who hopes to gain our lady's love I suppose; never trouble your foolish head about it," and so saying she rose, and closed the door.

The noise, however, grew louder and louder, as the troop approached, and it was evidently making for the cottage; before long it halted, and the door was assailed with the butt-end of a lance.

Marjory rose and opened the door. "By S. Hubert 'tis the knight himself," she exclaimed.

And so it was; but very differently accoutered to when he made his appearance at Netley Abbey. He was now dressed in a superb suit of blue Milan steel, embossed with silver. Behind him rode at least sixty men-at-arms, his own retainers.

"What ho! Herbert, dog, forester, what ho!" he shouted "is thy goodman at home, dame?" he added to Marjory in a less impetuous tone.

"Yes, Sir Henry, an it please thee, Sir Henry," replied the

Forester making his appearance, "what wouldst thou with me," and he stood on the threshold, bowing and cringing,

"Were I to have brought thee thy deserts, I should have had a halter at saddle-bow, instead of this," and he produced a weighty purse, from which he counted out some money and flung it piece by piece to the forester, who received each one with a bow lower than the former.

"Ah! thou standest there bowing like the traiped jackanapes of a wandering jongleur now," said Sir Henry, scornfully, "whereas but eight short months ago thou didst insult me till I had like to have dashed out thy brains with my mace; and let me tell thee, villain, were it not that thou belongest to the proud house of Beaujeu, I had never paid thee a single halfpenny; dost mark me?"

"Yes, Sir Henry," replied the Forester humbly.

"And mark this much more," continued the knight, "I have heard thee use ill language of me to thy comrades when thou didst not think I was within ear-shot; now, if thou dost it again to any one, look to thine ears; for by mine honour as a knight, I'll crop them from thy head with my dagger, an I storm the castle of Beaujeu to do it; dost mark me?"

"Yes, Sir Henry," said the Forester, bowing almost to the ground.

"And more I tell thee dog: If thou dost ever tell so much as one word of what thou mayest have heard me say about thy mistress, I'll hang thee up with as little consideration as I would a mongrel cur; dost mark me?" and without waiting an answer, he dashed his spurs into his charger and rode on, followed by his train.

Scarcely, however, had he lost sight of the cottage, when Marjory appeared from among the trees by the side of the little glade through which he was riding. The knight checked his steed at a sign from her, and she advanced to his side.

"Many thanks, Sir Henry, for the money thou hast given my goodman; it is more than he deserveth, but—"

"Tchut! woman," said Rolt, again spurring on; but Marjory, catching his rein, whispered loud enough to be heard by him alone—

"My lady, Sir Henry—"

"Hah! what of her," cried the knight. "Hark ye, Stephen,

he added, turning to his squire, "ride on slowly with the troop; do thou, Morton, stay with me, but get out of ear shot."

The soldiers moved on; and Morton, the page, rode back a little way, wondering in his own mind what his lord could have in common with the old woman.

"And now dame, what of thy mistress?" asked the knight.

"Oh! Sir Henry, she be like to die of love for thee," replied Marjory.

"Like to die, sayest thou?" exclaimed Rolt. "Nay, woman, that is not likely, seeing she hath told me a score of times she loves me not."

"Nevertheless it is so," persisted Marjory, "she be like to die for love of thee."

"And suppose, dame," said Sir Henry, "I should have cured myself of my liking to her; how then?"

"Why faith," said Marjory in astonishment, "I never thought of that; nor she neither."

"Ha! indeed!" rejoined Rolt, "thou shouldst look to both sides of the question, woman," and he spurred on, leaving Marjory with the impression that she had taken nothing by her motion.

CHAPTER VII.

MARJORY was right: Catherine de Beaujeu was indeed "like to die," and that too for the love of Sir Henry Rolt. He had been in England for some months, and yet she had neither seen him nor heard anything from him; though, but a few days before he left for France, he had vowed—nay sworn, that he lived but in her presence, breathed but for her love, and that death alone should cause him to forget her; which last indeed seemed the most likely to happen, as she, by her caprice, had plunged him into the difficulties from which he was only extricated by the means the reader is already acquainted with.

Catherine de Beaujeu sat at her chamber window, which overlooked the road leading to the principal entrance of the castellated mansion which called her mistress. But it was no longer the same Catherine as, not a year before, had listened to the vows of the devoted Sir Henry Rolt. Her cheek had

lost its delicate colour, it was deadly pale; her eyes, once sparkling with animation, were now dull and heavy; her lovely figure had lost its fullness, and was now enveloped in a loose gown which concealed its form, instead of the close fitting boddice which of yore was wont to show to perfection the exquisite swell of her bust. Her arm was no longer smooth and rounded, but the sharp ridges of bone seemed almost ready to burst through the skin; and the hand was thin and attenuated; her voice had lost its clearness and was hollow and sepulchral.

By her side stood her mother, and behind her chair was the priest before mentioned, whose stern nature had at last relented towards the unfortunate girl, and who no longer threatened her with the terrors of the Church, but attempted to lead her thoughts to Christ, and to strengthen her faith in His grace.

"Open the casement, mother," said Catherine faintly.

"Not so, my child; the evening air is chill," replied the mother.

"Nay, then, I can wrap my mantle around me the closer; I would look upon this fair world as long as I can, before I pass from it."

Oh! speak not thus, my daughter," cried the Lady de Beaujeu, "hope still whispers to me that thy life is not so near a close as thou dost think it to be; and methinks, daughter, if thou wouldst but taste of this decoction, it might revive thee a little."

"Open the casement," repeated Catherine, "let me breathe the pure air of heaven while I can."

Lady de Beaujeu finding her determination fixed, opened the casement; and, as if revived by the breeze which now played around her wasted features, she sat up and conversed more cheerfully than she had done for a long time. The hours flew swiftly, the sun had sunk and the twilight had merged into broad moonshine, and still the three sat in the same position. They were aroused from a long silence by the tramp of the garrison relieving the guard.

"It is midnight, my daughter," said the Lady starting up, "it is time for thee to retire to rest."

"Wait yet awhile," replied Catherine, and then turning to the priest, she added, "Father Clement, hast thou any faith

in presentiment; ~~or~~—she paused awhile, and then added, “or in whispers which fall upon the ear—faintly, it is true, but distinctly—whispers never uttered by mortal tongues.”

“My daughter,” replied the priest, “I scarce know what to say to thee on such a subject; true it is that sometimes—but, my daughter, what maketh thee ask the question?”

“Father Clement,” replied Catherine, “when the casement was opened, methought I heard a whisper on the breeze that entered, and it said plainly and distinctly ‘Wait; and ere morn thou shalt see what thou most desirest.’”

“Give not way to such illusions, daughter,” said the priest solemnly, “these are but the machinations of Sathanas; thy mind is overstretched for want of rest; and thou dost in consequence give a more ready heed to such fancies.”

“Call them not fancies, Father, for even now I hear it—yes—it is—I hear a horse’s tramp on the green sward,” and she sprang up and reeled to the casement.

“Holy Mother! she is mad,” cried the Lady de Beaujeu, “hearest thou aught, Clement.”

“No, Lady, not a sound save the tramp of the warder on his beat,” said the priest as he assisted the mother to remove Catherine from the casement; but she struggled with a violence totally unlooked for in her weak state, and exclaimed—

“Leave me, leave me, hark! it comes closer, I hear the clatter of the steel scabbard on the rider’s mail-clad thigh.”

“It is but the night breeze in the tree-tops,” said the priest, still attempting to remove her.

“There is no breeze, Father,” said Catherine firmly, and then in an imploring tone, “Oh! move me not; I hear the horse’s breath.”

“Child, child,” said the mother sternly, “be ruled, thou art mad or dreaming.”

“Methinks, Lady, she is right,” said the priest, “methinks I even now hear a horse’s footfall.”

Lady de Beaujeu listened, and at last she too was convinced of the truth of Catherine’s assertion. Louder and louder the steps rang out in the night air, and after a time the clatter of steel proclaimed the rider to be an armed warrior; then the hard breathing of the steed was heard, and at length the horse and rider burst from among the trees which had hitherto concealed them.

"It is he, it is he," shrieked Catherine.

"Who, my daughter, who?" cried the mother.

"Henry, *my* Henry," replied the daughter.

"Nonsense, my child," said the Lady, "he is yet too far distant for thee to recognise."

"He is not too far, he is not too far," reiterated Catherine, "see ye not his cognizance on helm and shield, see ye not the black wolf."

No one spoke till the rider had approached within bowshot of the walls, when Father Clement exclaimed—

"*Ave Maria*, she is right again; It is Sir Henry, Lady, seest thou not the gold belt and spurs glittering in the moonshine, and the black wolf on his morion."*

"I marvel the warder doth not challenge him," said the Lady, who was a strict disciplinarian, "doth he sleep, or doth he think yonder knight is as welcome here at midnight as in broad day."

While she spoke, the warder's summons rang out clearly in the night air: "Who goeth there." The knight, who had reached the edge of the moat and was now riding slowly along it, leisurely surveying the whole front of the mansion, vouchsafed no reply. Next minute an arrow whistled from the wall and struck him full on the crest, but fell harmlessly from the well tempered helmet. The knight reined his horse back a few paces, and raising his visor, exclaimed—

"And is this my welcome to the house of Beaujeu?—then FAREWELL TO IT FOR EVER." and he rode off as furiously as he came.

Catherine de Beaujeu fainted, and next day announced her intention of burying her griefs in a convent. To this, after great resistance both to her daughter's and the priest's entreaties, the Lady de Beaujeu at last consented, though with great reluctance; and two days after, the party set out for London where the priest's aunt was superior of a convent.

(To be continued.)

* This incident is founded on one recorded in Scottish song. See *Miscellaneous Poems* by Sir Walter Scott—"The Maid of Neidpath."

THE TRAVELLERS:

A SKETCH.

CHAPTER II.

Thou art, O Lord, the life, the light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night
 Are but reflections caught from Thee :
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine !

We had now fairly commenced conversation, and were quite regardless of the heat and disagreeables, the annoyance of which we might have considerably augmented by thinking about them, and were both determined to relieve the tedium of the journey as best we could.

It was now my Friend's turn to speak, and after a pause she said—"It is a most disagreeable thing to be obliged to listen to too great a talker ; yet there are some very quiet but withal intellectual and mysterious looking people, one longs to converse with. In all cases, however, I do not think that silence is a proof of wisdom, beyond the wisdom of the discovery that by silence they can conceal their ignorance."

"Pitiable beings" I replied, "then let us consider whence this poverty of conversation in the latter case arises."

"Why" said my Friend archly, and as if she complimented herself inwardly upon the remark ; "of course some minds are better cultivated as well as more talented than others ; and these poor stupid creatures have scarcely two ideas in their heads ; they never read, or have had a deficient education."

"I think the reasons you have assigned are true," I answered, "but not *all* the truth. Before we talk we must think ; before we can think we must feel : then you see there is an under-current to speech, as well as an under-current to thought."

"What do you mean by an under-current to thought, I never pictured anything before thought."

"It is difficult to explain," I said, "and before I thought about it, I may have said, I thought as you do ; but I could not have thought as you, if I had never thought at all about it ; so as I found myself, on reflection, once to have held the same opinions, from whence could that opinion have sprung?"

"I see what you mean dimly, and should call such a stage

of the mind—" here she paused and laughed at having out-trodden her depths. I waited to hear what she would call it, with much interest; and she searched for an answer in a mind that was well able to solve a much deeper question. At length she said—"It must be that indefinite word 'heart:' I have often been puzzled why it should be made such frequent use of, and now—thanks to your suggestions—I have begun to think it as good a name as any to apply to this under-current of thought. But what has this to do with people who are silent because they are foolish. You do not mean to say that ignorance arises from the heart, and not from the head?"

"Ah! wait!" I said, "you do not know how many valuable points for consideration you have pushed aside in your desire to get back to the point from which you started. You have a circle to describe, if you wish it explained, and must not take a short cut in this way?" She thanked me for the check, and said it was always her way, and that the whole race of young ladies were involved in the same error."

"Well then," I continued, "You have justly remarked about the heart; the head we will consider another time, if we chance to meet in a railway carriage or elsewhere in this changing world. You have approached very near and yet have not exactly found the right name: it is *soul*. There is a difference between what is commonly called heart and soul. The soul we will consider now."

"Ah! yes," she said interrupting me, "it is that thinking part; it is the divinity in our nature, and everybody possesses it."

"Why did you add that last clause," I enquired, puzzled and annoyed for a moment at the apparent jumble of ideas.

"Why, because" she thoughtfully and slowly replied, "I had been despising ignorant people; and now you have brought to my mind that all must speak from thought, and think from the soul; and the soul being divine, to despise it is not to despise man only, but God in man."

I was rejoiced to discover in her an aptitude and a readiness to give in due time to the conversation a profitable turn; and now I longed for peace to be restored in the carriage, which had been disturbed by some people entering noisily, as we stopped at a bustling station.

(To be continued.)

WAR LEGITIMATE.

LETTER TO MESSRS. GURNEY, HODGKIN, FOSTER, &c.

SIRS,—I have received a printed paper, entitled “A Christian Appeal from the Society of Friends to their Fellow Countrymen on the Present War,” with a note in your names, addressed to me, without either my professional or my academic title. You are thus offering an insult, while you pretend to inculcate peace; and exhibiting arrogance, while you affect humility. I care as little for titles as any man; but no sect has a right to make rules for society.

I dread and deprecate war as much as you can do; but the aggressor is the criminal. The defender is only maintaining the right which God has put into his hands, and which it is his *duty* to maintain.

No man, with eyes or ears, can doubt that it is the determination of the Czar to seize Turkey, or that the possession of the Dardanelles would give him the Mediterranean; or that the possession of the Mediterranean would lay open every shore of Europe, and especially England, to invasion. Thus, your pacific remedy would be a perpetual provision for war. If you can see this, and are prepared to suffer it, you are poltroons. If you cannot see it, you can see nothing.

Our army is but a larger police, defending us abroad; our police is but a smaller army, defending us at home; both are the practical *self-defence* of every man; you live under their protection and are safe. If it were withdrawn, your *principle* would not leave a shilling, nor a throat, safe among you within the next twenty-four hours.

You pronounce war, in all its shapes, a crime. The Almighty commanded the Israelites to make war. Your *principle* thus impeaches the Almighty. The prayer of Solomon, at the Dedication of the Temple, contemplates war, as one of the contingencies of kingdoms, and prays for a blessing on the national arms. “If Thy people go out to battle against their enemy, whithersoever Thou shalt send them; and shall pray unto the Lord; toward the city which Thou hast chosen, and toward the house that I have built for Thy name; then hear Thou in heaven their prayer, and their supplication; and maintain their cause.” (1 Kings viii, 44, 45.)

Whether you read the Scriptures I know not: but if you do, you should read them with a view to their meaning. In the doxology of the Angels, you mistake the meaning of the word "peace;" *eorum*, there means the reconciliation of the Jew and the Gentile in one religion—"the breaking down of the wall of partition."

You mistake the meaning of our Lord's forbearance to call for the aid of angels in his defence; He came not to *defend* Himself but to *die*.

You mistake the Gospel respecting soldiership. You hold the character in horror. Yet, our Lord declared the faith of the Centurion, to surpass all the faith of Israel. The only man recorded as declaring at the foot of the cross that Christ was the Son of God, was a Centurion. The first man converted and receiving the Holy Spirit among the Gentiles was a Centurion. Can there be a doubt among men of common sense, that this repeated distinction had (among its purposes) the object of extinguishing every present or future prejudice against the profession of the soldier?

You mistake the command given for the conduct of the Apostles. During the mission of our Lord, they were provided by Him with sustenance and protection; when He left them, they were ordered to provide scrip, and sword, and though, probably not for war, but for the common exigencies of life, like the ordinary travellers through Judæa, who were armed for defence against the banditti; still it was for defence. You and I are travellers through the world, and unless we have the means of protection in our own hands, or in those of the state, we should soon fall into the hands of banditti, whether of the highroad or of the invader. Suppose an invasion. The Baltic is within thirty-six hours of England; your principle would make the possibility a certainty. Would you suffer a Russian to plunder your property, slaughter your family, and burn your house over their corpses? If you would, you have no other alternative than to be a runaway or a slave, and must be despised in either capacity.

Your paper is full of false conceptions. It is false that the nation is carried away by "a mighty torrent of martial excitement." It is false that the nation covets war. It is false that the nation solicits glory.

The war has been forced upon us. It is a war of necessity, and therefore a war of justice—it is a war for peace. To extinguish violence, you would offer it impunity; to subdue rapine, you would supply it with temptation. Your principle would pamper every evil passion of our nature, and dislocate society.

I am not without a hope, that the glaring antagonism of your principle to the good of society (brought into light by the present crisis), may awake the sounder heads among you to the absurdity of your whole system; that you will be ashamed of the folly which exposes you to the contempt of rational men; learn to take a share in the common protection of your country; adopt that great and essential rite, through which alone you can have the privileges of Christianity; and, at length, render your sect capable of rejoining mankind.—Your well-wisher

A CLERGYMAN.

Morning Herald.

Jan. 2, 1855.

THE TWO PICTURES.

WHO is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah; this that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength? He is meek, and having salvation; a kind, gentle, Man, and just like other men is that calm, quiet, face, only that the storms of passion never sweep over it; and, though He often smiles, He is never seen to laugh.

Men look at Him and wonder: they feel a strange spell when He is near; not that He is an earthly potentate, and terrifies all by His chilling reserve and dignified manner. Just the contrary: He has the similitude of a servant, and goes by the name of "the carpenter's son."

But He opens His mouth and softly speaks words of tender import, as He looks around on the few whose knees have not yet bowed down to Baal:—"Surely they are my people, children that will not lie, so I am their Saviour: in all their affliction I am afflicted, and the angel of my presence saved them;" in His love and in His pity He redeemed them, and it was He who bare them, and carried them all the days of old. When He speaks it is only a man's voice, and men understand His

words, for He speaks simple words; but yet there is something strange about it, and once it was said by one who knew well what it was to speak well and wisely:—"Never man spake as this man."

Wondrous Being! *In* the world, but oh! how far from being of the world! And this, when thou art LORD of all.

Perfect GOD and perfect man: yes, perfect man, but the Spirit of the Lord God is upon Thee, anointing Thee unto Melchisedec's everlasting Priesthood, even to preach good tidings unto the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty unto the captives, and the opening of the prison doors!

And Thou, too, art a Herald, proclaiming the acceptable year of the Lord, and comforting all that mourn. Thou givest them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness!

Oh! Thou great Repairer of the breach, Thou Restorer of the paths to dwell in! Beautiful art Thou as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners! O Thou Beauty! Thou art the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely! Thy blessed brow was pierced and torn for us, Thy sacred hands, and feet, and side, poured forth Thy life's blood—a fountain for our sin and for our uncleanness! Among the angels of Heaven there is none like unto Thee, and all the children of men shall bow down to Thee, and worship at the soles of Thy feet! For Thou art Light, and in Thy pure unclouded light shall we see light! Thou only art holy, Thou only art the Lord, Thou only, O Christ, with the HOLY GHOST, art most high in the glory of GOD the FATHER!

Angels weep, and there is sadness in that place: no sadness ever comes, but the sadness which refreshes—sympathy with the souls of men. Who is this meek and tearful maiden? See, she is gazing sorrowfully upon the earth, and she cries:—"Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people: for they have committed two evils; they have forsaken Him, the fountain of true waters, and hewed them out cisterns—broken cisterns—that can hold no water." "Be astonished, O ye Heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid; be ye very desolate, saith the LORD." It is an humble maiden,

she, the Virgin Mother of the Incarnate God! A sinning mortal once, but pardoned and washed in her SON's most precious blood.

And now, on God's earth, they are adding iniquity to iniquity; "they worship the Queen of Heaven," and have forsaken the fountain of living waters. Glorified Spirit! Mother of Immanuel! if thou canst see the strivings of frail mortals in this dull, dark, planet; if thy merciful Son hath not in kindness hidden this great grief and shameful dishonour from thee, and allowed it to crucify Himself alone in the secret place which will only be revealed in That Day. What must be thy horror at being clothed in His honours, and being made His queenly mother, ruling, and obeyed by Him who is over all things visible and invisible, and by whom all things consist? But, perhaps, thou knowest it not; and in vain do they worship thee, who teach for doctrines the commandments of men! worshipping the creature rather than the Creator. Rest, gentle spirit; calm spirit, His peace be with thee, whom thou didst bear—our SAVIOUR and thine; our deliverer and thine; our Redeemer and thine; our GOD and thy GOD!

Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him! Even so: Amen. The Spirit and the Bride say come, and let the athirst one come! Yet unto them who add unto the things of God, shall God add His plagues: and surely He comes quickly, and His reward is with Him! Even so, come, LORD JESUS! Thy grace be with us ever: Amen.

F. C. H.

A QUAKER vindicating the pertinacity of his sect in refusing to give titles to men, gave this whimsical reason, "I had the honour one day to be in company with an Excellency and a Highness. His Excellency was the most ignorant and brutal of his species; and his Highness measured just four feet eight inches without his shoes."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON THE WAR; AND HOW IT MAY BE SHORTENED.

By C. E. KENNAWAY, Vicar of Camden. Whitaker. 1854.

The Vicar of Camden has drawn up this little tract with the descriptive powers of a Scott, and the graphic powers of an Alison. After describing a few of the features of the war, so far as it has appeared to us at a distance, he says: "there are darker characters still; a gloomy background to the bravery of that dread picture, which none but the thoughtful and contemplative can see, and none but the tender-hearted can sympathize with. There are the tears of the widows, the desolation of orphans, the anguish of childless parents, the agony of broken-hearted sisters; and more than this, the ceaseless throb of ten thousand anxious hearts whom it may perhaps please God never to call to the bitter trial of positive bereavement." He shows that this war is a national chastisement for national sins; and that if every one would enter into controversy with his own heart, and each one put away his own iniquity, without thinking of his neighbours sins; then he prognosticates that this one of Gods "sore judgments," will be removed. It is surprising to us that men shut their eyes, many of them wilfully owing to a Rome-ward tendency, to the self-evident fact, that this war is a judgment on the Roman world, for her sins have now reached unto heaven; and, that in consequence of our national complicity with Rome, that this empire must bear its share of the judgment; though, by His mercy, its horrors have been removed far from our doors. The author

says:—"Whatever accusations the peace societies may make against us, it is impossible to deny that the war has been commenced and carried on in the true spirit of Christian soldierahip. There is no injury to the moral character, no blunting of the finest feelings of pity and compassion, even in the most terrible encounter, where this is done. The letters of all engaged, whether officer or private, breathe, almost without exception, a spirit of what may well be said to be, a compound of the most heroic patriotism, the most gentle and touching domesticity, and the most religious submission." That is very true; it does the heart good to read the private letters from the Crimea; and we wish that some public spirited publisher would collect them all into a volume; they would be more interesting to the reading public than the Wellington Despatches; and, besides, they would afford materials for the future historian, of inestimable value. Mr. Kennaway has added some good prayers for adding to family or to private devotions, for the benefit of those who have relatives at the seat of war.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR OUR SOLDIERS IN THE EAST. By the REV. W. H. RIDLEY. Whitaker.

The chief object of this seasonable little tract is to procure the means of sending out more clergymen and nurses to the Crimea; for devout Centurions and faithful soldiers are not wanting in our army; one symptom of this, he mentions with grateful exultation,

plan of book-keeping is different in different trades and professions, and even among people of the same trade; but the principles on which books are kept and balanced are the same in all; and by his intelligent mode of imparting this knowledge, the author has brought it down to the understanding of the youngest tyro. To young men taking charge of a set of books, this small pamphlet will be invaluable; and it is but a shilling.

THE PENNY POST. January, 1855.
Demy 8vo. J. H. Parker.

This is a new series of the Penny Post, which has been enlarged from its original small size to an Octavo. It is illustrated by an elegant frontispiece a pretty sylvan scene, and a family of bears, young and old. The present is a considerable improvement on the old size and appearance; and it may be supposed that the contents will be much the same as formerly; but as it is better known to the public than our own small ware, we shall say nothing about its contents: only hoping its Editor may make the Church Warden known to his readers; but alas! we fear professional jealousy of a layman will forbid.

A PLAIN COMMENTARY ON THE
FOUR GOSPELS. Parts XIX, &
XX. J. H. Parker.

The first of these parts commences with the seventh chapter of S. John's Gospel, and concludes at the

end of the ninth chapter; and the next part concludes at the end of the 50th verse of the eleventh chapter; containing the death and resurrection of Lazarus. The author asks, at verse 24, touching the general resurrection—"are we perhaps at liberty to suspect that our Lord Himself had been her [Martha's] teacher here? or may we presume, (on the strength of Job xix, 25) that she same hope was confidently entertained by the best informed of the Jewish nation in general?" There is no doubt but the patriarchal, the Jewish, and the Christian Faith in the general resurrection, was in the main the same. S. Paul witnessed to small and great that Moses and the prophets testified of the resurrection; S. Peter says, David spake of the resurrection of Christ; and Christ Himself said that "Moses shewed that the dead are raised." The Pharisees decidedly believed in the resurrection, which the Sadducees did not; and, on one occasion, S. Paul, being himself a Pharisee, appealed to them, saying "of the hope and resurrection of the dead, I am called in question." That doctrine, therefore, was not new to Martha, and had not been for the first time taught her by our Lord; for it was the hope of Israel, and had descended from Adam to her by tradition of the Church. The Plain Commentary, nevertheless, is excellent; and worthy of a place in all village libraries.

THE
CHURCH WARDER,
And Domestic Magazine.

No. CV... MARCH, 1855.

VOL. IX.

THE ANTICHRIST.

THE Disciple whom Jesus loved, when writing to the Church general, says, "Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God; and this is that spirit of the Antichrist, *whereof ye have heard* that it should come; and even now already is it in the world." The words, "ye have heard," must allude to some prophecy which had been already given, and which was familiar to the whole Church. It must, therefore, point to Daniel's Woful King; to S. Paul's Lawless Man, or to his apostasy and mystery of iniquity; which, both he and S. John said, were working even in their day towards the development of the False Prophet; and in maintainance of the same unhappy fact, S. John affirms that there were many such apostates or Antichrists. But, although there have been many false prophets, or teachers, and many Antichrists since the days of the apostles; yet all these were but solitary individuals and must stand or fall upon their own foundations; and are no more connected with the apostasy of which S. John and S. Paul speak as pre-eminently THE ANTICHRIST, than as species stands to genus. But this is only the spirit of the Antichrist; not the Antichrist himself. Well, but we learn from S. Paul and S. John, that the spirit of the Antichrist, was in existence in their days; and all history since, has shewn the gradual extension and embodiment of that spirit into a well regulated and compacted system, gradually advancing to perfection until the eighth day of December, 1854; when the Antichrist stood revealed in the persons of Pope Pius IX, his cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, and all the other underlings in that system combined.

We do not mean to say that Pius IX, in his own proper person, is alone *the* Antichrist; but we do mean to say that, as the head and corner stone of the papal system, in conjunction with, and as the head and animating principle of his whole hierarchy collectively, he is now *the* Antichrist predicted by S. John under that special name; and by S. Paul under the various names of, "the apostate," "that man of sin, or lawless man," "the son of perdition," pretending to be king of kings and governor of the universe; and "that wicked one.....whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming" to judgment on the great Midianitish woman. "Little children it is the *last time*," that is, the Christian religion is the last dispensation which shall be vouchsafed to mankind; "and as ye have heard," from S. Paul's epistles; "that the Antichrist shall come, even now are there many" individual "Antichrists;" which is a sure mark that this is the last time. It is well known that the papal system has driven a large amount, if not the whole, of the educated members of that system into infidelity or Antichristianism; and there can be no doubt in the minds of those who have been better instructed by the Holy Spirit, that this new Article of Faith, the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, has concreted all that was before entertained as merely a probable opinion or an open question, into an Article of Faith which is to be held by all Romanists without doubt, and under the penalty of eternal damnation; for all of their own body who doubt are declared to be *ipso facto* damnable heretics; as for the Protestant, Greek, and all other Churches, they have been declared irredeemable heretics by bell, book and candle, for centuries past; and for all of whom there is no possibility of salvation, if we are to believe the Roman False Prophet.

We have some recollection, that the writer of one of the Tracts for the Times maintained that the Antichrist would, at some indefinitely future period, be a Protestant, and that "Antichrist succeeds Rome;" but we would ask where is the known and recognised head of any or of all the Protestant Churches corresponding with the head or personification of the papal system? It is nowhere to be found. The Greek Church has always protested against the supremacy of Rome; and the first act of all

the Protestant Communion, swears to throw off the papal supremacy; therefore, the Antichrist cannot appear in any Communion separate from the Roman See; although individual Antichrists may, and do, appear among other Communions from time to time.

The apostle asks, Who is the Antichrist? and he replies to his own question, "he is the Antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son." Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father; but he that acknowledges the Son, hath the Father also. But the pope, with his assembled hierarchy, has practically denied both the Father and the Son, by their solemn and unanimous installation of a creature—a naturally begotten woman—as the supreme goddess of their Church; and by asserting, as their apologists do, that "Mary has been conceived immaculate—it is the faith of the Church [of Rome]; whosoever denies it, is a heretic! Mary is a Christ commenced! Mary was conceived immaculate in order to give a blood sufficiently pure to cleanse the world." This is blasphemy and no mistake; and it is in direct contradiction to St. Paul's gospel, who says it behoved Jesus Christ to be made like unto His brethren, sin only excepted; and of the seed of Abraham, that He might be a faithful high-priest in the things pertaining to God; to be merciful to human frailties, having Himself experienced them; and to make reconciliation for the sins of His people. The promise of the Redeemer was not made until after Adam's transgression, when the promised Seed was to be "made of a woman, made under the law" of Moses; and we are further informed that no one ever escaped the sin consequent on Adam's fall from grace, save the Son of Mary alone; and the strongest symptom that Blessed Mary was not born immaculate, was her performing all the Jewish rites of purification and sacrifices for her sins; the commemoration whereof the whole Church, but in particular the Church of the Roman apostacy, observes on this very second of February, whilst we are writing. It is said that kings should have good memories; and we say, so should impostors; for when they were fixing such a barefaced imposture on their small portion of the Church, their whole hierarchy or the False Prophet was celebrating the decision of the whole Church from the beginning that she was born in sin like other women, and as liable to fall into actual sin. If not, it would have been inconsistent in our Blessed Lord to have

declared all true believers to be more blessed than the woman of whom He was made man. Not one of her illustrious progenitors were guiltless of actual sin; and we read of no miracle attending either her conception or birth; indeed, she is never heard of in Scripture until the Angel Gabriel was sent to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph of the house of David; not a word is there said about either of her parents, or of her birth, or that *her blood was sufficiently pure to cleanse the world*. Here is another lapse in the imposture; for in this blasphemous sentence, it is Mary's blood that is said to *cleanse the world*! This, therefore, amounts to a denial that Christ came in the flesh; and that Christ took upon Himself the seed of Abraham.

In short, this new dogma, delivered by the whole papal community, is the development of the Antichrist; it is the consummation of the APOSTACY, the crowning act of twelve hundred and sixty years progression in every species of wickedness and rebellion against God. The Church of Rome is, therefore, ripe for the threatened judgments that await her, and which are now ready to fall on her head; in her fatal security of sitting a queen unconscious of sorrow, she will be cut off in the midst of her presumptuous folly; and it will be well for those among us who are *wavering* in their allegiance, to consider the awful position in which they have placed themselves, by the discontent which they have evinced against the trifling blots in the temporal affairs of the Church of England; and their morbid craving after what they considered the unity that was supposed to exist in the apostate communion of Rome. For those who have already apostatised, we have no sympathy; but for those who are contemplating such a diabolical step, and who are listening to the lying statements, and the fictitious impostures of Jesuits and propagandist agents of Rome, or rather of Satan, we would urge the necessity of trying the seducing spirits, whether or not they be of God; not only because many false prophets are gone out into the world, but because the pre-eminently False Prophet is most actively engaged in preaching up the doctrine that the blood of Mary cleanses from all sin.

St. John says, that he that says he loves God and hateth his brother is a liar: now it is part and parcel of the popish religion

to hate, with the utmost intensity of hatred, every christian who is out of the pale of the antichristian Church of Rome; to show their hatred by a system of persecution more intolerable, and cruel, and bloodthirsty than heathens ever practiced; to denounce the most horrible curses against them; and to declare the utter impossibility of their ever obtaining salvation. How, therefore, dwelleth the love of God in them? Nay, surely, it is the venom of the dragon with whose voice the False Prophet speaks, that swelters in their hearts. The False Prophet, therefore, has ever been in this sense also pre-eminently *THE LIAR*; "speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their consciences seared" as if with a hot iron; and, in as much as they practised all their cruelties, and expectorated all their curses upon the brethren of Christ; not for sins against Christ, but for alleged transgressions against the papal system, and from motives of private revenge; Christ himself says, they have committed all these cruelties *UPON HIM*.

Therefore, the pope and his hierarchy conjointly constitute the "Witful King," of the Prophet Daniel; "the Apostate;" "the Man of Sin," "the Son of Perdition, or Lawless Man," "the False Prophet, the Oppressor who exalts himself over all crowned heads," the propagator of hypocritical lies, who forbids marriage, and commands abstinence from meats,—of S. Paul; and the *Liar* and Antichrist; the Great Red Dragon, that had seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his head; and the animal which had two horns *like a lamb*, but who spake as a *Dragon*—of S. John. It is not, however, in his individual capacity that the Bishop of Rome represents all these different characters, but as the head, chief, or impersonification of the whole papal hierarchy; and as being the key stone of the papal arch, he may receive all these titles; but he is not so individually, but *only* in conjunction with his hierarchy, and as their head.

Now that the Church of Rome has declared herself, before the world, to be *THE ANTICHRIST*, it is time for the people of God in her to obey His voice, and to separate from her—"Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues;" for, it is not to be doubted that He has "much people" in that Church; "for her sins have reached unto heaven; and God hath remembered

her iniquities." It is only the bayonets of the septime octave head, Louis Napoleon; and of the secular beast, generally, that enables the False Prophet to maintain his superstition. One of his formerly most devoted followers, and one who had been one of his most willing instruments in persecuting the people of God, the King of Sardinia, has recently commenced the work of reformation within his own dominions; and it is said that even proud, ungrateful Spain, is beginning to break the papall fetters which have so long held her, inglorious and contemptible among the nations of Europe, and to be emancipating herself from that influence under which she has been so long subject; and she is beginning to fulfil S. John's words, that those who have formerly been the subject slaves of Rome, "shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire, and the woman which thou sawest is that great city [or church] which reigneth over the kings of the [Roman] earth." The best expositors have agreed that this hating, making desolate and naked, eating her flesh, and burning her with fire, means the confederation and secularization of the lands and revenues of the monastic orders, which have all been plundered from dying sinners who, instead of procuring remission of their sins, or justification, have perpetuated their sins, by trusting to a fictitious purgatory and to the merit of their own works, whereas the best of saints are but unprofitable servants.

We conclude, therefore, as we began, with declaring our firm belief that this last declaration of the Faith of Rome is the finishing stroke to her apostasy; and that her sins have now reached unto heaven; "therefore shall her plagues come in one [spiritual] day, death and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord God, who judgeth her." Let us, therefore, that have escaped like a bird from the snare of the fowler, be thankful that we are members of a pure Church, with an all but inspired liturgy; for the pure portion of the Church of Christ, is called upon by the Holy Spirit speaking through St. John, to "rejoice over her thou heaven or the Church, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her;" for all the worthy men and women whom she has sent to enlarge the noble army of Martyrs.

NEW YEAR'S DAY: 1855.

QALM is the night, and o'er the sky

The dark clouds wander silently;

As when, upon a sunny day,

With scarce a single breath in motion,

Long dimpling breeze-marks wend their way

Gently across the smiling ocean.

The dark spots on the sea's blue dress

Do but increase its loveliness.

Hark! through the still air, softly stealing,

Sadly the midnight hour is pealing.

A passing bell, as the old year, lying

On Time's cold-withered breast, is dying;

And, as its last notes wing their way

Swiftly along the dark hill-side,

And through the vale, they seem to say—

O weep ye, weep, the year hath died!

The year hath died! a year of woe,

Of tears, of death, to friend and foe;

The merry days of Peace are gone,

And on the blood-stained field of battle

Dark waving hordes press madly on,

And slay their fellow-men like cattle.

The New Year is but a childish thing,

But who can say what she will bring.

See, in a cradle she is sleeping,

While all around—sad vigil-keeping—

Golden-winged angels sit, and see

The hidden page of destiny

Oh, for a NATION'S voice of praying,

The stoutest shield, the keenest sword!

Away despairing and delaying!

The God of battles is the Lord!

F. O. H.

THE GREAT BOA.

This immense animal, the largest of all the serpnet tribe, is frequently from thirty to forty feet in length, and of proportionate thickness. A gentleman who had some extensive mercantile concerns in America, informs us, that he one day sent out a soldier, with an Indian, to kill some wild-fowl; and in pursuing their game, the Indian, who generally went before, sat down upon what he supposed to be the fallen trunk of a tree. But the monster, beginning to move, the poor fellow perceived what it was that he had thus approached, and dropped down in agony. The soldier, who at some distance saw what had happened, levelled his piece at the serpent's head and shot it dead; then, going up to the relief of his companion, found that he was also dead from the fright. On his return, he stated what had happened; the animal was ordered to be brought, and it was found to be thirty-six feet long. The skin was stuffed and sent to the cabinet of the Prince of Orange.

In the Island of Java, we are assured that one of these monsters has been known to kill and devour a buffalo. In a letter, printed in the German Ephemerides, we have an account by a person who assures us that he witnessed a combat between an enormous serpent and a buffalo. The serpent had for some time, been waiting near the brink of a pool, in expectation of its prey when a buffalo was the first animal that appeared. Having darted upon the affrighted beast it instantly began to wrap him round with its voluminous twistings; and at every twist, the bones of the buffalo were heard to crack as loud as the report of a gun. It was in vain that the animal struggled and bellowed; its enormous enemy entwined it so closely, that at length all its bones were crushed to pieces, like those of a malefactor on the wheel, and the whole body was reduced to one uniform mass; the serpent then untwined its folds, in order to swallow its prey at leisure. To prepare for this, and also to make it slip down the throat the more smoothly, it was seen to lick the whole body over, and thus to cover it with a mucilaginous substance. It then began to swallow it at the end that afforded the least resistance; and in the act of swallowing the throat suffered so great a dilatation, that it took in at once, a substance that was thrice its own thickness.

According to the Bombay Courier, of August the 31, 1799,

a Malay prow was making for the port of Amboyna; but the pilot, finding she could not reach it before dark brought her to anchor for the night close under the island of Celebes. One of the crew went on shore into the woods, and on his return, lay down, as it is supposed to sleep on the beach and in the course of the night he was heard, by his comrades, to scream for assistance. They immediately went on shore, but it was too late; for an immense snake of this species had crushed him to death. The attention of the monster being entirely occupied by his prey, the people went boldly up to it, cut off its head and took both it, and the body of the man on board their boat. The snake had seized the man by the right wrist, where the marks of the fangs were very distinct; and the mangled corpse bore evident signs of having been crushed by the monster's twisting itself round the head, neck, breast, and thighs. The length of the snake was about thirty feet; and its thickness equal to that of any moderate-sized man.

A serpent which measured eighteen feet in length, and eighteen inches in its greatest circumference, was brought from Batavia, in the *Ossar*, a vessel which in the year 1817, had been taken up, to convey Lord Amherst and his suite to England. Into the cage which contained this animal a living goat was placed. As soon as the goat was within his reach, he raised his head and having contemplated his prey for a few seconds, felt it with his tongue. The snake withdrawing his head a short distance, made a sudden dart at the throat of the goat; but was received on the horns of the animal, and obliged for an instant to retreat. He then made a second dart, and seizing the goat by the leg, pulled it violently down, and insinuated his folds with momentary rapidity, about its body, at the same time squeezing it with all the force he could bring to bear. But the goat was too small to suffer their whole compressing effect, and the snake was obliged to destroy the animal, by throwing the entire weight of his body on its neck. The goat was eight minutes dying, but was so entirely overwhelmed by the power of the snake that it could not even struggle.

The snake did not attempt to change its posture for some minutes after the goat was dead. At length he gradually slackened his folds; and then disengaged them one by one, with great caution and slowness, as if to ascertain whether

the goat retained any power of motion; and having entirely disengaged himself, he prepared to swallow the goat, by placing himself opposite to its head, and feeling it with his mouth. While doing this, saliva flowed abundantly over his jaws, but he made no attempt to besmear his prey. In a few minutes he took the nose of the goat into his mouth, and endeavoured to draw the head after it; but this appeared to be no easy task. One third of the time consumed in gorging the goat, was occupied in getting down the head and horns. The latter diverged at a considerable angle, and were about four inches in length. Having conquered them, he grappled with the shoulders which he was some time in mastering; but he readily overcame the remainder of the body. The operation of gorging the whole animal occupied two hours and five minutes.

The appearance of the snake, when in the act of swallowing the shoulders of the goat was very hideous. He seemed to be suffering strangulation. His cheeks immensely dilated, appeared to be bursting; and his windpipe projected three inches beyond his jaws. The horns of the goat, which had advanced only a few inches down his swallow, protruded so much, that the spectators expected them to penetrate through the intervening membrane of the scales, which they separated from each other. After the goat was down, the snake scarcely moved from the posture he was in, during his last act of deglutition; but fell into a semi-torpid state, from which, for several days, no irritation could rouse him. At this time he measured three feet in his greatest diameter, or double his ordinary bulk. The body of the goat underwent no visible diminution of bulk or consistence by the action of the snake's folds, but seemed to pass down his throat in an entire state.

This snake died on his way to England, forty days after he had swallowed a second goat. His head bore no proportion to the magnitude of the animal he was capable of swallowing; for its length was not more than five inches, and its greatest breadth was not more than four inches and a half.

We have been assured by travellers, that these snakes are sometimes found with the body of a stag in their gullet; while the horns, which they are unable to swallow, are seen sticking out at their mouths.

It is happy for mankind that their rapacity is often their own

punishment; for whenever they have gorged themselves in this manner, they become torpid, and may be approached and destroyed with safety. Patient of hunger to a surprising degree, whenever they seize and swallow their prey they are like surfeited gluttons, unwieldy, stupid, helpless and sleepy. At that time they seek for some retreat, where they may lurk for several days together, and digest their meal in safety. The least effort then will destroy them; they scarcely can make any resistance; and equally unqualified for flight or opposition, even the naked Indians do not fear to assail them. But it is otherwise, when this sleeping interval of digestion is over; they then issue with famished appetites, from their retreats; while every animal of the forest flies from their presence.

When Captain Stedman was on board one of his boats on the river Cottica in Surinam, he was informed, by one of his slaves, that a large snake was lying among the brush-wood on the beach, not far distant; and, after some persuasion, he was induced to land in order to shoot it. At the first shot, the ball missing the head, went through the body; when the animal struck round, and with such astonishing force, as to cut away with the facility of a scythe, mowing grass, all the underwood around; and by flouncing his tail, caused the mud and dirt in which he lay, to fly to a considerable distance, over the heads of the men that were with him. They started back some way, but the snake was quiet again in a few minutes. Captain Stedman again fired but with no better success than before; and the animal sent up such a cloud of dust and dirt, as he had never seen but in a whirlwind: this caused them once more suddenly to retreat. After some persuasion, he was induced, though much against his inclination, being exceedingly weak from illness, to make a third attempt. Having therefore, once more discovered the snake, they discharged their pieces at once, and shot him through the head. The negro brought a boat-rope to drag him to the canoe, which was lying on the bank of the river. This proved no easy undertaking, since the huge creature notwithstanding his being mortally wounded, still continued to writhe about in such a manner as to render it dangerous for any person to approach him. The negro made a running noose on the rope, and, after some fruitless attempts, threw it over his head with much dexterity; and now, all taking hold

of the rope, they dragged him to the beach, and tied him to the stern of the canoe to take him in tow. Being, however, still alive, he there kept swimming like an eel. His length was more than twenty-two feet.

When they came to one of their stations, they hauled him on shore, in order to skin him and take out the oil. To effect this, one of the negroes having climbed up a tree with the end of a rope, let it down over a strong forked branch, and the others hoisted up the snake and suspended him from the tree. This done, the former negro, with a sharp knife between his teeth, left the branch, and clung fast upon the monster which was still writhing, and began his operations by ripping it up, and stripping down the skin as he descended. "Though I perceived (says the Captain) that the animal was no longer able to do him any injury, I confess I could not, without emotion see a man stark naked, black, and bloody, clinging with his arms and legs round the slimy and yet living monster." The negroes cut the animal in pieces, and would have eaten it, had they not been refused the use of the kettle to boil it in. The bite of this snake is not venomous; nor is the animal believed to bite at all, from any other impulse than that of anger.

CRAIG-PWLL-DU;

A WELSH LEGEND OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from page 45.)

THE force, on the day following, being divided into two bands; the one, headed by Merowald himself, was to scour the neighbouring county, now held in subjection by Owen Lawgoch, who had several small castles, or rather single towers, in these parts: the other, led by Offa, was to march directly upon a strong fortress some fifteen miles distant, in after times made famous by the presence of Howell-Dha, and called after him Crug-Hwyll (or, as now, Chickhowell), and there act according to circumstances.

As for Father Kenulph, he determined, alone, trusting neither to sword nor buckler, to visit the friend and companion of his youth, Father Adulph, who most piously and admirably sustained the onerous duties of Prior in the then rich and powerful Priory of the Holy Rood at Brecknock; and

where, in after times, a noble church was built for the Benedictine Order by Bernard de Newmarch, one of the Norman Conqueror's most powerful retainers.

Here, it was Kenulph's intention to remain; doubting not, that if Mildred were concealed in that part of South Wales, he should, by the aid of the Brotherhood, gain tidings of her; and indeed, considering how much they were beloved and respected by their half-barbarous neighbours, no place could be better suited in all respects for such an object.

The good Father purposed also to spend his first night at a certain Hospice or College, on the banks of the river Wye, founded by Ystyffan, one of the Bards of S. Teilo, formerly bishop of Llandaff, and not far from the churches of Llanystiffan and Llandeilo-Graham, called after their respective names.

Now, therefore, leave me the forces of Merowald and Offa to their own devices, and let us follow the venerable Kenulph in his wanderings.

The last day of the month saw the good Father mounted on a strong and serviceable mule, wrapped in the wide folds of his grey travelling mantle, and with a well stored but rather cumbersome wallet strapped about the unwilling shoulders of the beast, slowly ascending the low range of hills on the north side of the river Wye, unattended by a single domestic, and trusting rather to the good purpose of his journey, as well as to his habit, which betokened him to be a Superior Priest of Holy Church and Servant of the Most High, than to the arm of flesh and the pomp and parade of earthly warfare.

And when we consider the general repugnance of the British to the usages of the Saxon Church, which continued unabated to the close of the seventh century, the courage of the good Father must appear more admirable and his affection more sincere. And this dislike of the Saxon, on the part of the Priests of the Demetae—being that part of South Wales contained within the Dioceses of Llandaff and S. David's—had in many cases, been increased to absolute abhorrence, owing perhaps to the sad massacre of the monks of Bangor-Isceod by the heathen king, Ethelfrith, in the year 607; though it was purely accidental, and in no ways the result of the famous conference with S. Augustine the great Apostle of the Saxons, by the

assistance of king Ethelbert, at Augustines-hé, or the Oak of Augustine—about the year 603. S. Augustine died in 605; and the disastrous battle of Chester, or, as the Welsh have named it, “the battle of the orchard,” appears to have been fought in 607.

The threat of the Archbishop, viz., that “if they would not have peace with brothers, they should have war with enemies; and if they were unwilling to preach to the nation of the Angles the way of life, by their hands they should suffer the vengeance of death,” was only the ebullition of disappointment; the invasion of Wales by Ethelfrith was one of the casual operations of war; and the massacre of the monks, just alluded to, was owing to the accident of their appearance on a neighbouring hill. For, had the invasion been made for the purpose of exterminating them, Ethelfrith would not have inquired ignorantly who they were. He put them to the sword because he was then told that they were Christian Priests praying for his defeat.

But to return to Kenulph. Having traversed some few miles of bleak and barren hill-country, he at length arrived at the banks of a small, but clear and rapid stream, making its way apparently towards that part of the country where he knew the churches of Llanystyffan and Llandello-Graban were to be found.

Evening was now drawing in apace; the last lengthening rays of an Autumnal sun spread a rich and mellow hue o’er hill and dale; and the dry brown fern, yielding to the tread of his docile mule, seemed to invite the Holy Father onwards.

Having thus ridden on along by the course of the stream for nearly an hour, he at length came suddenly upon a spot which failed not to fill him with wonder and astonishment. From the summit of a conical and rocky eminence, on to which the mule had carried him as if impelled thither by some hidden power, the good Father beheld the brook beneath him suddenly disappear, as it seemed almost to him, into the very bowels of the earth. Deeper and deeper, darker and darker, sank the dismal chasm yawning beneath his gaze—as he, impelled by mere fascination, peered over its frightful brink; and he shuddered when, at intervals, he heard a deep and sullen roar booming upwards from the abyss, which told him plainly that

far, far below where his eye could not reach, the troubled waters found a resting place in the bosom of some dark and dangerous pool.

The sun had now fairly set when Father Kentulph bethought him, that, unless he would prefer a bed of fern near this gloomy and mysterious place, to a warm cell at the Hospice, he had better move onwards without delay; but, after the male had carefully and much to his satisfaction descended from the mound, she came suddenly to a stand in the grassy hollow below; nor could any threats or gentle coaxings induce her to breast the opposite steep ascent. Neither would she attempt it; but began with provoking quietness to feed upon the thorn and net bushes with which the place abounded. This, certainly, in the eyes of an indulgent master, was strange and unaccountable behaviour; but, supposing some of the trappings to be loose, he forthwith commenced a careful examination of the same. Whilst thus employed, he perceived her to tremble violently, prick up her long ears, and snort as if in fear. This caused the venerable man to look suspiciously around and listen attentively; and what was his astonishment, not to say alarm, when, after a few moments of breathless expectation, he heard, mingling with the hoarse murmur of the rushing waters, a female voice, chanting in sweet but tremulous and weak accents a sorrowful and wailing lay.

Impelled now by feelings of the most intense surprise and doubt, both as to whether he really heard aright, and if so, from what cause it proceeded—whether good or evil—he hastily left his mule, and, under the cover of dense masses of brushwood, crept quietly in the direction from which the sounds seemed to come.

He had not advanced many paces before the same chant fell more distinctly on his ear; but now, indeed, was his surprise and fear changed into the deepest gratitude and joy, at hearing once more the well known voice of the lost Mildred, engaged in chanting the lament of the captive Hebrew maiden, when taunted by the destroyer of her Holy City, the despoiler of her God.

Mildred's voice he well knew it to be—if, indeed, it were that of a mortal; and full well he was assured that no foul spirit dare utter such sacred words. With this assurance,

therefore, he again moved onwards, and there indeed, a sight met his eyes which filled him indeed with joy, though not unmixed with pain; for, kneeling before her rosary which was suspended from a stunted thorn, there the good Father at once saw the object of all their fears, of all their hopes—the Sister Mildred, but oh! how changed and wasted! how pale and suffering! Again she raised her drooping head, again the tearful and heavy eyelids trembled as they rose heavily, and the blanched lip quivered for a moment, ere, once more, that now failing voice told forth in the same touching words—“*Super flumina Babylonis*”—how pained and desolate, yet how trusting and peaceful, was her young but breaking heart.

Fearing to appear suddenly before her in her present weak and failing condition, Kenulph, who could with difficulty, as may be supposed, restrain his feelings now full to overflowing with gratitude and joy, waited until she had nearly concluded that beautiful anthem; and, then, joining his voice with hers, watched the effect with the greatest anxiety.

Upon hearing his well known voice, her eyes seemed for a moment to be lighted up with an almost unearthly brilliancy; as they were fixed in the direction of the place where he stood concealed; and as he uttered her name in such tones of gentleness and affection as in times past he had been often wont to do, she suddenly bounded to her feet, staggered forward a few paces towards him, and with a faint cry of joy fell senseless to the ground.

In an instant the good Father was at her side; and being well skilled in such cases, for indeed he was no mean physician for his time, by means of certain powerful restoratives, which, in case of need, he always carried with him, he soon restored her to consciousness, but forbade any allusion to what had befallen her till she had well refreshed the fainting powers of her body with such choice and ample provisions as had been provided for him against any possible requirements of his journey. And, indeed, this was most necessary; for, he afterwards learnt that the day on which he thus found her, was the third one passed near that spot without having been able to obtain other food than that which the berries, fortunately abounding in this wild and sequestered place—afforded.

Thither had she escaped from a neighbouring castle, inhab-

ed by the mother and sister of Owen Lawgoch. Her treatment had certainly been most kind and attentive at their hands; but she naturally feared his lawless and impetuous disposition; knowing, that rather than think himself baffled in his object to induce her to become his wife, he would hesitate at no time, for crime, indeed, was a word unknown to him.

Hither then had she fled; accounting death itself preferable again falling into the hands of that lawless man.

ERRATA.

Page 41, for Lawgoch read *Lawgoch*.

" 42, " Kyhirneth " *Kyhiereth*.

" 43, " immaculate " *inviolable*.

(To be continued.)

THE TRAVELLERS:

A SKETCH.

CHAPTER III.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame
Thou lookest on the MAN within ;—

On man, as man, retaining yet,
However soiled, debased, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set,
The immortal gift of God to him !

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE train had again started, and I was delighted to find that my interesting acquaintance was not to reach her journey's end or a good while to come.

She begged me to continue the conversation, and I remarked, "it is important to bear in mind what the soul of man is; indeed, its being so little kept in sight is, I think, the chief cause of the misery and ignorance of which the world is so full. Of its value, we may form some adequate conception, when we consider that to save it, the SON of GOD came down from His glorious Throne in the Heavens, took our nature, bore

our temptations, lived, and died, and rose again! The soul is so far of the essence of GOD, that it is immortal. None but GOD can destroy it, and never yet has He, and never hereafter—we may believe—will He destroy or annihilate one single soul of man. All souls—GOD's own property in the first instance, but forfeited to the Devil and his abode of chains and darkness by disobedience—have once for all been freely and entirely bought by the price of the blood of the GOD-MAN; and if any soul, after this, refuses salvation, he robs GOD of His freehold, and sells himself to Satan when he is not his own to sell but the purchased possession of the Redeemer, eternity will be the duration of his punishment."

"And justly, indeed!" replied my companion. The soul, since the Fall, is clogged with original sin contracted thereby, and by actual daily sins besides: the fall has infected its nature; it has taken for its abode the sinful heart of man, that heart which is deceitful above all things, and so desperately wicked that none but GOD's Holy Spirit of grace can know it! But does not," she asked, "does not the soul retain any good?"

Most assuredly," I replied, "it does; for, remember, it is immortal, and, more than that, it is *redeemed*! Whilst on earth, all, except reprobates who are given over to the evil one by a life spent in sinful courses and in drawing it away from GOD, have the law within themselves just, and right, and true: convincing, and sometimes convicting, them of their sinful state and need of a Saviour.

The Heathen possess what is called a natural law; which is only a proof, however, of the divine soul within them, dimly reflecting that image of GOD in which they were created, but which has been so marred. Have you not remarked people who would be ashamed to confess a thought of religion, give evidences of the possession of a certain degree of virtue and truth, and high—nay, even pure—feeling, and that independent of the laws of man, as they certainly are of the revealed law of GOD? There is good, more or less, of some kind or another, in every man. Some, certainly, are what may be called graceless—I mean without any apparent natural or spiritual good; but, even in such extreme cases as that we are supposing, there is often some latent, perhaps quickly fading, spark of what was

holy, just and good. Do you remember Tupper on this subject?—

‘For none is altogether evil, but thou may’st catch him at his prayers:
There may be no small prize, though all besides are blanks:
A silver thread of goodness in the black serge cloth of crime.’”

“But how,” she said, “does the soul ever struggle through all this sin and gain the benefits of redemption?”

“Through the preventing grace of the Spirit of God, warning every man everywhere to repent. Man may either reject or obey the call.”

“But now,” she said, “will you explain to me how knowledge comes from the head; for that is a commoner notion than the mysterious question we have been considering.”

“On earth” I replied, “there is a chain of causes—efficient, material, formal, final. So it is in the development of the powers of the reasoning part of the soul. While man is mortal his soul is contained by a body, and works through the organs of that body—through the brain. It is fettered in ten thousand ways, when, in consequence of weakness, sickness, or otherwise, the soul is bowed down and remains almost dormant. But if the body is well cared for and regulated, and is what we call a *sound* body, the soul can soar more freely into the clearer atmosphere of the mind, its connecting link with things material, and shine forth in the beauties of reason.”

“But you often see,” she said, “the most powerful soul or mind in the weakest or most deformed body; how do you reconcile that with your former statement?”

“True; it is in the power of everybody to make the soul either master or slave. If, as in some exceptions, it be not so naturally, it may be effected by means. Some are born with genius; genius is a great soul: and others with talent, which refers more to the mind. These seem from infancy to absorb the strength of the brain, and prove, if proof were needed, that it is the connecting link between the soul and the material world!”

“Ah! yes,” she replied, “it is so on earth; but, oh! happy thought! the soul will one day put off this tabernacle, and soar freely and unshackled into an eternity of bliss!

(*To be continued.*)

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

(Concluded from page 53.)

CHAPTER VIII.

"Jenkin," said the outlaw chief to his lieutenant, as they two stood beneath the forest rendezvous, already mentioned, out of hearing of numerous groups of outlaws, who were reclining on the green sward, their arms lying beside them. "this is the day for yonder knight to pay the debt he owes us."

"It may be the day, Gilbert Long Bow; but, I scarce expect to see him," said Jenkin.

"I mistrust him not. Meantime, heard you aught of the Monks of Netley, last night?" asked Long Bow.

"They are already on their journey; and if they escape Edgar the Flayer and his company, may I never draw bow in the green-wood again;" replied the lieutenant.

"Have they any men-at-arms with them?" was the captain's next question.

"Not one; for the knight we wot of has withdrawn all his to his own castle, and hath sworn—please priest—please devil—never a man of his shall carry corslet in the service of the Church again: and as to Sir Allan Courtland, he took away his full six months ago, to go with him to France; and they are too niggardly to pay for them, themselves."

"They shall pay us for *our* courtesy, eh! Jenkin?" said Long Bow, laughing.

"I hope so. But see, here cometh our trusty spy."

"And with news, too, as I judge by his pace. What tidings hast thou, William, with the Hawk's eye?" asked the captain, of the new comer.

"Good or bad, as ye may take it, my masters," replied the spy, whose nick-name was far from being misplaced, so sharp and piercing were the little grey orbs he turned first on one, and then on the other. "The Lady de Beaujeu, and her daughter, and the priest, with a score or two of yeomen pricklers, and Humphrey Longdale the Seneschal, and a long train of sumpter mules, left their mansion this morning."

"We must march and surprise them; this is indeed a lucky day," said the Captain.

"There is no need, Captain, no need. They have Dicko

Harefoot with them; and he will lead them straight hitherward. Listen, thou mayest even now hear the mules' bells."

Long Bow listened for a minute or two, and then uttered a shrill whistle. Instantly every outlaw present snatched up his weapons, and disappeared among the trees. Very soon the Cortège appeared in view. In front rode Sir Humphrey Longdale, the seneschal, in full armour, with two of the yeomen prickers, armed with long lances; then came the ladies and the priest, followed by the sumpter mules, each led by a servant wearing the livery of the House of Beaujeu, and the remainder of the yeomen brought up the rear. The guide walked by the side of the knight's horse, and led the party straight towards the great oak before mentioned. As soon as the knight's advanced guard had passed, Long Bow sprang from his concealment, and in half a dozen bounds, was by the lady's side. He laid his arm on her rein, and exclaimed,

"Yield yourself prisoner, or it shall be worse for ye."

"Have at thee villain," exclaimed the knight rising in his stirrups, and making a cut with his sword at the guide, who limply eluded the blow, and took to his heels.

"Follow him, cut him down," cried the knight to the yeomen, while he himself made a dash at Long Bow.

"Wouldst have every bracket of thy armour proved by a cloth-yard shaft," asked he coolly, as he avoided the knight's charge by swinging himself under the head of the lady's palfrey.

The knight and the lady looked round—On all sides they saw the outlaws with their bows ready bent; while their own party were undecided how to act—the latter said:—

"We must yield ourselves, I fear."

"I obey but thy orders, lady," said the knight.

"I ask nothing of ye save a fair ransom," put in the outlaw, "and that ye attempt no resistance before ye are set free."

"I yield," said the lady, "Sir Humphrey, deliver up thy sword."

"Nay, I need not that," replied Long Bow, "the knight's word is binding."

Longdale accordingly gave his word. At a sign from the chief, every bow was unbent, and the outlaws drew quietly round. With the utmost courtesy the chief and his lieutenant

assisted the ladies to dismount, alleging as an excuse for detaining them, that he had other business on hand. Sir Humphrey, too, and his yeomen, threw themselves from their horses, and seated themselves on the green sward."

"An your knighthood will wait patiently," said the lieutenant to Longdale, "we hope ere while to shew you a sight that ought to be grateful to the eyes of all true men, and that is thieves robbing bigger thieves than themselves."

And as he spoke another party appeared on the stage, consisting of about a dozen of the monks of Netley, escorted by a troop of the outlaws. The Abbot, who rode first, was perfectly happy, *he* had relieved his mind by hurling a loud and long anathema at the heads of all outlaws to Church and King, and *he* imagined his *money was safe*.

"Come, Sir Abbot," cried Long Bow, "thou must pay toll to St. Nicholas' clerks, wert thou St. Peter himself."

"Peace, blasphemer," said the Abbot, "I will have thee burnt for a heretic."

"Thou wilt have to catch me first, Monk," replied the outlaw. But now tell me, without telling a lie, an thou canst, What money have ye and your followers?

"But a poor score of crowns to pay the necessary expenses of our present journey. Here is my share;" and with great alacrity the Abbot pulled from a pocket a small purse, and handed it to the outlaw; who, without accepting it, pulled him with very little ceremony from his mule, and taking him on one side, said:—

"Jenkin, look to the saddle bags; and do ye, Allan, and Edgar, search those other holy brethren." To his astonishment, when all the proceeds of the search were put together they did not amount to more than the Abbot had stated.

"Strange," muttered the outlaw, "we were wont to consider churchmen a rich prize; and truly, seldom is it that they travel so poorly provided, Sir Abbot," he continued, aloud. "thou must compound for thy ransom, and that of thy followers."

"Alas! how can I," cried the Abbot, "thou seest I have but these poor crowns to pay for our journey—How then can'st thou expect ransom."

Unfortunately for the Monks, the Abbot, in stretching out

his hand to point out the money, which lay in a little heap on the ground, opened his flowing robe a little, and the outlaw's sharp eye caught sight of a large protuberance on his breast. Putting the robe on one side with his hand, he pointed to it and asked :—

"What is that lump, Sir Abbot?"

"Alas!" said the Abbot, casting up his eyes, "that, mine honest friend, is a large wen, or wart; the which if it be touched violently, is likely to cause instant death."

"By mine honor, a nasty companion: but, my good father, thou art in a truly pitiable case, for I perceive thou hast another on the other side."

"Yea, my son, for it is the nature of the disease to afflict both sides of the body at once."

"I should think, father," continued the outlaw, "it might be a great relief to thee were these wens, or warts, cut out. Here Jenkin and Harefoot, hold ye the good Abbot while I try my skill as a leech."

"Nay, my good friend," protested the Abbot, "for mercy's sake, for the sake of our blessed virgin, slay me not. I tell thee, a touch with thy knife and I am undone."

"Indeed, father, methinks," said Long Bow, "thou dost tell the truth for once in thy life:" and, spite of the Abbot's struggles, he commenced an incision in the lump. Out it poured—in a reddish yellow flood,—not blood, reader, but gold, good yellow gold, and formed a little heap at the priest's feet; the outlaw then opened the other wen with the same result.

"Hast any more of these same direful wens, or warts, Sir Abbot," he asked as he tore off the robe. But the crest fallen Abbot could not speak.

"Bring hither the next one, Jenkin," he continued, "methinks I have played the leech on one so well, I may as well try the next, and cure them, also, should they be troubled with the same pestilent disease."

The Sacristan was, accordingly, next brought forward. He flung off his robe and exclaimed triumphantly :—

"Thou seest I have never a wart."

"So I perceive, friend priest," replied the outlaw; "but how long is it since men of thy peaceful profession have taken to wearing coats of mail beneath their cassocks." And, making

a number of slits in the unfortunate garment, the gold began to run out as fast as it did from the Abbot's wens. Each one, in succession, was searched in like manner; and each one was found to have money concealed with great care on some part of his person, so that, when the money was counted up it was found to amount to about one thousand pounds; an enormous sum for even monks to travel with in those days.

Every one, even Catherine, ill as she was, laughed heartily at the woe-begone countenances of the priests; as to Sir Humphrey Longdale, he roared till the tears ran down his cheeks, and clapping Long Bow on the shoulder, he exclaimed:

"Friend, after that prize thou mayest let us pass scot-free, for our plunder were little worth having, after that of the poor Father's yonder. I promise thee thou wilt not find any wens on our followers, nor golden coats of mail."

"Nay, if I alone had to be consulted, I had never stopped thy ladies," replied Long Bow; "but I have all these, my children, to provide for as well," and he pointed to the assembled outlaws.

"True," replied the knight, "but would it please thee to settle our business as soon as possible; for it imports us much to travel as fast as we can."

"It irks me to say I cannot," replied Long Bow, "for yonder thou mayest see more work for me;" and he pointed to a glade in the forest, up which a body of steel-clad warriors were advancing, headed by one whom Catherine de Beaujeu soon recognized as Sir Henry Rolt.

CHAPTER IX.

"Ha! my good friend, Long Bow," exclaimed Sir Henry, as he rode up to the group in the centre of the scene, "thou art in luck's way to day. Whence didst thou get all this fine yellow gold? Ha! I see—mine honest and kind friend, the Abbot of Netley, as I live—and, body of me, a bevy of fair dames too—what! can it be,—see I Sir Humphrey Longdale?" and springing from his horse, he wrung the knight's hand heartily."

"The Ladies of Beaujeu, as I live?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Longdale.

"Ha!" said Rolt, "then the sooner I finish my business here the better. Hark ye, good Long Bow, money I have little

or none to offer ye ; but I have brought ye that which perhaps may please ye better—a hundred of good tough yew bow staves, two hundred of strings, a score of good axes, and many a skin of Malvoisie Will that suffice ye ?”

“ Well and fully, Sir Henry,” replied the outlaw ; “ money is but of little use to us save to buy the things thou hast provided us with, so that we consider thy debt as paid.”

“ That is well,” said Sir Henry, “ I had brought other things I had intended as a present for thee ; but I think now I must e’en employ them to ransom yonder ladies.”

“ Willingly will we take them in place of money,” replied Long Bow. “ Will it please thee to produce them.”

At a signal from their leader the men-at-arms, who had halted on one side of the glade, advanced across to the centre, and then dismounting laid the articles they had brought, in a pile, for the inspection of the outlaw leader.

Almost at the same moment another larger and far more splendidly accoutred troop of cavalry, to the amount of some hundreds, were seen riding furiously down the glade ; and ere the outlaws could recover their surprise, or secure either their prisoners or plunder, this formidable body were upon them.

Their leader was encased in armour of polished steel, without device of any kind, save that the Lions of England and the Fleur de Lis of France, were blazoned on his shield. Behind him came many a knight of gentle blood, and great renown ; and more than one coronet was visible amid the floating plume of their helmets. Yet no one who had once seen that leader could fail to recognize in him, spite of his plain attire, the King of England. He rode fearlessly into the midst of the outlaws, who indeed were too much taken by surprise to offer any resistance, and demanded :—

“ What means this, my masters ?”

No one replied till Rolt, throwing himself on his knees before the king’s horse exclaimed :—“ My gracious liege, pardon I pray thee—”

“ Rise Rolt,” said Henry recognizing him, “ thou dost require no pardon for thyself. For yonder outlaw bid him stand forward.”

Long Bow obeyed, expecting nothing but instant death.

“ Men call thee Gilbert Long Bow ?” said the king.

“ They do, my liege,” was the reply.

"I ask not thy other names, outlaw," said Henry, "but this much I tell thee—much ye have to complain of, as I, by strict enquiry, have found out; and having probed the malady to the bottom, I have, too, devised a remedy. Hear, therefore, he added, loudly enough to be heard by all present, "I do hereby accord my full and free pardon to all those who are now roving the forest as outlaws, save those who have offended our Mother the Church; and do at the same—"

"My liege, my liege," interrupted the Abbot, who had contrived to get close to the king; "in that case not one of them can profit by thy pardon; for they have even now assaulted the servants of the Holy Church, on their journey to London, to pay homage to your grace; yea, and have robbed us of our little all."

"Your *little all*," said the king, smiling, "prythee, Sir Abbot, is yonder pile of gold your *little all*;" if so, I would my coffers contained a few, were it only five or six such "*little alls*. But, hark ye, Sir Abbot of Netley, I have heard a talk of certain irregularities, the which yonder gold was meant to atone for, and so it shall. Honest Gilbert Long Bow, do thou and thy followers divide yonder gold among ye; it will be a help to ye to commence honesty with: and Sir Abbot, do thou and thy monks betake yourselves back to Netley with what speed ye may; my train will lodge with ye to night."

The Abbot groaned—a thousand pounds gone at one fell swoop, and then nearly a thousand knights and men-at-arms to provide for—it would take all the rest of his life to repair the drain on the Abbey Coffers: but he dared not disobey; so he mounted his mule, and set off at a round pace.

In the mean time a knight in the royal troop had come forward and saluted Rolt.

"Ha! Wilmot," said Sir Henry, "right glad am I to see thee. Thou did'st receive thy money I hope."

"I received it all safe, Rolt, and much obliged I was to thee for it. But, prythee, who are those ladies who keep themselves so closely veiled?"

"Hush," said Rolt, "they are the Ladies of Beaujeu."

"What said ye, Rolt?" asked the king, who had caught the name. "Beaujeu, ha! I remember me; I have the hand of the fair heiress of that name to bestow upon some worthy

knight; she being a ward of the crown. Yet not as an absolute monarch will I act in this matter. Fair Catherine de Beaujeu," he continued, dismounting and walking towards the ladies who, surrounded by their yeomen, were at a little distance from the rest, "will it please thee to lift thy veil."

Catherine obeyed; and, casting herself at the king's feet, kissed the hand he extended to her,

"Rise, lady," said the king, "pass thine eyes round yonder goodly company, and tell me if thou seest one to whom thou could'st give thy hand to, without doing violence to thy feelings."

Catherine rose to her feet; and, without lifting her eyes from the ground, replied—"Sir King, I have already made my election; I will be the bride of heaven."

"Is it possible," whispered Rolt to Wilmot, "that yonder spectre is Catherine."

"It is even so," replied Wilmot.

"Then," thought Rolt to himself, "the Forester's wife spoke the truth;" and he felt his love, of which he endeavoured to believe he had cured himself, return in ten-fold force.

"Nay, nay," said the king, in answer to the lady, "by our crown we cannot allow that; so pretty mistress make thine election quickly, or I shall e'en be obliged to make it for thee."

It was in a voice scarcely audible, that Catherine replied—"Since your grace is determined, I choose Sir Henry Rolt."

"Sir Henry Rolt," cried the king, in a voice of command.

Rolt needed no second bidding, in an instant he was on his knees, at the feet of his king and his mistress. Henry joined their hands, and exclaimed—"So that matter is settled. To horse; we will at once to Netley, and complete this marriage, —to horse, to horse."

The trumpets rang out gaily, and every horseman sprang into his saddle. The king was about to give the word to march, when Long Bow came to his side, and exclaimed—"A boon, my gracious liege, a boon."

"Ha!" said Henry, "what would'st thou now?"

"Why, so please thee, Sir King," was the reply, "I, and some fifty comrades yonder, being little used to till the ground of late, would fain serve under thy banner in France."

"And I order thee, and thy fifty comrades," said the king, "to be enrolled among the stout archers of my body guard. Trumpets sound the march."

"Why did'st thou take offence, my Henry, when that arrow was shot at thee the other night? Thou knowest the man did but his duty," asked Catherine of her lover, as they rode side by side.

"True, my sweet Catherine," replied the knight, "but it was my custom of yore to ride around thy home from midnight till dawn, and never an arrow was shot at me then."

"But, worse than any arrow, Henry, my false heart made a jest of thy true love."

"No more of that, Kate," said the knight, as he leant down from his saddle, and imprinted a kiss on her not unwilling lips.

Next day they were married.

Do you want any thing more reader? If so, the chronicles whence I collected this tale being defective after this point, I am sorry to say I cannot satisfy your curiosity, and so wish you farewell.

M. M.

NOTE.—Some of the events of the foregoing tale are taken from an old ballad, in the "Little Geste," which is a narrative of the exploits of the famous Robin Hood.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

LADIES OF THE REFORMATION.

Blackie & Son, London, 1845.

This interesting work contains the memoirs of distinguished female characters, belonging to the period of the Reformation, in the sixteenth century; it is most beautifully illustrated with woodcuts of the houses, castles, and churches mentioned in the work, among others of the old church of S. Paul's, which was gothic, and had a lofty spire in the centre; also of the various scenes described; among many others there are the trial of Queen Anne Boleyn; the burning of Anne Askew; Chaplin discoursing to Katherine Parr, with her court: and Henry VIII. thrashing the

Lord Chancellor for coming, according to order, to arrest Katherine Parr; Lady Jane Grey, in her private apartment, and at the place of her execution; the interview of Mrs Welsh with King James; and the assassination of the Prince of Orange; with several others. The work is neatly printed, and beautifully "got up; and just suitable for the drawing room table: and it is illustrated by upwards of an hundred elegant wood-cuts. We are bound to say that the Author, the Rev. James Anderson, has written this book with great fairness; and has confined himself to the biography of his heroines, without entering into the religious or

political controversies of the times ; He says in his preface, — ‘ The characters whose lives are here narrated, the author presents to the public, rather as the representatives of the great leading principles of the Reformation against Popery, than as the supporters of any particular denomination of Protestantism, for they belonged to protestants of different shades of opinions.’ This work is not a martyrology, but an account of the lives of the illustrious female sufferers from the intolerant spirit of popery, which is part and parcel of the papal system not only sanctioned but commanded by the decrees of its Councils and the Bulls of its popes ; so that, as the Author justly says in his preface, ‘ the persecutions which it has carried on have not arisen simply from the depraved impulses of mans nature, from temporary fitful outbursts of popular fury, or from the violence of certain atrocious individuals, but from the teachings of the popish religious system.’ ” We can safely recommend this work to our readers as a faithful biography of many illustrious females, who shone as martyrs and confessors in the fiery times of papal persecution ; who, having been faithful unto death, do now, we trust, reap the reward of their steadfastness in the faith, “ under the altar,” where, clothed in white robes, “ the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held ; ” are crying “ with a loud voice, saying, how long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth.”

Rivingtons.

This Sermon is N. 43, of a set of occasional Sermons by the Canon of Westminster, preached in the Abbey, from the texts 2 Thess. ii. 3. on the Afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 17, 1854 ; being the season when we are called on by the Church to meditate on the signs of Christs coming to judgement. The writer goes straight forward to the point without any unnecessary digressions, or any of the cant of a certain party about “ Christ’s holy home ; ” but unequivocally states that “ the prophecy clearly foretels, that when that power which it describes will be destroyed, the city in which it existed would become a wilderness, the abode of all unclean animals, and would never be inhabited more.” It is, clearly, a total demolition of the City of Rome : for it is predicted that no musicians, nor craft’s-men, nor sound of a milstone shall be heard in her ; nor a candle, that is the Gospel shall shine in her ; nor the voice of the bridegroom nor the bride, that is of Christ and the Church, shall be heard in that devoted city any more ; but that it shall “ become the habitation of Devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.” Rev. xviii. 2, 21—24. Dr. Wordsworth very justly says : — “ therefore we say the doctrine in question is a *new doctrine*. Yet more ; if we ascend higher to the earlier ages of christendom, not a single clear testimony can be adduced, from the first ten centuries, in favour of this doctrine. Catholic antiquity is against it. It is no part of the *faith* which was once delivered to the saints. The present act, therefore, of the Church of Rome is not a declaration of a primitive doctrine,

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION :
By CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.D.

no ; it is an assumption of a power to *make a new doctrine*, and to add it to Christ's Gospel : to publish a new Article of Faith, and to impose it on the world as necessary to salvation. Such an act, we affirm, is an attempt to usurp the attributes of God. It is even more than this ; it is an endeavour to supersede Him, to dethrone Him from His seat in heaven. For it is an attempt to *add* to His Gospel, which He affirms to be *complete*. Christ promised to send His Holy Spirit to His Apostles, to teach *them all things*, and to *lead* them unto *all truth*. And, *therefore*, the Holy Spirit says, by the Apostle to the Galatians, 'If any man, or an angel from heaven, preach to you anything *besides* what we have preached unto you, and ye have received, let him be accursed.'... She calls herself 'the Ancient Church,' and her Creed, 'the Ancient Faith ;' and thus she deceives the unwary. But,—as her recent decree plainly proves—she *acts* on another principle,—viz., that whatever, for the time being, is propounded by her, as true, *that* is the Gospel of Christ. This is a principle which would supplant Christ, and prepares the way for Antichrist." We have elsewhere said that it is the development of that monster. Dr. Wordsworth's Sermon on the Immaculate conception, is most seasonable, and we wish it the widest circulation to which the Author's fame will greatly contribute. We earnestly recommend it to all true protestants to strengthen their faith ; and to all papists, and to all *pro-papists* who are *permitted* by their spiritual directors to read, that they may see what is yawning beneath their feet, to receive them unto everlasting perdition.

MISTAKES OF DAILY OCCURRENCE IN SPEAKING, WRITING AND PRONUNCIATION. J. F. Shaw. 1855. p.p. 62.

The inaccuracies which are of daily occurrence, both in speaking and writing, are carefully noted and corrected in this most useful little work ; but slang, in all its varied phases and vulgarisms is altogether unnoticed ; because this excellent tract is intended for the use of those who have received an average education ; but who from carelessness or habit use incorrect expressions. It is impossible to give extracts ; but we recommend every one to buy and study this most useful work ; and the price is only sixpence. To schools it will be invaluable ; and it ought to be in every school room.

THE GOOD FIGHT. Fcap. J. H. Parker.

This is one of the most beautiful Allegories that we remember ever to have read ; and it is only fourpence. The Crimean Campaign suggested the idea, and the Author has carried out the allegory most correctly in all the stages of the "Fight," until he reached the feet of his Leader ; and just as he was preparing to throw himself at His feet—the servant entered the room with candles, and he found himself still in his own parlour ; and behold it was but a dream.

MOTHER AND SON : a Tale. Fcap. 8vo., cloth. J. H. Parker.

The Tale of Mother and Son is intended for the improvement of the youth of both sexes ; but it may be as beneficially read by the parents ; for their faults are as vividly portrayed as are those of the poor boy who is the hero of the

piece. The father was a poacher, the mother was over indulgent; and the son was first the victim of bad company, and finally became an associate of poachers; and was the cause of both his father and his mother's death. It is well intended and well written: the plot is well managed, and the whole story is very interesting.

THE HISTORY OF OUR BLESSED LORD, *In Easy Verse*. Square 16mo. J. H. Parker.

A history, in easy verse, of all the remarkable circumstances of our Lord's life, includes all the chief circumstances and events; and the verse is so easy as to be likely to make a strong impression on the youthful mind. It is full also of coloured plates. We give part of the twenty-third, or last chapter, as a specimen:—

Upon the morn that Jesus rose,
He first of all was seen,
Beside His holy sepulchre,
By Mary Magdalene.

And thus He showed Himself, at
last,
To all the blest eleven,
As they were sitting at their meat,
The self-same day, at even.

For forty days, with those He lov'd,
Our blessed Lord remained,
And taught them all the wondrous
things
That to His Church pertain'd.

Then led them out to Bethany—
And, after He had given
His choicest blessings to them all,
Ascended up to Heaven.

SHORT SERMONS. Parts I. II., for December, 1854., and Part III., for January, 1855. J. H. Parker.

The present Series of Sermons are expressly composed for family reading; and they follow the course of the Christian seasons. Ordinary sermons that have been delivered from the pulpit, the author thinks are generally too discursive and abstruse; and, therefore, they are unsuitable for the "calm domestic tone of a Christian man's fireside;" but he says, "above all things, they are *too long*." The present are only about half the length of an ordinary sermon; and it will not take more than ten minutes to read them. Part I. has five sermons on the Advent Season, including one for St. Andrew's day; Part II. contains six sermons for the Christmas Season; and Part III. has seven sermons for the Season of Epiphany; and each Part is at the low price of sixpence. Fourteen sixpenny Parts will complete this series; in which it is especially "stated that *no party views* will be found advocated in any part of the work." One of the evils attending the carrying of party views to an extreme, is the necessity of making this remarkable disclaimer; for the *ultra* high, and the *ultra* low Church partizans are equally injurious to the middle course betwixt Rome and Geneva. It would be well if the *ultras* of both these cities would lay aside their *ultraisms*, and meet midway, each bringing a pinch of charity with them; and sincerely believing that some good thing may come out of both extremes. We can recommend these sermons as well worthy of the heads of families, both for their matter and their manner; and there need not

be any fear that they have been composed by a layman.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE. 1854.

The Association for promoting the Repeal of all the Taxes on Knowledge, resolutely persevere in their exertions to bring the Chancellor of the Exchequer to their way of thinking, respecting the tax on paper; but hitherto without much prospect of success. They would do the public much more good, if they would attack the printers and publishers of knowledge; and with wise charming induce them to moderate their profits, and so enable the public to reach wisdom, without paying so high for the "profits on knowledge;" for the abolition of "all the taxes," would only add so much more to the profits on knowledge; and therefore the reading public would not be the least benefitted by the Repeal of all, or any of the "Taxes on Knowledge;" for a repeal of the taxes would immediately become an addition to the profits.

THE MANUAL: *A Book of Devotion.*

By W. E. HEYGATE, M.A. Second Edition. Masters. 1855.

We are glad to find that this most excellent and wonderfully cheap book, (204 pages of letterpress, and a beautiful frontispiece, for one shilling!) has already reached a second edition. It is an admirable compendium of Catholic teaching, and will be of value to all who love the LORD JESUS CHRIST with sincerity.

The comparatively trifling price places it within the reach of all, and we earnestly trust that it may reach as many editions as its poetical predecessor—"Keble's Christian Year," of which it is no unworthy companion.

It is, indeed, as its title expresses a "Manual," and a very complete and satisfactory one, of Christian and distinctively Catholic teaching, for the edification and practical use of Christian men and women. All credit is due to the Reverend composer, for his book, and to the Publisher, for the extremely low price he has fixed upon it. We hope both may meet with the encouragement they deserve.

THE PENNY POST for FEBRUARY, contains several interesting stories; the Bear Family is continued, and an extraordinary account of a Bear hunt, which we have seen before; with notices of books, and some poetry.

THE ARTIST. Mr. Whitaker.

No. I. & II. is a New Journal of the Fine Arts, with some architectural and other illustrations, which are introduced for their practical value; but its claims to the support of the public, will rest on its literature, which is of the first order. Artists and amateurs of the arts, will hail with pleasure the publication of a journal which is entirely devoted to art; and no doubt it will receive their steady support.

The Plain Commentary on the Four Gospels still proceeds with vigour; and Parts 19 and 20, are now before us: beginning with the seventh, and ending with the eleventh chapter of S. John's Gospel; the instructions in which are well worthy of the reader's attention.

THE
CHURCH WARDER,
And Domestic Magazine.

No. CVI.

APRIL, 1855.

VOL. IX.

CHURCH REFORM.

IT APPEARS that a new sect of Plymouth Brethren has recently started up, under the presidency of an attorney who was formerly a dissenter, but for fashion's sake, now calls himself a churchman. The object of these reformers, it is said, is "*not* to secede from, but to *subvert* the Church;" and some of the things which they propose to reform, or rather to subvert, are as follows:—

1. The Rubrics: the word priest, to be changed.
2. The Ordination Service: words abused to the purpose of sacerdotal assumption, to be altered.
3. The Visitation of the Sick: the absolution to be omitted or qualified.
4. The Baptismal Offices: words, asserting the spiritual regeneration of each recipient, to be altered.
5. The Catechism to be revised.
6. The Burial Service: general language to be employed in expressing hope for the departed.
7. The Athanasian Creed: the damnatory clauses to be omitted.
8. The Apocryphal Lessons: to be replaced by scripture.

As here specified, this association really means the subversion of the Church; by reforming Christianity out of it. It appears singular, that all reformers are for trying their reformatory powers on the Church of England; and dissenters are always the most forward in this popular work. They never attempt to reform the Methodist, Congregational, or Baptist Communions, or the Roman Sectaries in England; and this shows the malignant spirit which actuates all our modern re-

formers; but we are indebted to these Plymouth Brethren for honestly telling us, that their object is to *subvert* our venerable Church. It would be worth while to know whether or not this subverting attorney is himself a papist; and how many papists are associated with him. It is one of the many stabs to Christianity that Rome has given, that she has mixed true doctrines with her own heresies; and has carried them to such an excess, as to create a reaction in the minds of small informed Churchmen, and of all Dissenters, against the plainest and most scriptural doctrines of Christ and His Apostles: among others we may specify the name and office of PRIEST; which this association would desire to expunge; but the first two articles may be classed under one head in our remarks on them:—

1, 2. Does our attorney imagine that if the word Priest, were to be expunged from the Liturgy, that the office itself would be thereby obliterated from the sacred character of the two higher orders of the Christian Ministry? If he does; let him be assured that he is fighting with a shadow; for “after the similitude of Melchisedec there arose *another* priest who is made.....after the power of an endless life;” and who is “a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.” Christ was Himself a priest, and as such was sent by God the Father; and as He sent His apostles as He Himself had been sent, it follows, as a consequence, that He sent them as PRIESTS, with full power to ordain other priests, which we read that they did in every city. Therefore, if any self-constituted reformers think they can take away that which God has ordained; let them fear lest He “take away their part out of the Book of life, and out of the Holy City:”—Rev. xxii. 19.

Now, our eternal High Priest glorified not Himself so as to assume this office; but He was duely called and inaugurated to it, at His baptism, by the voice of God the Father: according to the prophetic words of the Holy Spirit, in David, His type—“Thou art a High Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec;” “Called of God, an High Priest.” Christ is also called “the Apostle and High Priest of our profession;” and “we are made *partakers* of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end.” Therefore, as Christ Himself did not assume the great dignity of the priesthood, without being ordained thereto by the same authority that

commanded Moses to call and anoint Aaron and his sons to the priesthood of the Jewish Church; so having been Himself called by God the Father and anointed by God the Holy Ghost, He called the Twelve Disciples, and appointed them **PRIESTS** at the institution of the Eucharistic Sacrament; where, as the High Priest of our profession, He offered Himself up as the propitiation for our sins, under the symbols of bread and wine, as the representatives of His own sacred Body and Blood. His commission to the twelve, to be priests, was "**DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME;**" that is, offer up this *memorial* or *commemorative* sacrifice, in the same manner and with the same power as ye now see me offer up these symbols of my body and of my blood.

When the Twelve received their sacerdotal character, they were in the second order of the ministry; but at His ascension, He conferred on them the same power and office of apostles that He Himself had exercised during His ministry on earth; but still continuing to be the great High Priest, Apostle, Bishop and Chief Shepherd, in heaven, of His body the whole Church, of which He is the Head: and, therefore, as He promised to be with the Apostolic Office to the end of the world, their sacerdotal office is likewise conveyed, by ordination, from Christ and His Apostles, to the bishops and priests of the present day. Now, a priest is a person ordained to act *for the people towards God*, and *for God towards the people*. That is, he represents God to the people; and he represents the people to God, as their advocate and intercessor, and officiates, by divine appointment, between God and man, in their mutual negotiations and addresses. Although the Plymouth attorney is, no doubt, of a different opinion; yet the very heathen understood that their priests were mediators betwixt themselves and their false gods.

We beg to assure the Plymouth Association that as the bishops and clergy of the Church of England are, in the proper sense of the word, **PRIESTS**; so, in that Church, there *must* be an Altar; and if there be priests and an altar, there *must* also be a sacrifice; for these three terms, priest, altar, and sacrifice, are correlative; and where the one is there must the other two be also. The author of the epistle to the Hebrews asserts, that the Christian Church has an altar, at which he said the

Levitical priests were not entitled to serve; because theirs was a typical priesthood, to offer up the bloody sacrifices that were *types* of the ONE oblation on the cross; and because the Christian sacrifice is unbloody and *commemorative* of that same ONE oblation. Our Lord also alludes to the Christian Altar, when he bids a man be reconciled to his brother before he *offers* his gift at it. S. Paul also calls the Christian Altar the "Lord's Table;" and so it is; for it is both an Altar and a holy table. It serves a double purpose. As an *altar* the priest offers up the commemorative sacrifice *upon* it, by the consecration and oblation of the bread and the wine, and the offerings of the people; as a *holy table*, the priest afterwards feeds the people *from* it, with the memorials, signs, symbols or representations of Christ's Body and Blood. In this great action, the true Israelite looks, by faith, on our great High Priest in Heaven, Who was lifted up on the cross for us, that whosoever believeth in Him should have eternal life: and Who, *once* for all, made a full, perfect and all sufficient satisfaction for us, in His own person. In His own person, as our High Priest, He perpetually offers up the sacrifice of Himself in the presence of God the Father, to interpose betwixt His wrath and our sins; and, therefore, His priests on earth represent the person of Christ; and they offer the same sacrifice, in resemblance and figure, under the outward and visible symbols of bread and wine which He appointed; and this commemorative sacrifice by His priests on earth, is done in conjunction with the same sacrifice which He Himself celebrates in Heaven; which unites the whole family in heaven and earth, and makes the acts of Christ in heaven, and His priests on earth, one and the same sacrifice.

Whether the Plymouth Reformers will bear, or whether they will forbear, the priestly office will remain in the Church so long as the Church remains, which we are assured will be to the end of the world; and moreover, where there is no priesthood there is no Church. It is highly probable that this doctrine is new to the Plymouth Brethren; but it is as old as the Church itself, notwithstanding. Dr. Heylin, as cited by Dr. Hickes, brings a testimony from Eusebius, about the priesthood, the altar and the sacrifice of the Christian Church, from what that ancient author says, on the prophecy of Isaiah

xix. 19.—“In that day shall there be an *altar* to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a Pillar [the Church] at the border thereof, to the Lord.” Then he adds—“that if they had an *Altar*, and that they were to *sacrifice* to Almighty God, they must be thought worthy of a *priesthood* also. But the Levitical priesthood could not be of any use unto them, and therefore they must have another. Nor was this spoken of the Egyptians only, but of *all other nations* and idolatrous people who now pour forth prayers, not unto many Gods, but to the one and only Lord; and unto Him [they] erect an *altar* for reasonable and unbloody *sacrifices*, in every place of the whole habitable world, according to the mysteries of the New Testament.” He then declares what those Christian mysteries are:—“Christ is the propitiatory sacrifice for all our sins; since when, even those among the Jews are freed from the curse of Moses’ law, celebrating the *commemoration* of His Body and Blood, which is a far more excellent *sacrifice* and ministry than any in the former times; and Christ our Saviour offering such a wonderful and excellent sacrifice to His heavenly Father for the salvation of us all, appointed us to *offer* daily unto God the *commemoration* of the same, *for and as a sacrifice* Whensoever we do celebrate the memory of that sacrifice on the Table, participating of the elements of his Body and Blood, we should say with David—‘Thou preparest a table for me in the presence of mine enemies, Thou anointedst my hand with oil, my cup runneth over,’ wherein he signifieth most manifestly the mystical union and the reverend *sacrifices* of Christ’s table, where we are taught to offer up unto the Lord by His most eminent and glorious priest, *the* unbloody, reasonable and most acceptable sacrifice all our life long.”

3. If Christ constituted His Apostles and their successors priests, so He also gave them the power sacerdotally to remit and retain sins; and this they daily do in the administration of the sacraments. In baptism God thro’ their ministry remits *Original* sin; and in the Lord’s Supper He remits *actual* sins to all true penitents, through their ministry also; so that no reforming powers of any reformers can reform God’s own work out of His own institutions: else instead of enjoying all the means of grace so freely bestowed on us out of God’s free bounty in Christ, we should be the sport of every fresh set of reformers

which should periodically start up to intrude their ideal perfections, for the time being. This leads us to the absolution in the visitation of the sick, which is also to have the pruning knife applied to it. It is God alone that forgives sins or absolves; His priests only act ministerially in His name and authority, and as His representatives; and He promised to confer this power on them when Peter made the noble confession of his faith. The sick person first makes confession of of his sins; and God sends a messenger, like Nathan to David, to assure that person that, in consequence of his repentance, God "hath put away the iniquity of his sin;" and if this message is received in faith, it must be a great consolation to a penitent sinner about to "shuffle off this mortal coil." But we will illustrate this by a case which Mr. Attorney will professionally understand. A person is condemned to death by one of her Majesty's judges; and he will certainly be executed unless he receives a pardon which will reach him through the Home Secretary and the Sheriff; nevertheless neither of these functionaries bestow this pardon; they only convey the Queen's remission, who alone can give it. So, in the Church, God only, pardons, but His ministers convey it to the penitent sinner.

4. Before the Baptismal Office can be reformed, to please the Plymouth Brethren, it must be destroyed altogether: for it asserts "the spiritual regeneration of each recipient," as distinctly and as peremptorily as our Lord Himself promulgated the doctrine—"Verily, Verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born *of water and* of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." The Baptismal Office says, in humble obedience to His verily, verily,—“Seeing now that this child is regenerate, we yield Thee hearty thanks most merciful Father, that it hath pleased THEE to regenerate this infant with Thy Holy Spirit; to receive him for thine own child by adoption, and to incorporate him into Thy holy Church;” and in the office of Confirmation, the Bishop addressing God says, Thou “who hast vouchsafed to regenerate these thy servants by water and the Holy Ghost, and hast given unto them forgiveness of all their sins, &c.” If it were *not* true, it were horrible profanation; but we further add, that God the Holy Spirit not only overshadows the font in this regenerating rite, but God the Father may be supposed to say, after the sacrament, “this is

my *adopted* son," or daughter, "in whom I am well pleased," as He audibly said of our Elder Brother His "beloved Son," at His baptism in Jordan. This, therefore, is what S. Paul calls "the circumcision made without hands.....Buried with Him in Baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him, through the faith of the operation of God who hath raised Him from the dead."—Col ii. 11—14. Christ's resurrection was His second birth; therefore, as we, metaphorically, die, are buried, and rise again with Him in baptism, our baptism must also be our regeneration or new birth: for the same overshadowing power which formed His human nature in the virgin's womb, re-forms ours in the font; and the same Spirit who caused in Him an exemption from all sin, assures us of the remission of our sins. But if baptism be not regeneration, what water does our Lord allude to in connection with the Holy Spirit; for He expressly unites them, and states that water is employed in the act of regeneration?

5. The Catechism also is to undergo revision. The duty of catechising is of divine institution; and it was performed regularly by the patriarchal, the Levitical and the Christian Churches; and the English Catechism is agreeable, in all points, to the primitive forms. Moses was inspired to command the Jews to teach their laws diligently to their children; and our Lord commanded His Apostles to feed His lambs, and to teach all nations, and to baptize them. Perhaps, Mr. Attorney, would prefer the dark, dismal and horrible theology of the Westminster Divine's Catechism, to the simple and merely elementary teaching of our most excellent catechism; the head and front of whose offending is, that it teaches without any equivocation the doctrines of baptismal regeneration, and of the Christian sacrifice in the Lord's supper. In fact, before the Liturgy can be reformed to the Plymouth standard, it must be destroyed altogether; for these two sacramental doctrines run through, and are so interwoven with the whole Liturgy, that they cannot be removed without demolishing the whole fabric.

6. With respect to the reformation of the Burial Service, we opine that Mr. Attorney has been playing off one of his professional tricks; that is *making a case*; for it does not appear to us that the language could be more general than that which

is employed in expressing hope for the resurrection. The service does not assert "the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life," of every person, good or bad, who is consigned to the tomb; but to the general doctrine of the Resurrection, which we trust is the hope of the Plymouth Brethren, as it has been of the Church from the beginning of the world; and we cannot imagine how more general language could be employed in expressing this hope, than the Church has used.

7. To please these fastidious gentlemen "the damnatory clauses" in the Athanasian Creed are to be omitted. The brethren must first expunge our blessed Lord's words from the gospel. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" S. Mark xvi. 16. When the Creed is stripped of its explanatory words, it says no more than our Lord has here said; "which faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." We have no where been able to discover that we can get to heaven by a way of our own choosing; and the Creed, by most certain warrant of scripture, expresses what the true Catholic faith is; and only reiterates the above decision of the judge of all the earth. But the Brethren need not be alarmed that invincible ignorance will be condemned; for we have a merciful High Priest who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities; and who has promised salvation to faith with obedience. He has not denounced condemnation against those who are ignorant through an error of the understanding; but to that unbelief which is accompanied with disobedience: from an invincible resistance of conviction; from a dislike for moral truth; and from an alienation of the heart and mind from God and His truth. This unbelief contains in it all those bad qualities which are the opposites of the virtue of which true faith is composed. Therefore we hope the Athanasian Creed will ever remain in our Liturgy as the bulwark of the Apostle's Creed and the Christian Faith.

8. The Brethren propose the Apochryphal lessons to be omitted, to which we shall offer no objection; only stating what the Church herself says of them, that they are not read in order to establish any doctrine; but only for instruction in life and manners; and surely some of the Apochryphal Books, although they are not canonical scripture, are most edifying

and instructive. We may here remark, that when a Liturgy was compiled for the Church of Scotland, there were no apocryphal lessons whatever appointed for that Church.

We sincerely trust that our reforming Brethren will not put their feet beyond the last; for zeal, however great and well-meaning, without knowledge, is a dangerous thing. It is easy to hound out all the discontented spirits of the age; and easier still to pick up Jesuits, in the disguise of Brethren, to assist, with their deadly malice, in a work which would be so acceptable to Rome; but it would be difficult, perhaps impossible to guide and regulate the whirlwind after it had been raised. There is nothing merely human in which microscopical eyes will not find some flaws; but the Liturgy approaches so nearly to perfection, that we think it more desirable to let well alone.

W. C. P.

CRAIG-PWLL-DU;

A WELSH LEGEND OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY.

(Concluded from page 81.)

It wanted now but one hour to midnight: to return, therefore, to the castle at Hay, or endeavour to reach the Hospice of St. Ysteffan, were alike equally impossible; especially to strangers, and, moreover, in a partially hostile country. So, Father Kenulph, who now, in his joy, thought neither of cold nor wet, with a light heart set about collecting a sufficient quantity of dry fern together; which, with the trappings of the mule, made poor Mildred such a couch as she had for many nights been a stranger to. Neither did his care stay here; for, taking off his warm travelling frock, he carefully wrapped it around her wasted form; and, almost before he had well arranged the last fold, she had sunk into a deep and peaceful sleep.

From her childhood had Mildred been as a daughter to the aged monk now seated by her side. The stern law of his Church pronounced that priest as unworthy of his office who might yearn to possess such an one as the companion of his youth, the stay and comfort of his declining years. Sympathy from the world was, in a great measure, denied to men of his order; to such a thing they were thought to be superior. But

the solitude of the cloister had not chilled the naturally warm and affectionate heart of Father Kenulph; his youth had been spent in a manner truly consistent with his office; deep study and active employment in all good deeds, had alternately occupied his time; and, now, in his old age, honoured by the holy bishop of Shrewsbury, S. Chad, he was looked upon by all who knew him as a worthy pattern to his fellow-men, of true piety without harshness or bigotry, and of unbounded, though unostentatious, charity.

Such was, in part, the character of this venerable man; and as, for a moment, he threw back the dark cowl in which his features had been shrouded, to gaze upon his precious charge, a big tear coursed its way down his furrowed cheek, as perhaps the memories of bye-gone years crowded rapidly into his mind, and mingled themselves strangely with the occurrences of the present.

It was Kenulph's intention thus to spend the night in watching by the form of the sleeping Mildred; how long he thus did so, it is not for us to say. Many times did his wandering and confused senses warn him to arouse himself ere consciousness altogether left him. Often times were his beads told with, it must needs be confessed, no great precision, and as often did the hand fall powerless to the side. More than once he had been partially roused by fancying that he heard distant sounds of mirth and revelry mingling with the increasing roar of the waters in the ravine beneath him; and often had he drawn his cowl closer about his head as being sensible of something like a cold stream of vapour passing over him. Again did these strange sounds fall upon his ear, and again did they die away, and nought was heard save the rushing of the torrent on its headlong course, and the sullen voice of the cataract, as its falling waters were received into the dark pool beneath.

Struggling thus with his now fleeting senses, the good Father was once more sensible of the same chilling sensation over his whole frame; and, thinking that it might possibly be caused by some drifting spray carried thither by the freshening night air from the waters below, he raised himself and threw back his cowl in order to allow of his choosing some more sheltered position near at hand. And in good truth a strange and

incomprehensible sight now met his wandering and uncertain gaze ; for, immediately opposite to where he lay, and within a few paces of him, there floated incessantly to and fro, a figure robed in white and unsubstantial as the mist.

It had certainly gone hard with Kenulph who was now really alarmed, had not his spectral visistant seemed to smile upon him with almost angelic sweetness, as it pointed to the ravine below with one of its shadowy arms, whilst with the other it beckoned him to follow.

Despite of his fears both for Mildred and himself, he nevertheless felt secretly impelled to obey his ghostly guide ; but, before doing so, he turned to take a parting glance at the still sleeping form of Mildred ; fearing, yet compelled, to leave her ; and whither, or for what purpose, he knew not.

The Spirit now seemed to scan the very thoughts of him still hesitating ; for, gliding up to where Mildred lay, it bent its airy form over her ; and, as its pale white hand appeared to rest upon the forehead of the poor girl, and its thin lips to part for a moment, a happy smile played around her calm and lovely features, as she actually stretched out her arms towards this beautiful and mysterious figure, which, as they again sank quietly to her side, glided with awful stillness past where the wondering Kenulph stood, and again beckoned him to follow. He would have spoken, but the words died upon his lips ; but, being now assured of Mildred's safety, and that no foul demon was luring him to destruction, he obeyed the awful summons.

Onwards towards the dark waters glided the Spirit ; a lurid flame marking for awhile each place where it seemed to tread—like as when the deep keel of some goodly ship hastening on her trackless path, lights up for a time the dark wave beneath, through which she cleaves her way. Thus, then, onwards swept the Spirit, guiding the good Father in his steep and rugged descent.

The torrent was soon gained ; where the Spirit hovered for a moment by its brink, while it turned itself towards Kenulph, and, as with a smile and wave of its ghostly hand it motioned him to follow, glided over the dark stream.

As the holy man stepped from rock to rock, the troubled waters, lighted up by the same mysterious flame, sparkled as

they rushed boiling and hissing through their many narrow channels beneath his feet.

There, on a dark and slippery rock rested the Spirit, waiting, as it were, his coming; having gained which, a new scene broke upon him. A little higher up in the chasm, the torrent fell in one unbroken sheet of water, from the height of some fifteen or twenty feet, into a dark pool beneath; immediately over which there towered to the height of ninety or a hundred feet the lofty crag on to which his mule had carried him; and he trembled to think what one false step on her part might have cost him; and each object around him being rendered distinctly visible by the same unearthly light, the whole place looked like one vast sepulchre; and the hoarse murmur of the cataract sounded in his ears as the moanings of some troubled spirit—fit habitation for so drear a spot.

What was Kenulph's further astonishment, when the Spirit, gliding along the surface of this dark pool, beckoned him also to proceed, pointing at the same time to a narrow ledge of rock nearly even with the water's edge. An irresistible power now seemed to urge him forwards along by this path, till his very garments were washed by the descending waters, and the rising mists played in wreaths around his head.

Here, again, immediately above the fall, floated the mysterious being, pointing, at the same time, to the frowning rocks from which rushed the waters. In grasping eagerly at the dripping moss by which they were clothed, the monk's hand came in contact with what proved to be a ponderous iron bolt, fixed into massive iron sockets of the same metal. This, the Spirit motioned him to draw; and, in so doing, he had well nigh fallen backward into the dismal pool, had not an unseen arm upheld him.

Upon drawing back the massy bolt a harsh grating sound succeeded, followed immediately by the falling inwards of an immense block of stone, which disclosed to his wondering gaze a narrow, dark passage, damp and chill as the grave. But here was his wonder increased, when sounds of mirth and wild revelry burst upon him, as if proceeding from a chamber at no great distance within.

The Spirit was already before him and still motioned him to follow. Louder and louder grew the wild sounds as he con-

tinued fearlessly to follow; and, after having made a sudden turn in the passage, a scene, marvellous indeed, and nearly overpowering to his bewildered senses, was, at once, spread out before him.

Around a huge kind of table placed in the centre of a vast cavern, lighted by a hundred blazing brands, were seated a thousand grim and fierce-looking warriors; while, at their head, reclining on an elevated throne cut in the solid rock, he beheld their chief—the captor of Mildred—Owen Lawgoch.

A hundred Bards, on their uplifted harps, sang his matchless deeds; and a thousand deep voices sent back the song. Around the cavern, in several recesses, lay heaps of treasure glittering in the blaze of light; but, before each precious pile, the heavy armour and weapons of the warriors were so placed, as that any attempt to remove even a portion of the same would be accompanied by their immediate downfall, and thus give them time to secure the same and stay the intruder.

But where was the attendant Spirit, to whom, indeed, Kenulph now looked for protection?

Just as he was about hastily to retire, he perceived a small cloud forming in the lofty roof immediately over their devoted heads; gradually it spread itself like a dark pall over each grim warrior and hoary bard; the voice of mirth and revelry suddenly ceased; and, as, one by one, they sank to the earth in a deep and deathlike slumber, ere the goblet was raised to the lip, the arm fell powerless, and the hand of the minstrel, while it still grasped the full martial chord, stiffened as in death. Anon, the proud head of their daring chieftain drooped also upon his outstretched arm, and the stillness of death reigned throughout that dread assembly. At the same moment a whirlwind rushed up through the dark passage, hurling each blazing brand to the ground; whilst, in their several places, was seen a small blue flame shaped like an arrow, which threw a ghastly light around.

Kenulph now thought that it must all be a mere delusive vision, and, as such, he strove to shake it off; but to no purpose. Turning, therefore, from the sleeping host, he once more sought the entrance of the cavern, and arrived at the brink of the pool.

Here, then, stood the good Father gazing thoughtfully on

its dark waters; but, suddenly, after a few moments, taking from his rosary the pendant silver cross, he held the sacred emblem aloft, and, in solemn tones, thus invoked the now invisible Spirit.—

"Spirit! I adjure thee by this holy sign, tell me what mean these things."

In an instant, the eddying mists around the cataract assumed a human form, and, again, did he behold the same mysterious being; its lips seemed to move as a low and plaintive voice answered to this effect—

"When voice of war these vales shall wake,
And earth, 'neath iron-bound foot shall quake;
When Briton shall meet Saxon o'er this flood,
And dye its waters with a foeman's blood;
When this dark pool shall leave its rocky strand,
And with a crimson tide shall wash the Chieftain's hand—
Then shall both chief and liegeman wake anew,
Their kingdom to defend, their country's foe subdue."

As the last words were uttered, the fair vision appeared to mingle itself with the mist of the troubled waters.

But, now, a determination to know more, if possible, of these strange occurrences, prompted Kenulph to inquire further of this unearthly being, already fading from his sight.

"Mysterious being! what art thou; whence dost thou come? Surely thou art not an accursed one!"

Again the phantom became more distinct, but violently agitated; a deep shade passed over its now saddened features, and its thin lips trembled as it seemed to gasp for utterance. Thrice it essayed to speak; and, as often, the words seemed to die upon his lips; till, at length, casting a troubled look upon the monk, it again commenced—

"Mortal! to thee it ne'er was given,
Our name, our place, to know.
Amid the depths of earth we dwell, we rest.
Ere long we fall adoring, low
Before the gates of Heaven,
And mingle with the blest."

Then rearing its shadowy form aloft, it threw its arms upwards as with a terrible voice it added—

"See! where the whirlwind rears its mighty head,
Where raging seas disclose their sandy bed,
Where the proud ship by ruthless tempest driven
A helpless wreck, to fell destruction given.
Go ask those powers!—Who guides the hurricane?
Who rides upon the storm?"

The form of the Spirit now appeared to dilate, as it soared high in mid-air; the rock beneath the affrighted Kenulph's feet trembled to its very foundations; deep thunder rolled below him, as if pent up in earth's lowest caverns; and, as the waters of the pool rose and fell in angry strife, as if moved by some mighty convulsion raging beneath them, a thousand jets of fire leapt from its troubled surface, and as many strange and fantastic forms were seen rising and falling in the same. High above all now soared the Spirit's awful form, as it blazed like a meteor, and like lightning shot athwart the dark chasm. Again did the rock beneath Kenulph's feet tremble still more violently, and, by its convulsive throes, warn him to begone; and, scarcely had he gained the farther part of the ledge, ere the whole mass sank down into the raging waters, save that portion alone upon which he trembling stood.

A low unearthly strain of the richest melody was now heard, and, as many voices chanted forth the following words, innumerable strange forms rose upwards to where the Spirit still darted to and fro, bathed in light—

"Away with us,
To those realms below,
Where diamonds glister,
Where red, red rubies glow.

By the pale sapphires light,
We wend our way
To those realms, where flashing bright
Far gleams the opals ray.

There, reared on adamant,
Stand those mighty domes—
There the deep thunder rolls—
There the chained tempest moans."

Again did those unknown voices join their wild melodies to that ever sent up by the hoarse murmur of the falling waters, again did the deep thunder take up the strain with sullen roar;

and as the spirit's form slowly descended from on high, surrounded by the attendant host—another wild burst of entrancing harmony pealed throughout the ravine—again the waters of the pool raged violently, and seemed to leap from the rocky basin, as if to meet the coming multitude, and as these strange forms, one by one, sank beneath the flood, the spirit once more revealed itself to the holy man in its former mist-like, and beautiful shape; and having smiled, as it did on its first appearance, with ineffible sweetness upon him, it seemed now to wave a last farewell, as it gradually dissolved itself into thin air, and mingled with the light vapours as they floated upwards from the seething caldron below. In one eddying wreath, more definite than the rest, the good Father grieved, when he fancied, that in it, he then beheld the last fleeting portion of that beautiful, mysterious, and, he trusted, happy being.

Onward now speed the waters in their natural course; the voice of the cataract seemed partially hushed; the dark deep pool retained its wonted appearance; and naught remained to mark what has happened, save that the approach to the passage close up by the fall, was now cut off by the ledge of rock terminating abruptly in deep water. Father Kenulph, therefore, now prepared to return to Mildred, for whose safety he felt no fear, tho' he knew not why; but no sooner had he recrossed the stream, and gained the opposite bank, than his senses reeled within him, and for a time all was lost in oblivion.

A November's sun now shone out at intervals, though clouds of vapour, drifting over the neighbouring highlands as they rose slowly from the surrounding vales. Mildred had already risen, some hours, and was seated at the feet of her preserver, and spiritual Father, the venerable Kenulph, and thinking that it was time to be leaving this beautiful, but lonely spot which, indeed, had so nearly proved her grave, she, at length, quietly laid her hand upon him, and in thrice welcome accents—bade him rise.

It was not before he had thoroughly collected his senses, after his sound slumber, that the strange and incomprehensible events of the past night came again distinctly before him. After the usual benediction, therefore, and inquiries about her own well-being, he went on, while Mildred was preparing the

simple and rather scanty repast, to question her very earnestly as to any previous knowledge of this wild ravine; though merely, as it were, in admiration of its great natural beauties, and guarding against a betrayal of his real motives; since he still, with much reason, doubted the reality of what he had but just seen and heard.

But Mildred had never ventured to cross the torrent. Neither had she been higher up by the bed of the stream, than the part immediately below them, which was, indeed, some distance, and quite hidden, from the cataract and dark pool beneath it. Of the existence of these Mildred was ignorant; and so, for the sake of gratifying her own curiosity, as well as in obedience to Father Kenulph's wishes, she readily consented to accompany him thither.

Having soon reached the point of interest, Mildred was at once lost in admiration of the whole scene: the beauty and grandeur of which was, doubtless heightened by the happy state of her own mind. Indeed, so engrossed was she, as not to heed the change which came over the features of the Monk.—When each rock, and any tuft of dripping moss thereon—the same dark pool, fed by the same cataract, about which the selfsame misty vapour floated, convinced him that with such he was certainly familiar; but when? and with whom? There indeed was the remaining portion of the rock on which he had so lately stood, when the earth trembled beneath him, and the lofty crag towering above his head, seemed ready to fall and immerse him in a living tomb.

Once more, he, with difficulty, descended upon the dark and slippery mass called to this day the "Wolf-rock," and anxiously sought the entrance to the cave; but in vain; the narrow path was gone, and the deep sepulchral pool, by its dark waters, forbade his nearer approach.

Even Mildred was now struck by his altered demeanor; but to all her inquiries, the only answer which he returned, was:—"Daughter, let us be going."

When securely and comfortably seated on the good Father's mule, she again prayed him to tell her what so disturbed and troubled him; to which he merely replied:—

"Daughter, I pray you forbear to question me now on this matter; but tell me, was there aught strange in thy slumbers yesternight?"

Mildred had nigh fallen from her seat, when, with this question, the seeming unrealities of a passing dream were thus, in fact, again brought before her.

"Fear not, my Father," she answered, "if, indeed, thou sawest, also that blessed vision, all will be well with thee and me. Oh! that it may again, in time of need!—aye, and in the dread hour of death, shed its bright and joyous rays around me! and, as it did while by night I lay on the cold earth in that dark ravine, softly whisper:—'Sister, rest in peace; I am now and ever with thee.'"

* * * * *

Never, before, were there such rejoicings at the castle of Hay, and never were the poor around the rich Abbeyes of Shrewsbury—Wenlock and Buildas—so plentifully feasted, as the day on which Mildred was once more embraced in the arms of her Father the king of Mercia, and of her grateful sister Milburga.

Long did Kenulph continue to exercise the duties of his calling amongst the inmates of Wenlock, equally beloved and revered by all, but especially, as may be supposed, by the two sisters, Milburga and Mildred.

After having remained some few months at Wenlock, Mildred went over to the Abbey of Chelles in France, where she took the religious veil, and was thoroughly instructed in all the duties of that state—the perfect spirit she had imbibed from her tender years.

After some few years, and in gratitude for her almost miraculous preservation, she returned to England, founded the church of Llanfilo, four miles from Craig-pwll-du, dedicating it to her sister S. Milburga, and then devoted the rest of her life and future to the good of the Abbey of Minstre, in the isle of Thanet, of which house she was chosen first Abbess; S. Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, performed the solemn office, assisted by the venerable Kenulph, who had with difficulty travelled thither, thus to see all his wishes with regard to Mildred more than accomplished.

Often did he afterwards ponder over the strange circumstances connected with her restoration, and strove to persuade himself that they were but the workings of a disturbed and idle dream; and, yet, again, he thought it just possible, when he considered how they all worked together for her safety and

deliverance, that in this dark ravine, he might have seen, and held communication with, beings not of this state, and apparently of another world.

Mildred died about the year 690; by which sad event, the Abbey seemed to have lost its guardian, for it was afterwards frequently plundered by the Danes, and the nuns and clerks murdered.

In the year 1033, by Canute's desire, the remains of Mildred were translated to the Monastery of S. Augustine at Canterbury.

In after times, two churches in London were built to her memory, and dedicated in her name.

SKETCHES FROM CORNWALL.

No. I.

To adopt the Triad style of our predecessors the Druids in these parts, I should say, that—*Three places are worthy of much notice in Cornwall,—the Land's-End, the Lizard, and Falmouth Harbour*; and that amongst many others of like nature—*Three objects claim equal attention—Tintagel Castle, The Logan Rock, and St. Michael's Mount.*

The relics, also, of bye-gone times, scattered up and down, like the wrecks of former worlds, throughout the length and breadth of this most interesting country, may be classed, I think, under the following heads:—

Phœnician	...	{	Remains of Castles,—Fortifications,—Stores for Ore,—Mine Workings in the face of cliffs,—and Bronzes.
Ancient British		{	Circular Stone Enclosures,—Tolmens.—Am-
and		{	pitheatres,—Barrows,—Granite Altars,—Up-
Druidic		{	right Shafts,—Stone Seats,—and Basins.
Roman	...		Roads,—Earthworks,—Tumuli,—Incised Slabs.
Christian	...	{	Station, Way-side, and other Crosses, of the 4th, 5th, 6th, to 16th Centuries. Holy Wells,—Oratories,—Baptisteries,—Sepulchral Stones.

And it is such remains as these, which make Cornwall so deeply interesting to the antiquary and the Historian. *Wales*, perhaps, offers more in the way of Collective tradition, and certain record; but *Cornwall* possesses a standing library in rock, and

stone, which the lover of the past may equally arrange and examine at his pleasure.

Some of these places, and objects, I have seen; and upon them a few remarks will be made; but as much yet remains to be seen, and being myself limited in the matter, both of occasion and time, the remarks must be few, and mere sketches at the best.

The connexion between Cornwall and Wales, whether in the features of the Country, address and manner of the people, names of places or language, must appear evident to the most casual observer. The blood of Spain, if not of Phœnice, seems to tinge the complexions of the Southerners in Cornwall; while the Syrian origin is no less traceable in many parts of South Wales, especially about Caermarthen.

From Ireland came the great Christian revival, in the 4th and 5th centuries, which made Wales a land of Saints; and from Ireland, also, at the same period, flowed that goodly stream of piety and virtue, which enriched the Cornish soil, and made it bring forth fruit an hundred fold.

The intimacy, moreover, between these two features of our land, in a religious point of view, was as perfect in those days, as it is in a mercantile one in these—and by way of Penzance and Roseland, such men as S. Malo, or S. Mawe, S. Teilo, S. Sampson, S. Keyna, and others passed to and fro between South Wales and the Cathedral City of Dol, in Brittany, (Bretagne, Little Britain, or Armorica,) as certain names and localities testify even unto the present day.

We also trace the labours of the Irish Missionaries to Wales, as far as Moorumstowe, Ladstow, and Launceston in Cornwall; while such names as S. Peiran, S. Ervan, S. Erme, S. Erth, S. Agnes, S. Ive, &c., &c. remind us of those who were peculiar to this County alone.

The names of S. David, S. Patrick, S. Colomb; and S. Malo, appear common to both.

As for the meaning of the terms *Cornwall*, and *Wales*, they appear to be such as were given to the Country and people by the Roman, and the Gaul. Scythia seems to have been the Fatherland of both; Asia Minor, and Syria, contributing their Colonists at the same and at a later period.

Hence the *Cimbri* and *Carnabii* are placed the first in Cor-

wall, as are the *Cymry*, *Cimmerii*, or *Gomerii*, (Sons of Gomer) in Wales. The Romans called this County—*Cornubia*, from its likeness in shape to a *horn*: and the Gauls added the term *Wallish*, *Gallish*, or *Welsh*, which means *strangers*. *Cornwall*, or *Corner-wallish* (or *wall*), stands now as its name; while *Wales* or *Wallish*, remains to its sister Country.

Of *Tintagel Castle*, the reputed birth place of King Arthur, I can only write by what I have read, not having, as yet, seen it; but if acceptable to your readers, and time permits, I will give them what information I can, about the Land's-End, the Lizard, the Logan Rock, S. Michael's Mount, Falmouth Harbour, and the Country adjacent, in future papers. M.

THE DOMESTIC COCK.

THIS bird differs very much from the wild descendants of its primitive stock; which are said to inhabit the forest of India, and most of the islands of the Indian seas.

His beautiful plumage and undaunted spirit, as well as his great utility, have rendered him a favourite in all countries where he has been introduced. His courage is scarcely to be subdued by the most powerful assailants; and though he should die in the effort, he will defend his females against enemies that are infinitely stronger than himself.

"I have just witnessed (says M. de Buffon) a curious scene. A sparrow-hawk alighted in a populous court-yard: a young Cock of this year's hatching instantly darted at him, and threw him on his back. In this situation the hawk defended himself with his talons and his bill, intimidating the hens and turkeys, which screamed tumultuously round him. After he had a little recovered himself, he rose and was taking wing; when the Cock rushed upon him a second time, overturned him, and held him down so long, that he was caught."

The Cock is very attentive to his females, hardly ever losing sight of them. He leads, defends, and cherishes them; collects them together when they straggle; and seems to eat unwillingly till he sees them feeding around him. Whenever any strange cock appears in his domain, he immediately attacks the intruder, and if possible drives him away.

His jealousy does not, however, seem to be altogether con-

fined to his rivals; but it has sometimes been observed to extend even to his beloved female; and he appears capable of being actuated by revenge, founded on suspicions of her conugal infidelity. Dr. Percival, in his Dissertations, relates an incident that happened at the seat of a gentleman near Berwick, which justifies this remark. "My mowers," says this gentleman, "cut a partridge on her nest; and immediately brought the eggs (fourteen in number) to the house. I ordered them to be put under a very large and beautiful hen, and her own to be taken away. They were hatched in two days, and the hen brought them up perfectly well till they were five or six weeks old. During that time they were constantly kept in an out-house, without being seen by any of the other poultry. The door happened to be left open, and the Cock got in. My housekeeper, hearing the hen in distress, ran to her assistance; but did not arrive in time to save her life. The Cock, observing her with the brood of partridges, had fallen upon her with the utmost fury, and killed her. The housekeeper found him tearing the hen with both his beak and spurs; although she was then fluttering in the last agony, and incapable of any resistance. This hen had formerly been the Cock's greatest favourite."

The patience and perseverance of the hen in hatching, are truly extraordinary. She covers her eggs with her wings, fostering them with a genial warmth; and often turns them, and changes their situations, that all their parts may receive an equal degree of heat. She seems to perceive the importance of her employment; and is so intent on her occupation, as to neglect in some measure even the necessary supplies of food and drink. In about three weeks the young brood burst from their confinement; and the hen, from the most cowardly and voracious, becomes (in the protection of her young) the most daring and abstemious of all birds. If she cast her eyes on a grain of corn, a crumb of bread, or any aliment, though ever so inconsiderable, that is capable of division, she will not touch the least portion of it; but gives her numerous train immediate notice of her success, by a peculiar call, which they all understand. They flock in an instant round her, and the whole treasure is appropriated to them. Though by nature timid, and apt to fly from the smallest assailant; yet when

marching at the head of her brood, she is a heroine; she is fearless of danger, and will fly in the face of the fiercest animal that offers to annoy her.

As the chickens reared by the hen bear no proportion to the number of eggs she produces, many artificial schemes of rearing them have been attempted. The most successful, though by no means the most humane, is said to be where a capon is used to supply the place of a hen. He is rendered very tame; the feathers are plucked from his breast, and the bare parts are rubbed with nettles. The chickens are then put to him; and, by their running under his breast with their soft and downy bodies, his pain is so much allayed, and he feels so much comfort to his featherless body, that he soon adopts them; feeds them like a hen, and assiduously performs all the functions of the tenderest parent.

Chickens have long been hatched in Egypt by means of *artificial heat*; which is now chiefly practiced by the inhabitants of a village called Berme, and by those who live at a little distance from it. Towards the beginning of Autumn, these persons spread themselves over the country; and each of them is ready to undertake the management of an oven. The ovens are of different sizes, each capable of containing from forty to eighty thousand eggs; and the number of ovens in different parts is about three hundred and eighty-six. They are usually kept in exercise for about six months; and, as each brood occupies twenty-one days in hatching, it is easy, in every oven, to produce eight different broods of chickens in the year.

The ovens where these eggs are placed, are of the most simple construction; consisting only of low arched apartments of clay. Two rows of shelves are formed, and the eggs are placed on these in such a manner as not to touch each other. They are slightly moved five or six times in every twenty-four hours. All possible care is taken to diffuse the heat equally throughout; and there is but one aperture, just large enough to admit a man stooping. During the first eight days the heat is rendered great; but during the last eight it is gradually diminished, till at length, when the young brood are ready to come forth, it is reduced almost to the state of the natural atmosphere. By the end of the first eight days it is known which of the eggs will be productive. Every person who

undertakes the care of an oven, is under the obligation only of delivering to his employer two-thirds of as many chickens as there have been eggs given to him; and he is a considerable gainer by this bargain, as it almost always happens that many more than that proportion of the eggs produce chickens.

This useful and advantageous mode of hatching eggs, was introduced into France by M. de Reaumur; who, by a number of experiments, reduced the art to certain principles. He found that the degree of heat necessary for producing all kinds of domestic fowls was the same: the only difference consisting in the time during which it ought to be communicated to the eggs: it will bring the canary-bird to perfection in eleven or twelve days, while the turkey-poult requires twenty or twenty-eight. M. de Reaumur found that stoves heated by pipes from a baker's oven, or the furnaces of glasshouses, succeeded better than those made hot by layers of dung, the mode preferred in Egypt. These should have their heat kept as nearly equal as possible; and the eggs should be frequently removed from the sides into the middle, in order that each may receive an equal portion. After the eggs are hatched, the offspring should be put into a kind of low boxes without bottoms, and lined with fur; the warmth of which supplies the place of a hen, and in which the chickens can at any time take shelter. These should be kept in a warm room till the chickens acquire some strength; the chickens then may, with safety, be exposed to the open air, in a court-yard.

As to the mode in which the young brood are fed: a whole day generally elapses after they are hatched, before they take any food at all: a few crumbs of bread are given for the subsequent day or two, after which time they begin to pick up insects and grain for themselves. But in order to save the trouble of attending them, capons may be taught to watch them in the same manner as hens. M. de Reaumur says, that he has seen more than two hundred chickens at once, all led about and defended by only three or four capons. It is asserted, that even Cocks may be taught to perform this office.

The progress of the incubation of the chicken in the natural way, is a subject too curious, and too interesting to be passed over without notice. The hen has scarcely sat on the egg twelve hours, before some lineaments of the head and body of

the chicken appear. The heart may be seen to beat at the end of the second day: it has at that time somewhat the form of a horse-shoe, but no blood yet appears. At the end of two days, two vesicles of blood are to be distinguished, the pulsation of which is very visible; one of these is the left ventricle, and the other the root of the great artery. At the fiftieth hour, one auricle of the heart appears, resembling a noose folded down upon itself. The beating of the heart is first observed in the auricle, and afterwards in the ventricle. At the end of seventy hours, the wings are distinguishable; and on the head two bubbles are seen for the brain, one for the bill, and two others for the fore and hind part of the head. Towards the end of the fourth day, the two auricles, already visible, draw nearer to the heart than before. The liver appears towards the fifth day. At the end of a hundred and thirty-one hours, the first voluntary motion is observed. At the end of seven hours more, the lungs and stomach become visible; and four hours after this, the intestines, the loins, and the upper jaw. At the hundred and forty-fourth hour, two ventricles are visible, and two drops of blood instead of the single one which was seen before. On the seventh day, the brain begins to have some consistence. At the hundred and ninetieth hour of incubation, the bill opens, and the flesh appears in the breast; in four hours more, the breast-bone is seen; and in six hours after this, the ribs appear to be forming from the back; and the bill is very visible, as well as the gall-bladder. The bill becomes green at the end of two hundred and thirty-six hours; and if the chicken be taken out of its coverings, it evidently moves itself. The feathers begin to shoot out towards the two hundred and fortieth hour, and the skull becomes gristly. At the two hundred and sixty-fourth hour, the eyes appear. At the two hundred and eighty-eighth, the ribs are perfect. At the three hundred and thirty-first, the spleen draws near the stomach, and the lungs to the chest. At the end of three hundred and fifty-five hours, the bill frequently opens and shuts; and at the end of the eighteenth day, the first cry of the chicken is heard. It afterwards gets more strength, and grows continually, till at length it is enabled to set itself free from its confinement.

In the whole of this process, we must remark that every

part appears exactly at its proper time ; if, for example, the liver is formed on the fifth day, it is founded on the preceding situation of the chicken, and on the changes that were to follow. No part of the body could possibly appear either sooner or later, without the whole embryo suffering ; and each of the limbs become visible at the fit moment. This ordination, so wise and so invariable, is manifestly the work of a Supreme Being : but we must still more sensibly acknowledge His creative power, when we consider the manner in which the chicken is formed out of the parts which compose the egg. How astonishing must it appear to an observing mind, that in this substance there should be, at all, the vital principle of an animated being ! That all the parts of an animal's body should be concealed in it, and require nothing but heat to unfold and quicken them ! That the whole formation of the chicken should be so constant and regular ! That, exactly at the same time, the same changes should take place in the generality of eggs ! That the chicken, the moment it is hatched, should be heavier than the egg was before ! But even these are not all the wonders in the formation of a bird from the egg : (for this instance will serve to illustrate the whole of the feathered tribes :) there are others, altogether hidden from our observation ; and of which, from our very limited faculties, we must ever remain ignorant.

I cannot take leave of this animal, without a few observations on the savage diversion of cock-fighting ; which (to the disgrace of a Christian nation) is encouraged, not merely by the lowest and meanest, but by some persons even in the highest ranks of society. The Shrove-Tuesday massacre of throwing at these unfortunate animals is, indeed, almost discontinued ; but the cock-pit yet remains a reproach to the character of Englishmen. The refinements which in this country have taken place in the pitting of these courageous birds against each other, would strike almost the rudest of the savage tribes of mankind with horror. The Battle-royal and the Welsh-main would scarcely be tolerated by any other nation of the world. In the former an unlimited number of Cocks are pitted, of which only the last-surviving bird is accounted the victor. Thus, suppose there was at first sixteen pair of Cocks : of these, sixteen are killed ; the remaining sixteen are pitted a

second time ; the eight conquerors of these are pitted a third time ; the four conquerors a fourth time ; and lastly, the two conquerors of these the fifth time : so that (incredible barbarity !) thirty-one Cocks must be inhumanely murdered in a single battle.

Are these your sovereign joys, Creation's lords ?
Is death a banquet for a godlike soul ?

The great rivals of the English in the practice of cock-fighting, are the inhabitants of Sumatra and some other parts of the East. They indeed pay, perhaps, a greater attention to the training and feeding of the birds than we ever did. They arm one of the legs only, not with a slender gaff as we do, but with a little implement in the form of a scymeter, with which the animals make the most terrible destruction. The Sumatrians fight their Cocks for vast sums : a man has been known to stake his wife or children, and a son his mother or sisters, on the issue of a battle. In disputed points, four arbitrators are appointed ; and if they cannot agree, there is no appeal but to the sword. Some of these people have a notion that their Cocks are invulnerable : a father on his death-bed has, under this persuasion, been known to direct his son to lay his whole property on a certain bird, fully persuaded of consequent success.

EMPEROR AND PEASANT.

THE Czar Ivan, who reigned over all Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, frequently went out disguised, in order to discover the opinion which the people entertained of his administration. One day in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village, and pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged ; his appearance mean ; and what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers, and ensured his reception, was productive of refusal. Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he perceived another habitation, to which he had not as yet applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the village. The Emperor hastened to this and knocked at the door ; a peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted.—‘ I am almost dying

with fatigue and hunger,' answered the Czar; 'can you give me a lodging for one night?'—'Alas,' said the peasant, taking him by the hand, 'you will have poor fare here; you have come in a busy time; my wife is in labour, and her cries will not let you sleep: but come in, come in; you at least will be sheltered from the cold, and such as we have you shall be welcome to.'—The peasant then made the Czar enter a little room, full of children; in a cradle were two infants sleeping soundly; a girl, three years old, was sleeping on a rug near the cradle; while her two sisters, the one five years old, the other seven, were crying for their mother, who was in a room adjoining, and whose piteous plaints and groans were distinctly heard.—'Stay here,' said the peasant to the Emperor; 'I will go and get something for your supper.' He went out and soon returned with some black bread, eggs and honey.—'You see all I can give you,' said the peasant; 'partake of it, with my children: I must go and assist my wife.' 'Your charity, your hospitality,' said the Czar, 'must bring down blessings upon your house: I am sure God will reward your goodness.' 'Pray to God, my good friend,' replied the peasant, 'pray to God Almighty, that she may have a safe delivery; that is all I wish for.' 'And is that all you wish to make you happy?' 'Happy! judge for yourself; I have five fine children: a dear wife that loves me: a father and mother both in good health; and my labour is sufficient to maintain them all.'—'Do your father and mother live with you?'—'Certainly; they are in the next room with my wife.' 'But your cottage here is very small!—'It is large enough; it holds us all.'—The good peasant then went to his wife, who an hour afterwards was happily delivered. Her husband, in a transport of joy, brought the child to the Czar: 'Look,' said he, 'this is the sixth she has brought me! What a fine hearty child he is! May God preserve him as He has done my others!'—The Czar, sensibly affected at this scene, took the infant in his arms: 'I know,' said he, 'from the physiognomy of this child, that he will be fortunate: he will arrive, I am certain, to great preferment.'—The peasant smiled at this prediction; and at that instant the two eldest girls came to kiss their new born brother, and their grandmother came also to take him back. The little ones followed her; and the peasant, laying himself down upon his bed of straw, invited the

stranger to do the same. In a moment, the peasant was in a sound and peaceful repose; but the Czar, sitting up, looked round, and contemplated every thing with an eye of tenderness and emotion: An undisturbed silence reigned in the cottage. What a happy calm! what delightful tranquility! said the Emperor: 'avarice and ambition, suspicion and remorse, never enter here. How sweet is the sleep of innocence!'—In such reflections, and on such a bed, did the mighty Emperor of all the Russias spend the night! The peasant awoke at break of day; and his guest taking leave of him said, 'I must return to Moscow, my friend; I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your kind treatment of me. I can prevail upon him to stand godfather to your child. Promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me, that I may be present at the christening: I will be back in one month at the farthest.—The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise: but, in the good nature of his heart, he consented, however, to the stranger's request. The Czar immediately took his leave: the month expired, but nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, followed by his family, was preparing to carry his child to the church; but as he was leaving his cottage, he heard on a sudden, the trampling of horses, and the rattling of many coaches. He looked out, and presently saw a multitude of horses, and a train of splendid carriages. He knew the imperial guards, and instantly called his family to come and see the Emperor go by. They all ran out in a hurry, and stood before their door. The guards kept back the crowd, which the hopes of seeing their sovereign had collected together. The coach door was opened; the Czar alighted; and, advancing to his host, thus addressed him:—'I promised you a godfather; I am come to fulfil my promise; give me your child, follow me to church.' The peasant stood like a statue; now looking at the Emperor with mingled emotions of astonishment and joy; now observing his magnificent robes, and the costly jewels with which they were adorned; and now turned to a crowd of nobles that surrounded him. In this profusion of pomp he could not discover the stranger, who had lain all night with him upon straw. The Emperor, for some moments silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then addressed him thus: 'A month ago you performed the duties of

humanity : to-day I am come to perform the most delightful duties of a sovereign, that of recompensing virtue. I shall not remove you from the situation to which you do so much honour, and the innocence and tranquillity of which I envy : but I will bestow upon you such things as may be useful to you. You shall have flocks, pastures, and a house that will enable you to exercise the duties of hospitality with pleasure. Your child shall become my ward ; for you may remember,' continued the Emperor, smiling, 'that I prophesied he would be fortunate.' The good peasant could not speak, but with tears of grateful sensibility in his eyes, he ran instantly to fetch the child, brought him to the Emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. This excellent sovereign was quite affected : he took the child in his arms, and carried him himself to church ; and, after the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive him of his mother's milk, he took him back to the cottage, and ordered that he should be sent to him, as soon as he should be weaned. The Czar faithfully observed this engagement, caused the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his future settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap favours on the virtuous peasant and his family.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

PAROCHIAL LECTURES ON THE PSALMS. By Rev. F. DUNWELL, B. A. Oxford, J. H. Parker, 8vo. 1855.

Mr. Dunwell is the Curate of Gleadless near Sheffield ; and he has dedicated his Parochial Lectures to the Venerable Edward Churton, Archdeacon of Cleveland.

He says that it has not been so much his object to state his own theories on either the text or the meaning of the Psalms, 'as to set forth in a modern dress, the interpretations of the saintly commentators in the primitive Church.' This Mr. Dunwell has done remarkably well ; "and so careful has he been to rest nothing on his own responsibility, but every thing

on that of the early commentators on Scripture, that this volume may be regarded somewhat in the light of a Catena of the Fathers on the Psalms, here explained." There is no doubt but that Christ is the object of almost all the Psalms, and His holy name may in most cases be substituted for that of David ; and this, the reverend author has demonstrated. As a specimen of the matter and of the manner in which he has composed his Lectures we extract a portion of that on the thirteenth Psalm :—

"The incarnation, in one form or other, is the theme of almost all the Psalms, if not of every single Psalm. And is not this only just what we should expect ; for is not the in-

arnation the subject of every other part of Scripture, of the whole of the Old Testament? Turn to the Patriarchs. What did the sacrificing of Isaac point to; or the selling of Joseph by his brethren, and his rescuing those very men from death by famine? These were not simple historical events; they were prophecies, types of good things to come. What but the incarnation was the burden of Jacob's dying prophecy to his sons? Did the delivering of the children of Israel from the bondage of Egypt by Moses, and their trial in the wilderness, foretell nothing? We know from S. Paul that the manna and the water were figures of Christ; "For they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. x. 4. The sacrifices which they offered year by year continually, were they complete in themselves, or did they derive their efficacy from the ONE SACRIFICE once offered? And was not the Temple at Jerusalem a mere shadow, that prefigured the real Temple—the body of Christ? And what is the one great subject of all the sixteen prophets, but Christ; His birth, His passion, His judgment at the tribunal of Pilate, His death and burial, His resurrection and ascension, and His second coming to judge the world? In one form or other, Christ is the centre, the end, and fulfilment of all Scripture, of all revelation from God to man."

We strongly recommend this excellent work to our readers; it only contains 235 pages, but they are pregnant with most interesting matter; for Christ is the subject of them from the beginning to the end. We hope the Archdeacon will give the Curate of Gleadless the first vicarage or rectory that

falls to his gift; and we also hope that these excellent Parochial Lectures will have an extensive circulation.

FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF THE CHURCH. By REV. GEORGE TOWNSEND, D. D. Durham, Andrews; London, J. H. Parker.

These beautiful flowers are the Collects of the Church of England versified; together with the Collects themselves, and the probable date assigned to each. The versification of the Collects is worthy of the pen of the author of the chronological arrangement of the Bible; and with true Christian philanthropy, the Canon of Durham dedicates them to those Christians "who discharge at once their duty to God and their consciences, the Church and their nation, by identifying the devotions of a faithful Christian heart, with the services and the prayers of a faithful Christian Church." We select the Collect for Christmas day which was composed in 1549, as a specimen of the versification and of the fidelity with which Dr. Townsend has adhered to the text:—

Almighty God, who gavest Thy
Divine
And only Son to take our mortal
frame,
Born of the blessed Virgin!—make
us Thine,
Not by profession only, not in
name,
But, by Thy grace regenerate, may
we shine
Thy children by adoption; through
the same
Thy Son, that with Thy Spirit's
power imbued,
Our souls be ever, day by day
renewed.

To mothers, these beautiful Flow-

ers will be invaluable; for teaching the young idea in verse will impress the sublime and Scriptural Collects of the Church on the ductile hearts of youth: and to such, as well as to all Churchmen, we beg to recommend them.

THE PENNY POST for MARCH has a good article on the Calvinistic doctrine of absolute assurance; a dangerous and most delusive doctrine that has driven many unhappy souls into "wretchlessness of most unclean living," and finally into despair; whereas the promise of Christ is an infallible assurance that whosoever believes and obeys, will assuredly be saved. There are several other good articles in it, with well-executed illustrations.

SHORT SERMONS FOR FAMILY READING. J. H. Parker.

Part IV. from Epiphany to Lent contains nine, and Part V. contains five discourses for Lent, admirably suited to the seasons and for the purposes for which they have been composed.

PART XXI. of the PLAIN COMMENTARY (J. H. Parker) commences with the twelfth and ends at the last verse of the thirteenth chapter of S. John's Gospel; and contains a wood-cut of our Lord as He arrived at Bethany to raise Lazarus from the dead with the two sisters prostrate at His feet. The same ability is shewn in this Part as has distinguished the former commentaries; and the work itself will be found to be a valuable addition to family libraries.

BRITISH WORKMAN, AND FRIEND OF THE SONS OF TOIL, (Partridge and Okey) is a new aspirant for public favour; and seems to deserve

it, if we may judge from the pains taken in getting up the first number which is full of appropriate well-executed wood-cuts; and it contains an original letter from the Earl of Shaftsbury approving of the design and trusting "that every master, manufacturer, and employer of labour will give it the support and encouragement that it so well deserves." There is also a fac-simile of his lordship's signature.

The Association for the Repeal of all the Taxes on Knowledge, still carries on the war against the Exchequer; but it has now been discovered that Mr. Gladstone's intended penny-postage on all newspapers not exceeding four ounces, is a measure of revenge against his quondam friend the Times, for not sufficiently appreciating his favour to it in abolishing the stamp on supplements. Such a measure will tend materially to lessen the circulation of all newspapers sent by post; and will therefore increase rather than diminish Taxes on Knowledge.

"CHRISTIANS UNATTACHED." A correspondent of the "Catholic Standard," alluding to the Archbishop of Paris' usual directions for Lent, writes:—"I hope you will publish these directions *in extenso* as you will find them in the 'Univers' of to-day; for I happen to know, that many Puseyites (in the absence of any guidance on the subject from their own superiors) are in the habit of taking the directions of the primates of Westminster or Paris. You will be doing a service, therefore to these unhappy Christians *unattached*, by informing them of the rules which prevail in the Fold."

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VOL. IX.

THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH REFORMERS.

IN our last number we made some remarks which we thought were called for, on the sacerdotal remission and retention of sins; and on the subjects generally set forth by the Plymouth Association for the subversion of the Church of England, under the plausible pretext of reforming her doctrines. Among other things they propose, either to omit altogether or else to qualify, the absolution in the office for the visitation of the sick; and thereby deprive those faithful ones to whom it is applied, of the consolation on their death bed, of receiving from Christ's authorised minister, an ante-dated pardon in the name of God. At what time can it be better timed than when dying persons have disburthened their minds, and plucked from their hearts any rooted sorrow, that "the Church should prescribe a *medicinal* form, by way of delegate authority, that the parts of justification," that is of the remission of sin, "may answer to the parts of a good life." Although a person, dying in the Lord, may derive comfort by his faith in the promises of Christ, without sacerdotal absolution; yet is his consolation more sure and sweet, when he receives God's gracious message from His authorised minister, that "the Lord hath put away his sin;" for God *only* can forgive sins; but Christ purchased that forgiveness, and the minister conveys this pardon officially. God only can give life and pardon to sinners; yet He is pleased to make use of the ministry of His priests in the conveyance of His forgiveness. "Let it," says a learned ritualist, "cheer your hearts ye contrite ones, to hear this blessing from your spiritual father; for behold it contains

all that you do need or can desire—Are you miserable? here is mercy. Are you sinful? here is pardon. Are you liable to punishment? here is deliverance. Are you desirous, but unable to do good? here is strength and confirmation. Are you fearful of death and hell? here is heaven and everlasting life. And all this asked of God by one that He has commissioned to make this prayer; so that your only care is, that your repentance be such as your minister believes it to be; and then this absolution shall certainly be confirmed in the high court of heaven, and not one word thereof shall fall to the ground."

In reviewing the texts of Scripture, which record the installation of the Apostles in the possession of the keys of heaven, which Christ promised to perform after his complete conquest over death and hell, and after all power both in heaven and earth had been given to Him, we shall begin with His promise to S. Peter, on which the Papal Church has founded the whole of its superstructure; S. Matt. xvi. 18; and which has pressed its meaning much beyond what it will bear. It has nothing to do with the remission or the retention of sins; or at least not immediately and directly; but to the foundations of the Christian Church or the kingdom of heaven on earth, which Christ should, at a future period, employ Peter to lay on the immutable rock of the faith which that venerable apostle had just confessed; that Jesus was the Christ or Messiah, both the Son of Man and the Son of God.

It would appear that Christ had selected Peter, from the beginning, as a fit person to open the gates of the kingdom of heaven to all believers, by His conferring on him the name of Cephas or the Rock which answers to the Greek name of Peter, when his brother Andrew brought him to Jesus, after His return from the wilderness. He selected Peter to open the door of His Church; and He fulfilled this promise on the day of Pentecost by the success which attended Peter's first Christian sermon; when he preached Christ crucified to the devout Jews out of every nation under heaven, who had then assembled at Jerusalem to celebrate the feast; he then convinced them that "God had made that same Jesus whom they had crucified, both Lord and Christ." The effect of Peter's sermon was to lay the foundation of the Mother Church of Jerusalem by the conversion and baptism unto Christ of about three thousand devout

Israelites. He next exercised the key by the admission of Cornelius, a devout Italian Centurian and his family ; by whose conversion he opened the door of the kingdom of heaven or the Church general, to us of the Gentiles ; after which all distinctions of one nation from another, in the Christian course, were at an end. In these two remarkable instances, therefore, he entirely fulfilled our Lord's prediction, by using the key, which is a symbol of authority, to push back the lock of the gate, to break down the middle wall of partition between Jew and Gentile, and to admit them as brethren and as all one in Christ, into the Church or kingdom of heaven which was founded on the faith in the Rock of Ages, as it had been confessed by Peter on the occasion when our Lord made the first explicit mention of His Church.

Of this selection, Peter himself reminded the Apostles and Elders, when they had assembled in the first Christian Convocation or Council at Jerusalem. He then said :—" Men and brethren, ye know how that a good while ago, God made choice among us, that the Gentiles *by my mouth* should hear the word of the Gospel and believe ; and God who knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as He did unto us ; and put no difference between us and them : purifying their hearts by the faith." It might be a subject worthy of the consideration of Unitarians and other unbelievers, that the Man Jesus Christ, whose divine nature they deny, is recognized as God by S. Peter, on this occasion ; as He was likewise by S. Paul, to the Elders of Ephesus, whom he directed to " feed the Church of God, which God hath purchased with His own blood."

The former text related to a formal promise made to S. Peter alone ; but on another occasion S. Matt. xviii. 18. the power of binding and loosing was promised to the whole body of the Apostles : " Verily I say unto you, *whatsoever* ye shall *bind* on earth shall be *bound* in heaven ; and *whatsoever* ye shall *loose* on earth shall be *loosed* in heaven." These are instructions for loosening the Christian Church from the burthensome rites of the Jewish Church, which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear, and for binding on the Church the moral law with whatsoever changes they should be inspired to consider necessary, under the altered circumstances of the Church

which was now to be Catholic or universal ; and not as before, to be any longer confined to one nation.

These two passages of Scripture relate chiefly to legislating for, and governing the Church, and to the power conveyed to them for these purposes as princes and legislators ; and, by a figure of speech, they were appointed to "sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." That is, whatsoever laws they should make for the church, should be confirmed and bound on it in heaven by the great Head of the Church. "And I appoint unto you *a kingdom*," which is not of this world, "as my father hath appointed unto me ; that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." S. Luke xxii. 29, 30. The twelve tribes of Israel is a symbolical expression, meaning the whole universal Church which is now the Israel of God ; and the eating and drinking at Christ's table means the right of the Christian ministry to the tithes and offerings of the people ; for "do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple ? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar ? *Even so* hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel," by receiving tithes and offerings.

"In the regeneration," or after the resurrection of Christ, their first act was to fill up the vacancy in the Apostolic College, occasioned by the treachery and suicide of Judas ; and they themselves were next "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire ;" after which they wrought miracles in confirmation of their divine commission, and legislated for the whole Church.

From their thrones the Apostles *loosened* the Church from the painful rite of circumcision ; and they *bound* upon it the universal sacrament of baptism. They *loosened* it from the animal sacrifices which were *typical* of the full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world which Christ made on the cross ; and they *bound* on the whole church for ever, the *commemorative* sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ, under the symbols or signs of Bread and Wine, in perpetual memorial of that one oblation of Christ which He once offered. They loosened it from the Jewish priesthood, and the temple service and offerings ; but

they bound it to a similar gradation of sacerdotal ministers in bishops, priests and deacons, and to the maintenance of these orders; *EVEN* so, as in the Jewish Church. They loosened it from the strict observance of the sabbath; but bound it to the religious duties of the Lord's-Day or Sunday, in perpetual remembrance of the resurrection of Christ on the first day of the week. They loosened it from the Ceremonial, and bound it to the obedience of the Moral Law of Moses; and the gifts and oblations of the people, in the offertory at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which are now commuted into money, have been bound upon us, instead of the animal sacrifices of the people under the Law, from which we have been loosened, by their supreme authority.

In legislating for the Church of all ages and of all nations, they also confirmed and continued the divine law of tithes for ever; and S. Paul claims this maintenance for the clergy as the lot of God's inheritance. "Have we not power?" says he, which was the Eastern manner of asserting an affirmation; and therefore his meaning is, "we have the power to eat and to drink" at the Lord's table; and to demand a maintenance out of your *carnal* things, in grateful acknowledgement of the benefits derived from the *spiritual* things which we have sown to you; and therefore "*EVEN* so hath the Lord ordained that they which *preach* the Gospel; should *live* of the Gospel."—1 Cor. ix. *passim*. Our Lord did not reprove the Pharisees for the fact of their having paid the trifling tithes on anise and cummin; but only contrasted their hypocritical and ostentatious attention to trifles, with their habitual neglect of the weightier matters of the law; for it was their bounden duty to have paid their tithes on the smaller articles, as well as not to have left the greater unpaid. But mark the word of God to the whole house of Israel, at a period when priests and people were become utterly corrupt; and among other signs of their depravity, the people had wholly neglected to pay their tithes for the maintenance of the worship of God in the temple. God denounced this neglect or with-holding of the tithes as a direct robbery; not, mark, of the priests, but of HIMSELF: "Even from the days of your fathers ye are gone away from my ordinances and have not kept them. *Return* unto me and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts. But ye said wherein shall we return? Will

a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings." Therefore it is not simply a robbery of the inheritance of the priesthood; but it is a robbery of God Himself, whom they represent as His usufructuaries; for we cannot pay tithes immediately to God, but only to those to whom He hath given them, and appointed to receive them. He will not be robbed with impunity; and He has therefore denounced His anathema against His robbers:—"Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation." Malachi iii. 7—12.

The third text which we undertook to consider was that of S. John xx. 21—23.; wherein, in the most express terms, our Lord conferred on the Apostles, who were then in the second order of the priesthood, the power of the retention and remission of sins. This power was conferred on the night immediately after His regeneration or His resurrection from the dead; and after His triumph over death and hell and over the power of Satan; then, when all power both in heaven and earth had been given to Him, He transferred to them, that power which He had Himself exercised during His ministry on earth. This is called the power of the keys; which the Church of England acknowledges and transmits in her ordinations; not only as doctrinal, when the mercies of God are declared, or His judgments denounced; but as authoritative and ministerial, by which persons are either admitted to, or rejected from the sacraments, and in this way their sins are either bound or loosed.

To confer the power of the keys was the first of our Lord's acts of authority after His resurrection which, as before said, was His regeneration; and it was performed with greater solemnity and mysterious awe than any of His other ordinances. He stood in the midst, and said: "Peace be unto you; as my Father hath sent me, EVEN so send I you. And when He had said this, He breathed on them and said unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them: and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained."

Thus Christ delegated His power to the Church. He promised to make her judicial sentence upon earth, effectual in heaven; and He has warned us against despising the authority of His ministers by rejecting and denying it, as our Plymouth

Reformers evidently do ; because He says that whosoever despises the official acts of His ministers, despise not them only, but Himself also. God is now pleased, in the Christian dispensation, as He was under the Law, to bind or to loose sinners by the ministry of men of like passions with ourselves ; for He only can forgive sins ; but their delegated authority is both declarative and judicial, and, if justly exercised it will be effectual in the next world. The priest is appointed to declare and pronounce to the people being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins ; for they are sent of Christ, even as He was sent by the Father to save His people from their sins. On this text of S. John, S. Chrysostom says : “ What the priests do here below, God ratifies above, and confirms the sentence of His servants. And what is this else, but that God hath given all heavenly power unto them ?.....What power, I pray you, can be greater than this ? He has given all power of judgement unto the Son, and I see it all delivered from the Son to them ; who, as if they were translated into heaven, made something above men, and exempt from human affections, are advanced to this princely power.”—*De Sacerdot*, lib. III. Sect 5.

It is very probable that we shall make small impression on our Plymouth Brethren ; nevertheless we thought it was our duty to make the trial ; and as we cannot boast of possessing the power of the keys, we shall conclude this article with the words of a learned divine who lived long amongst would-be-reformers. He was asked to shew what effect or operation the power of the keys has ? and he replied :—

“ My answer is directly, that God will reward and punish more or less, according to the censures of the Church ; and my reason is, because God will reward our obedience to the Church, and punish our neglect of her. To make which more plain, let us put the case both ways. First that a man is excommunicated by an *erring* key, either for an insufficient cause or upon false evidence. Secondly, that a man *justly* under censure for a crime that deserves it, becomes truly penitent for the crime ; and thinking that sufficient, despises or neglects his reconcilliation to the Church, by a due submission, and to be absolved from her censure.

“ In the first case, a man is obliged to pay deference to ‘

authority of the Church (as to civil authority in the like case); and to plead his innocence in all modest and respectful manner, without reviling or reproaching, even though he be judged contrary to the law, which case is fully ruled, Acts xxiii. 3—5. If he do otherwise, he is under the sentence of God for his disobedience to the Church, let him be never so innocent as to the crime laid to his charge, as S. Paul was, yet condemned himself for uttering the least reproachful word to the high priest, though commanding him to be smitten contrary to the law. But if, after all modest defence, a man is thus put under the censures of the Church, such sentence is made *clave errante* [in error], and no doubt will be reversed by the *supreme* judge who knoweth the heart.

“Now as to the second case, I answer, that a man cannot be said to be truly penitent, if he refuses to own his crime and submit himself to the censure of the Church. And God will not remit his crime, though he be sorry in his heart that he has committed it; but will retain his sin and ratify the sentence of the Church, whilst he continues in his obstinacy against the Church.

“So that in the case of obstinacy to the Church, neither your innocency will excuse you before God, nor your repentance avail you, unless you repent likewise of your obstinacy against the Church, and submit yourself. You cannot be reconciled to God whilst you stand out obstinately against His Church, for He will maintain His own institutions; and he that expects to go to heaven any other way than by that which God hath appointed, makes himself wiser than God, and may find out his folly when it is too late.”

W. C. P.

SKETCHES FROM CORNWALL.

No. II.

If the stomach is strong and purse not over heavy, parties coming hither to the far West may commit themselves to any one of the London, Liverpool, or Bristol steamers, the passage money being moderate, and the accomodation, as far as possible,

good; but, in all other respects, a night's rest at the New London Inn, Exeter, and a long day by the excellent and well appointed "Times" coach is far preferable; and for this reason especially viz., that you pass along down by the "backbone" of Cornwall, and thus get a general and fair idea of some of its most prominent inland features. Moreover, before its southern portions are visited, *Tintagel Castle*, on the north coast should be seen. I will, then, suppose the traveller to have crossed the river Tamar about noon and to have entered Cornwall, and with it, almost at the same time, *Launceston*.

This town takes its name from an ancient church and priory dedicated to S. Stephen. *Launceston* is evidently the same as *Llanstephan* in South Wales. And here, at once, the names of places, districts, and things, will strike him as being different from any such in other parts of England; but similar to, indeed one and the same with, their likes in Wales. Cornish historians and antiquarians may affirm what they will about the original language of the country being a pure dialect of that from which the ancient British or Welsh is also derived, but it is evidently a corruption of the same. Welsh is still essentially what it was when the Roman legions first heard it to their comfort, and what *Idith-y-Cymry*, the Welsh language is now, so was that of Cornwall when Romulus and Remus were being nursed by the wolf of yore. There is something, also, very significant in the names of the old world, when compared with those of the new; and the twofold spirit in which both seem to have been given, would appear to assort together as ill as that of mere merchandise and gain, with that of religious zeal and strong faith. Not that such enterprise and adventure are wrong in themselves—they should be the handmaids of religion and her agents for order and civilization—but, in the one case, they seem to be all in all, and Mammon appears to usurp the dominion of Christ.

In the old world, when the fountain head was less cumbered with the refuse of man's selfishness and human pride, its waters ran more free and clear, fertilising hill and valley, and refreshing even the most barren place; and from Moorwinstowe to S. Leven, from S. Kevern to S. Germain's, are inscribed the names of a "cloud of witnesses"—the memorials of a host of saints: while such names as Sydney, Port Jackson, Botany

Bay, Catastrophe Island, The Ovens, &c., together with the whole mass of terms from the "Diggings," remind us of nothing that is high and noble, or even interesting; the very words themselves, in opposition to such as were given by the natives sound mean and poor. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

But to return to *Launceston* and *Tintagel Castle* for a few moments, after this digression. The origin of the former, in its ecclesiastical, as well as civil capacity, may be referred to the 4th or 5th century. The ruins of the old castle take us back to a period long before the Norman Conquest. *Othomarus de Knivet* or *Dunhevet*, of Danish extraction, was displaced at the Norman invasion for being in arms against the Conqueror; *Condorus*, Earl of Cornwall, was, at the same time, deprived of his earldom, and the town and castle given to *Robert*, Earl of *Morston*, whose son, *William*, Earl of *Moreton* and *Cornwall*, is said to have kept his court here, and made extensive alterations and additions to the same. The present church is dedicated to S. Mary Magdalene; but the old church and priory of S. Stephen have long since been demolished.

And now, before we leave for Truro, let us notice briefly *Tintagel Castle*, the most celebrated of all in Cornwall from associations and interest; and second, perhaps, for the same cause, to none in England. But, before this, I ought to have called attention to a remarkable church crowning *Brentor* on the left hand as you pass the *New Inn* between *Oakhampton* and *Launceston*. It is in Devonshire; but I must give the legend of the same.

About 300 years ago a merchant returning from the Indies was overtaken in the Channel by a gale of wind which nearly threw him on the Eddystone; he vowed to build a church on the most prominent point first visible from his vessel, if his life and goods were saved. *Brentor*, it is said, was the happy beacon; his gold and ivory, spices and drugs, were, with the ship and all hands, brought well into port; and the church to this day attests the danger escaped, and the good sense of making a profitable vow and not forgetting to fulfil the same.

And, again, ere we enter *Camelford* from *Launceston* look out also, in the same direction, for the two Cornish mountains, *Rough Tor*, 1296 ft., and *Brown Willy*, 1368 ft.

Camelford takes its name from its river called "*Camel*," or, *crooked river*, from the many turnings in its course; in Leland's time it was called *Dunmere*. It was also called "*Cam Alan*," the *Crooked Alan*. *Kanal* or *Ganal* is a word borrowed by the Cornish from the Latin *Canalis* a channel or creek; thus, there is *Kanal* in the Parish of *S. Issy*—meaning *S. Issy's Creek*. I mention this to account for *Camels*—ships of the desert—finding their way into Cornwall; and you see how in this case the Cornish had forgotten their native tongue and were obliged to go to the Romans for such crooked expressions. The Welsh for "crooked," is still *Cam*.

From *Camelford*, the journey should be on foot; *Tintagel Head* and *Castle* being but a few miles distant. In the ruins of this renowned and celebrated castle, you behold the birth place of King Arthur; the resort of the Seven Champions of Christendom; the receptacle of the *Round Table*, upon which was instituted that famous Order of Knighthood, and around which these worthies sat. Arthur was born A. D. 501, and after a life of continued wonders, one of which consisted in slaying 470 Saxons in one day, he died May 21st, A. D. 542, of wounds received in battle at *Worthyvale*, not far from the castle. But probably, before even the days of Arthur, it was the seat of the Kings, Dukes, and Earls of Cornwall, and continued so down to the time of Edward, when it fell into ruins. Here, also, Richard, king of the Romans, entertained his nephew, David, prince of Wales, and here resided his son Edmund.

It may be as well to mention before leaving this neighbourhood, that to this day, a stone is pointed out somewhere between *Camelford* and *Worthyvale*, as bearing King Arthur's name. He did not die at *Tintagel*, but was conveyed to Glastonbury Abbey, where he died and was buried. King Henry II ordered search to be made after the body, and Grialdus Cambrensis, as an eye-witness, relates, that after the workmen had sunk about seven feet, they came upon a stone in form of a cross; to the back of which was fastened a leaden cross with these letters "HIC JACET SEPULTUS INCLYTUS REX ARTVRIVS IN INSVLA AVALONIA. Two feet beneath this cross, they also found two coffins of oak, wherein were the bones of Arthur and Genevour his wife.

Returning to *Camelford*, I would now take my companion with me to Truro; which is said to be the most healthy town of the healthiest county in England. It will be found the most convenient place in Cornwall for head quarters; being about equi-distant from the Land's End and the Lizard, and offering most excellent accommodation and many advantages of transit and position by road and by rail, which other places do not.

My next sketch will (D. V.) be of the ruined church or oratory of S. Peiran, usually called *Perran-Zabuloe*, *The Lost Church in the Sands*.

THE FAIRY'S PALACE.

In the May Number of the Episcopal Magazine, for the year 1833, we published the following story, by Sir Walter Scott.

Its chief interest consists in the manner of telling it; for there is not much animation in the subject itself. But as there was a fascination about all that great man's writings, which is pleasing to the public, we hope it will amuse a leisure minute to some of our readers of the Church Warder, who may not have previously seen it:—

It happened several years ago, when I was traversing the Highlands, along with a much beloved, but now departed friend, one of the true men of the old school; one who was rich in classical and legendary lore, but still more in sterling moral virtues. For it has been my lot to possess friends and companions from whom I was ever gaining, till my store has become somewhat bulky. Alas! there are so many deserters from the corps by this time, who shall no more return, that I wish to cherish the persuasion, that to be gone and to be with them will be far better. My friend and I were among the thickly strewn mountains and rugged rocks of the wildest branch of the Highlands, where there is a remarkable natural ravine, which we visited and explored. It is, rather than a ravine, a fearful pit or dungeon, descending deep among the yawning

rocks. It is, as if a volcano had boiled there, but in course of time spouted out all its lava, forming strange adjacent peaks all around ; thus leaving the furnace or crater dry and empty. it is a terrific throat, wide open, on the very edge of which one may stand and look down to the very bottom.

There is a mode of descent into its depths which visitors may command. This is by means of a rope and windlass, as it were into a coal-pit, which are fixed and worked from a prominent brow of the highest frowning peak. To the main rope a machine is attached, called a cradle, by four shorter cords, that tie to its distinct corners. He that descends takes his stand or seat in the cradle, within the stretch of the four diverging cords that meet above his head. A rough old Highlander presided at the windlass, who appointed my friend first to go down. Ere the cradle came up again a presentiment of some horrible accident about to happen to one of us began to take hold of my nature, and I could not resist enquiring if all was right with my friend below.

"Hoo surely," was the answer. "And the cradle will be for you in a minute ; ye are as heavy as twa' o him."

"Is the rope frail?"

"No very rotten ava: the last ane was rottener afore it brak, an' let a man fa," was the alarming reply.

"Was he killed, say you?"

"Killed ! though he had had a hundred lives, he wad hae been killed ; he was smashed to pieces down on yonder jagged rock," quoth the hard-hearted Celt.

I now examined the rope, and it appeared much warn, and very old.

"How old is it?" enquired I.

"Just five years auld: the last was a month aulder afore it brak," was his next piece of tantalizing information.

With some irritation of manner, I put it to him, why a new one had not been provided before any risk could attend the descent ; and to make things worse, he provokingly announced, "We are to get a new ane the morn ; you'll likely be the last to try the auld ane."

But already the cradle waited for me to step into it. I could not disappoint my companion by not doing as he did ; and ashamed to seem to hesitate before the hardy Highlander,

at once I took my seat. It was perhaps to encourage me that he said, as he let me off,—

“A far heavier man than you gaed down yesterday.”

“Then he strained the rope,” cried I; but it was too late to return, and after all I got safe down. The sun shone brightly, and made every intricacy, even in the deep crater, clear and open to the eye. The floor might allow a hundred and fifty people to stand on it at once: and consists of a fine sand that sparkles with pebbles, which have dropped from the surrounding and impending rocks. The face of these rocks is also gemmed with thousands of the same sort, that glittered in the sun-beam; all which has naturally suggested the idea of a work of enchantment, for it is called the “Fairy’s Palace.” But I confess, though a palace, it had few attractions for me; for besides the disheartenings the Highlander filled me with ere my descent, my friend, now that I was down, though without any mischievous intent, crowned my fears, by giving with startling effect, the following narrative:—

“A young man once ascended from this, but when he came to the top, he incautiously stood bolt upright in the cradle, and the moment ere it was landed, being impatient to get out of it, he took an adventurous leap from the breast of the rock. But the cradle being still pendant in the air, without a stay, fled back on the impulse of his spring, and fearful to think, let him fall between it and the landing-place!”

“Horrible! most horrible!” was my natural exclamation.

“But,” continued my friend, “keep your seat in the cradle till it be firmly landed on the rock, and all will be well.” He ascended, and I prepared to follow.

I thought of the young man’s leap and fall: I figured to myself the spot where he alighted, and the rebound he made when he met the ground, never more to rise. And as I took my seat, my limbs smote one another, and my teeth chattered with terror. When I had descended I kept my eyes bent downwards, and was encouraged the nearer I got to the bottom. But on my ascent, though I looked all the while upwards, I was trembling alive to the fact that I was ever getting into higher danger. I held the spread cords as with the gripe of death, never moving my eye from the blackened main rope.

“There! there it goes!” I gasped the words; for did I not

first see one ply of the tripple-twisted line snap asunder, as it happened to touch a point of the granite? And when once cut and liberated, did the ply not untwist and curl away from its coil? Did I not see another ply immediately follow in the same manner, leaving my life to the last brittle thread, which also began to grow attenuated, and to draw so fine, that it could not long have borne its own weight? I was speechless; the world whirled round, I became sightless, and within one short foot of being landed, I fell!—I fell into the grasp of my friend, who seeing me about to tumble out of the cradle from stupor, opportunely snatched and swung me, cradle and all, upon the rock. When strength returned, I ran from the edge of the precipice, still in the utmost trepidation, shaking fearfully, and giving unintelligible utterance to the agony of my awe-struck soul. And if my hair did not undergo an immediate change of colour, I was not without such an apprehension; for certainly it stood on an end during my ascent from the floor of the Fairy's Palace.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

1.—A gentleman having been revelling abroad, was returning home late at night; but overcome with wine, he fell down in the street, and lay there in a state of insensibility. Soon after, two persons, who were passing, having quarrelled, one of them observing that the drunkard had a sword by his side, snatched it away, and with it ran his adversary through the body. Leaving the instrument sticking in his wound, he ran off as fast as he could. When the watchman of the night came, in the course of his rounds, to the scene of this tragedy, and saw one man lying dead, with a sword in his body, and another lying near him in a state of drunkenness, with his scabbard empty, he had no doubt whatever that the crime and the offender were both before him; and seizing the drunkard, he conveyed him to prison.

Next morning he was examined before a magistrate; and being unable to remove the strong presumption which circumstances established against him, he was committed for trial.

When tried, he was found guilty; and immediately executed for the murder of which he was perfectly innocent.

The real criminal was some time after condemned to death for another offence; and in his last moments he confessed how he had made use of the reveller's sword to execute his own private wrongs.

2.—Some time ago a man was tried for and convicted of the murder of his own father. The evidence against him was merely circumstantial, and the principal witness was his sister. She proved that her father possessed a small income which, with his industry enabled him to live with comfort; that her brother who was his heir-at-law, had often expressed a great desire to come into possession of his father's effects; and that he had long behaved in a very undutiful manner to him, wishing, as the witness believed, to put a period to his existence by uneasiness and vexation; that on the evening the murder was committed, the deceased went a small distance from the house to milk a cow he had for some time kept; and that the witness also went out to spend the evening and to sleep, leaving only her brother in the house: that returning home early in the morning, and finding that her father and brother were both absent, she was much alarmed, and sent for some of the neighbours to consult with them, and to receive advice what should be done; that in company with these neighbours she went to the hovel in which her father was accustomed to milk the cow, where they found him murdered in a most inhuman manner; that a suspicion immediately falling on her brother, and there then being some snow upon the ground, in which the footsteps of a human being, to and from the hovel, were observed, it was agreed to take one of her brother's shoes, and to measure therewith the impressions in the snow; this was done, and there did not remain a doubt that the impressions were made with his shoes. Thus confirmed in their suspicions, they then immediately went to the prisoner's room, and after diligent search, they found a large hammer carefully concealed in the corner of a private drawer, with several spots of blood upon it.

The circumstance of finding the deceased and the hammer, and the identity of the footsteps, as described by the former

witness, were fully proved by the neighbours whom she had called ; and upon this evidence the prisoner was convicted and suffered death ; but denied it to the last.

About four years after, the sister, who had been chief witness, was extremely ill ; and understanding that there were no hopes of her recovery, she confessed that her father and brother having offended her, she was determined they should both die ; and accordingly when the former went to milk the cow, she followed him with her brother's hammer, and in his shoes ; that she felled her father with the hammer, and laid it where it was afterwards found ; that she then went from home, to give a better colour to the horrid transaction, and that her brother was perfectly innocent of the crime for which he had suffered.

She was immediately taken into custody ; but died before she could be brought to trial.

3.—An upholsterer of the name of William Shaw, who was residing at Edinburgh in the year 1721, had a daughter Catherine, who lived with him, and who encouraged the addresses of John Lawson, a jeweller, contrary to the wishes of her father, who had insuperable objections against him ; and urged his daughter to receive the addresses of a son of Alexander Robertson, a friend and neighbour. The girl refused most peremptorily ; and the father grew enraged. Passionate expressions arose on both sides ; and the words " barbarity, cruelty, and death," were frequently pronounced by the daughter. At length her father left her, locking the door after him.

The apartment of Shaw was only divided by a slight partition from that of one Morrison, a watch-case maker, who had indistinctly heard the conversation and quarrel between Catharine Shaw and her father ; and he was particularly struck with the words she had pronounced so emphatically. For some time after the father had gone out all was silent ; but presently Morrison heard several groans from the daughter. He called in some of the neighbours ; and these listening attentively, not only heard the groans, but also her faintly exclaim, " Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death ! " Struck with the ex-

pression, they got a constable, and forced the door of Shaw's apartment; when they found the daughter weltering in her blood, and a knife by her side. She was alive, and speechless; but on questioning her as to owing her death to her father, she was just able to make a motion with her head, apparently in the affirmative; and then expired.

At this moment Shaw entered the room. All eyes were upon him! He saw his neighbours and a constable in his apartment, and seemed much disordered; but at the sight of his daughter he turned pale, trembled, and was ready to sink. The first surprise and the succeeding horror, left little doubt of his guilt in the breasts of the beholders; and even that little was done away, on the constable discovering that the shirt of William Shaw was bloody.

He was instantly hurried before a magistrate; and upon the deposition of the parties committed for trial. In vain did he protest his innocence, and declare that the blood on his shirt was occasioned by his having blooded himself some days before, and the bandage having become untied. The circumstances appeared so strong against him, that he was found guilty, was executed, and hung in chains at Leith. His last words were, "I am innocent of my daughter's murder."

There was scarcely a person in Edinburgh who thought the father innocent; but in the following year a man who had become the occupant of Shaw's apartment, accidentally discovered a paper which had fallen into a cavity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, and on opening it, was found to contain as follows:—

"Barbarous father! your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which has become a burthen to me."

This letter was signed "Catharine Shaw;" and on its being shown to her relations and friends, it was recognized as her writing. The magistracy of Edinburgh examined it, and on being satisfied of its authenticity, they ordered the body of William Shaw to be taken from the gibbet, and given to his family for interment; and as the only reparation to his memory, and to the honour of his surviving relations, they caused a

pair of colours to be waved over his grave, in token of his innocence.

4.—In the year 1736, Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, in travelling stopt at an inn in Oxfordshire, kept by one Jonathan Bradford. He there met with two gentlemen with whom he supped; and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had then with him a considerable sum of money. Having retired to rest, the two gentlemen, who slept in a double-bedded room, were awakened by deep groans in the adjoining chamber. They instantly arose and proceeded silently to the room whence the groans were heard. The door was half open; and on entering they perceived a person weltering in his blood, in the bed, and a man standing over him with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other. They soon discovered that the gentleman murdered was the one with whom they had supped; and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They instantly seized him, disarmed him of the knife, and charged him with being the murderer. He positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same intentions as themselves; for that hearing a noise, which was succeeded by groans, he got up, struck a light, and armed himself with a knife in his defence, and was but that minute entered the room before them.

These assertions were of no avail; he was kept in close custody until morning, when he was taken before a neighbouring justice of the peace, to whom the evidence appeared so decisive, that on writing out his mittimus, he hesitated not to say:—

“Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder.”

At the ensuing assizes at Oxford, Bradford was tried, convicted, and shortly after executed; still, however, declaring that he was not guilty of the murder. This afterwards proved to be true; the murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes' footman, who immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his pockets, and escaped to his own room, which was scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the chamber. The world owes this knowledge to the footman's remorse of conscience

on his death-bed, eighteen months after the murder; and, dying almost immediately after he had made the declaration, justice lost its victim.

It is however remarkable, that Bradford, though innocent and not at all privy to this murder, was, nevertheless, a murderer in design. He confessed to the clergyman who attended him after his sentence, that having heard that Mr. Hayes had a large sum of money about him, he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement; he could not believe his senses; and in turning back the bed-clothes to assure himself of the fact, he in his agitation dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hand and the knife became stained, and thus increased the suspicious circumstances in which he was found.

REFORMING A WIFE.

MYNEER VAN DER——, who in 1796 lived in high style on the Keizar Gragt, in Amsterdam, had a very pretty wife, who dressed most extravagantly, played high, gave expensive routs, and showed every disposition to squander money quite as fast as her husband gained it. She was young, handsome, vain, and giddy; and completely the slave of fashion. Her husband had not the politeness to allow himself to be ruined by her unfeeling folly and dissipation; and he complained of her conduct to her parents and nearest relations, whose advice was of no more use than his own. Next he had recourse to a respectable minister of the Lutheran Church, who might as well have preached to the dead. It was in vain to deny her money, for no tradesman would refuse to credit the elegant, the fascinating wife of the rich Van Der——. Involved as the young lady was in the vortex of fashionable dissipation, she had not yet ruined her health or her reputation; and her husband, by the advice of his friend M—k—r, determined to send her for six months to a Verbatering Huizen, or House for the Reformation of Manners, such as is to be found in most of the towns of Holland. With the utmost secrecy he laid before the municipal authorities, the most complete proofs of her wasteful

extravagance, and incorrigible levity; added to which, she had recently attached herself to gaming with French officers of rank, who lay under an imputation of being remarkably expert in levying contributions. She was already in debt upwards of thirty thousand florins to tradesmen; although her husband allowed her to take from his cashier, a stipulated sum every month, which was more than competent to meet the current expenses of his household; while to meet a loss which occurred in play, her finest jewels were deposited in the hands of a greedy money-lender, who accommodated the necessitous, upon unexceptionable security being previously left in his custody.

Her husband was full twenty years older than his volatile wife, of whom he was rationally fond; and at whose reformation he aimed, before she should be carried too far away by the stream of fashionable dissipation.

Against his will, she had agreed to make one of a party of ladies, who were invited to a grand ball and supper, at the house of a woman of rank and faded character. Her husband, at breakfast, told her she must change her course of life, or her extravagance would make him a bankrupt, and her children beggars. She began her usual playful way of answer, saying:—

"She certainly had been a little too thoughtless; but would soon commence a thorough reformation."

"You must begin to-day," said her husband, "and as a proof of your sincerity, I entreat you to drop the company of —, and to spend the evening at home this day, with me and your children."

"Quite impossible, my dear sir," said the giddy wife in reply; "I have given my word, and cannot break it."

"Then," said her husband, "if you go out this day, dressed, to meet that party, remember for the next six months these doors will be barred against your return; are you still resolved to go?"

"Yes," said the indignant lady, "if they were to be for ever barred against me!"

Without either anger or malice, Mynher Van Der —, told her "not to deceive herself, for as certain as that was her determination, so sure would she find his foretelling verified."

She told him, "If nothing else had power to induce her to go, it would be his menaces."

With this they parted, the husband to prepare the penitentiary chamber for his giddy young wife, and the latter to eclipse every rival at the ball that evening:

To afford her a last chance of avoiding an ignominy which it pained him to inflict, he went once more to try to wean her from her imprudent courses, and proposed to set off that evening for Zutphen, where her mother dwelt; but he found her sullen, and busied with milliners and dress-makers, and all the paraphernalia of splendid attire.

At the appointed hour, the coach drove to the door; and the beautiful woman (full dressed or rather undressed) tripped gaily down stairs, and stepping lightly into the coach, told the driver to stop —, on the Keizer Gragt. It was then dark, and she was a little surprised to find the coach had passed one of the city gates: the sound of a clock awoke her as from a dream. She pulled the check-string, but the driver still kept on: she then called out, when some one behind the coach told her in a suppressed voice, that "she was a prisoner, and must be still!" The shock was severe; she trembled every limb, and was near fainting with terror and alarm, when the coach entered the gates of a Verbatering Huizen, where she was doomed to take up her residence. The matron of the house, a grave, severe, yet well-bred person, opened the door, and calling the lady by her name, requested her to alight.

"Where am I? I beseech you to tell me, and why I am brought here?"

"You will be informed of everything, madam, if you will be pleased to walk in doors."

"Where is my husband?" said she, in wild affright, "sure he will not let me be murdered?"

"It was your husband that drove you hither, madam; he is now upon the coach-box."

This intelligence was conclusive: all her assurance forsook her, she submitted to be conducted into the house, and sat pale, mute and trembling; her face and dress exhibiting the most striking contrast. The husband, deeply affected, first spoke. He told her "that he had no other means to save her from ruin, and he trusted the remedy would be effectual: and

when she quitted that retreat, he hoped she would be worthy of his esteem."

She then essayed by the humblest protestations, by tears and entreaties, to be permitted to return; and vowed "that never more, whilst she lived, would she ever offend him. Save ~~me~~ (said she) the mortification of this punishment, and my future conduct shall prove the sincerity of my reformation."

Not to let her off too soon, she was shown her destined apartment and dress, the rules of the house, and the order for her confinement, during six months! She was completely overpowered with terror, and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered, she found her husband chafing her temples, and expressing the utmost anxiety for her safety.

"I have been unworthy of your affection," said the fair penitent; "but spare me this ignominious fate; take me back to your home, and never more shall you have cause to reproach me."

Her husband, who loved her with unabated affection, notwithstanding all her levity, at last relented, and the same coach drove her back to her home; where not one of the domestics (a trusty man-servant excepted) had the least suspicion of what had occurred. As soon as her husband led her to her apartment, she dropt on her knees, and implored his pardon; told him the extent of all her debts, begging him to take her to Zutphen for a few weeks, and promised so to reduce her expenditure, as to make good the sums she had so inconsiderately thrown away.

Allowing for the excessive terror she felt, when instead of driven to —'s rout, she was proceeding round the ramparts, outside the city gates, which she could not wholly overcome, she spent the happiest evening of her life with her husband; and from that day abandoned her former career of dissipated folly, and became all that her husband desired, a good wife and an affectionate mother.

THE OSTRICH.

THE bill of the Ostrich is straight and depressed, and the bird himself stands so high as to measure from seven to nine

feet from the ground to the top of the head; but the back is seldom more than three or four feet high; its extremely long neck making up the remainder of its height. Its head is small, and like the neck is covered with only a few scattered hairs. The feathers on the body are black and loose; those of the wings and tail are of a snowy white; being waved and long, and having here and there a tip of black. The wings are furnished with spurs; but small in proportion to the size of the body; and they are altogether useless for flight. The legs are naked above the knee as well as the thighs and flanks; the feet are strong and of a grayish brown colour; one of the species of this bird has two, and the other species three toes; and they are placed backward. The sandy and burning deserts of Africa and Asia are their only native residences; where they are often seen in such large flocks as to resemble cavalry.

There are many circumstances in the economy of the Ostrich which differs from those of the feathered race in general; for it seems to form one of the links of union in the great chain of nature which connects the winged with the four footed tribes. Its strong jointed legs, and its, in some measure, cloven hoofs, are well adapted both for speed and defence; its wings are insufficient to raise its body from the ground; its camel shaped neck is covered with hair; its voice is a kind of hollow mournful lowing; and it grazes on the plain like the quadrupeds. It is frequently injurious to the cultivators of the soil in the interior of Southern Africa, by coming into their fields in flocks; destroying the ears of the wheat; and leaving nothing in a large tract of country but the mere straw. The body of the Ostrich is not higher than the corn; and when it devours the ears it bends down its long neck, so that at a little distance it cannot be seen; but on the least noise, it rears its head and contrives to escape before the owner gets within gun shot of it.

In running the Ostrich has a proud and haughty appearance; and even when in extreme distress, it never appears to be in great haste; especially if the wind be in its favour. In aiding its escape, its wings are frequently of material use; for when the wind blows in the direction it is pursuing, it always flaps them, when the swiftest horse cannot overtake it; but if there be no wind, it is not so difficult to outrun it.

The male ostrich is a polygamist; having generally two or three and sometimes five wives. It is the general belief that, after depositing her eggs in the sand and covering them up, the female ostrich trusts their hatching to the heat of the climate, and leaves her young to provide for themselves; but this is a popular mistake, although it is countenanced by Job who says; "gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacock? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich? which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust; and forgetteth that the foot may crush them; or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers; her labour is in vain without fear; because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding. What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider." But recent travellers have ascertained that no bird can have a stronger affection for her offspring than the Ostrich; and that none watch their eggs with greater assiduity. Probably in those hot sandy climates there is less necessity for the constant incubation of the female; and therefore she frequently leaves her eggs in the hot sand; but although she sometimes leaves them during the day; yet she always carefully broods over them by night. Kolben saw great numbers of Ostriches at the Cape of Good Hope; and he affirms that they sat on their eggs like other birds; and he had frequent opportunities of observing that the males and the females sit on their eggs by turns. They do not forsake or neglect their young after they are hatched; for they are not able to walk for several days after they leave the shell; and during this time the parents are very assiduous in supplying them with grass and water; and will encounter every danger in their defence. The females which are united to one male, deposit all their eggs to the number of ten or twelve each; between sixty and seventy eggs have been found in one nest; these they all hatch together, and the male also taking his turn of sitting on them.

M. Le Vailant, a French traveller, says, that in Africa, he started an Ostrich from its nest, in which he found eleven eggs warm; and he also found four others at a little distance. Those in the nest had young ones in them; but his native attendants eagerly caught up the detached ones, assuring him

that they were perfectly good to eat; and they informed him that there are always placed a certain number of eggs near the nest, upon which the birds do not sit; but which are designed for the first nourishment of the future young. "Experience," says M. Le Vailant, "has convinced me of the truth of this observation; for I never afterwards met with an Ostrich's nest without finding eggs disposed of in this manner."

Sometime afterwards Le Vailant found a female Ostrich sitting on a nest containing thirty-two eggs; and at a little distance twelve eggs were arranged, each in a separate cavity formed for it. He remained near this place for some time; and he saw three other females come and alternately seat themselves in the nest; each sat for about a quarter of an hour, and then gave place to another who, whilst waiting, sat close by the side of her whom she was to succeed.

If, in the absence of the parents any person should touch the eggs, the Ostrich would not only desist from laying any more in the same place; but they would trample all those that are left, to pieces with their feet. In consequence the natives of Africa are very careful when they take part of the eggs away, not to touch any of them with their hands; but they always push the eggs out of the nest with a long stick. In the interior of the egg's there are frequently discovered a number of small oval-shaped pebbles, about the size of a marrow-fat pea; of a pale yellow colour and exceedingly hard, which are sometimes set and used for buttons. So many as nine and twelve have been found in one egg.

Mr. Barrow states, in his description of South Africa, that the eggs of the Ostrich are there considered a great delicacy. They are prepared for food in various ways; but the best way he says is to bury them in hot ashes; and to stir the contents round through a hole, made in the upper end, till they acquire the consistence of an omlet. Prepared in this manner, he often found them an excellent repast in his long journeys over the wilds of Africa. Ostrich eggs are easily preserved for a great length of time even at sea; and they do not require the trouble of turning, which is necessary with hens' eggs; which is entirely owing to the thickness and strength of the shells. They are usually sold at the Cape of Good Hope for about sixpence sterling each; and from their great size one of them

is sufficient to serve two or three persons at a meal. Necklaces and ornaments for the waist are made of the shells by grinding bits of them into the form of small rings.

Its plumage constitutes the chief value of the Ostrich ; and the Arabians have reduced the chase of it to a kind of science. They hunt it on horseback ; and begin their pursuit by a gentle gallop ; for if at the outset they were to use the least rashness, the matchless speed of the bird would immediately carry it out of their sight, and in a very short time beyond their reach ; but when they proceed gradually, it makes no particular effort to escape. It never runs in a direct line ; but runs first to the one side and then to the other ; of which its pursuers take advantage by rushing directly onwards, and thus save much ground ; in a few days its strength is exhausted ; when it either turns on the hunters and fights with the fury of despair ; or else it hides its head and tamely submits to its fate.

The Ostrich may be tamed with very little trouble ; and some people breed them in flocks ; for in their domestic state few animals may be rendered more useful. Besides the valuable feathers which they cast ; the eggs which they lay ; their skins which the Arabians use for leather ; and their flesh which many esteem excellent food, they are some times made to serve the purpose of horses. It is pleasant to observe with what dexterity they play and frisk about in a tame state. In the heat of the day they will strut along the sunny side of the house, with great majesty, perpetually fanning themselves with their expanded wings ; and they seem at every turn to admire and be enamoured with their own shadows. During most part of the day they keep their wings in a kind of vibrating or quivering motion ; as if they designed thereby to es-
suege the extreme heat of the climate.

They are very tractable and quiet towards persons with whom they are familiar ; but they are often fierce and pugnacious to strangers, whom they attempt to push down by running furiously upon them ; and if they succeed in this effort, they not only peck at the fallen foe with their bills, but strike at him violently with their feet. During the attack they make a fierce hissing noise, having their throats inflated and their mouths open ; and when they have overcome and routed

an adversary, they triumphantly make a cackling noise resembling common poultry. During the night they make a hideous doleful cry, somewhat resembling the distant roaring of a lion, or the hoarse tone of a bear, as if they were in great agony. They will swallow indiscriminately, and with the utmost voracity, all sorts of things, leather, wood, iron or stone. Dr. Shaw says, "I saw one, at Oran, that swallowed without any seeming uneasiness or inconvenience, several leaden bullets as they were thrown upon the floor, scorching hot from the mould!"

Mr. Adamson relates that whilst he was at Podar, a French factory, on the southern bank of the river Niger, two young, but nearly full grown Ostriches belonging to the factory, afforded him a very amusing sight. They were so tame that two little Negroes mounted both together on the back of the largest. No sooner did he feel their weight, than he began to run as fast as possible, and carried them several times round the village; for it was impossible to stop him otherwise than by obstructing the passage. This sight pleased Mr. Adamson so much that he wished it to be repeated; and a full-grown Negro was mounted on the largest one's back; and the two boys on the smaller. At first they went at a tolerably sharp trot; but when they became a little heated, they expanded their wings, as if to catch the wind; and then they moved with such fleetness, that they seemed scarcely to touch the ground. The Ostrich moves like the partridge, but with a much longer step, and would distance the fleetest horse that ever was bred; but although they would not hold out so long as the horse, yet they would undoubtedly go over a given short space in less time.

FORTUNE'S FAVOURITES.—There are some men who are fortune's favourites, and who, like cats, light for ever on their legs; Wilkes was one of these didappers, whom, if you had stripped naked, and thrown over Westminster-bridge, you might have met on the very next day, with a bag-wig on his head, a sword by his side, a laced coat upon his back, and money in his pocket.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Rome—Her New Dogma and our duties. 8vo. J. H. Parker.

This is the title of a sermon preached by the Lord Bishop of Oxford, before the University, at S. Mary's Church, Oxford, on the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 1855; and it was published at the request of the Reverend the Vice Chancellor and others.

Prophecy came not in old time under the Jewish dispensation, by the will of man; but holy men and women also "of God spake it as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Under the aſſatus, therefore, of the Holy Spirit, the blessed Virgin declared that all generations should call her blessed; and with the exception of Scotch Presbyterians, all generations from that day to this have called her blessed; but as some sects have shewn neither her memory nor her office any respect; so some Churches have fallen into the monstrous heresy of declaring her a divine person; having the authority of a mother to command the Lord Omnipotent who created her. In our number for March, we endeavoured to show that the adoption and promulgation of this dogma is the development of the Antichrist predicted by S. John under the motion of the Holy Spirit; and we rejoice to find that the Bishop of Oxford seems to be of the same opinion, although he has not in so many words said so; but he has said that the teaching of the Roman Church points us not to Christ but to Mary as the well-head of our restored humanity; and thus he says, "does it directly shake the great doctrine of the incarnation which teaches us that the union of Deity with our nature in His person

made that nature uncorrupt, and that He deriveth unto us from His person that incorruption which we need. Nor does the Roman communion shrink from this false conclusion; for in strict accordance with it, she instructs her people to address the Virgin as the beginning and foundation of all benediction. And then further, if that nature which He thus took in the womb of His Virgin Mother was not that which she, like others, inherited from Adam, but one made by God's creative power to exist under new conditions of original purity, how can we say that He indeed took from her our nature? Then was that quarry whence was dug that flesh which He united to His Godhead, not of our fallen, but of a new and different, nature; and then His perfect brotherhood with us is destroyed. To Mary then, again, and not to Him, must we look as having, like ourselves, a mother of the fallen race, and as being the true link between incorruption and impurity. And yet once more: this last conclusion leads us to another reason why, in God's name, we PROTEST against this dogma. For it is not merely accidentally, and by some deduced inference that it thus endangers our faith in the true incarnation of our Lord, and points our eyes from Him to His mother as the medium between God and us; but this dangerous delusion is a part, and the crowning part of a whole system which does thus place on the Mediator's throne the Virgin Mother instead of the incarnate Son."

We must make one more extract from this seasonable and most excellent sermon, to show that at least one bishop has faithfully protested

against the antichristian act of the mother of harlots; "— It is to protest anew against this monstrous effort to corrupt, by mans additions the revealed truth of God, We may not lawfully accept such new dogmas. On us in our day as having inherited the pure deposit; on us as witnesses and guardians of the ancient faith; on us as solemnly set to interpret God's word as from old it has been interpreted,—the duty is imperative, to declare that this is NOT what God's word reveals; that it is NOT what Apostles taught; that it is NOT what the Church has learned; that it is ANOTHER gospel; and to this day from the bosom of this university, as the bishop of this Church, set in trust with this guardianship, in God's name, and with you all as witnesses, I SOLEMNLY DEMOUNCE IT."

This is the right sort of thing. Why do not the other bishops likewise enter their protest in the same fearless manner that the Bishop of Oxford has done? but why does not the Convocation of England and the Bishops of Scotland in an Episcopal Synod, make a *national* protest against the Antichristian dogma of the Roman faith? why because neither party has so much moral courage and faith to do that which is right, for fear of the dissenters! Again the Bishop of Oxford holds up the banner and proclaims from the centre of his important diocese; that "no dread of evil imputation, no infection of the spirit of the day, no undue fears, even of the errors against which we protest, should lead us to shrink in any thing from adhering to our own principles, and so endangering on our side the precious deposit of God's ancient truth. Who can say if only we are kept faithful, what

may not be yet in store for us as a nation and Church; or of what inestimable blessing we may be made the channel to the rest of Christendom? Many within the Roman Communion are outraged by this new invasion of the truth.....In how many hearts may not this same spirit be stirring? May we not hope that God whose province it is to bring good out of evil, may through the very intenseness of this evil deliver some hitherto captive souls from the chains of error? And may it not be the special mission of our own Communion to afford to such the haven which they need? To offer them evangelical purity with apostolical order; God's pure word within Christ's holy Church; and so to be the blessed means at once of drawing them from the errors of superstition, and saving them from the shipwreck of unbelief? But for this end it is essential that we maintain, without flinching from reproach, or yielding to the whispers of a specious liberality, our own Catholic standing—place firmly and unmoved." Of the many disputes between us and the Church of Rome, there are none of greater moment than that respecting the object of our worship. We affirm and practise that we must worship the Lord our God and Him only shall we serve; but the Church of Rome has actually cast down the Lord Jehovah from the throne of heaven, and has set a created being, a woman upon it; or as the bishop says, "the whole system of Rome does make the Virgin Mother the special mediator between God and Man!" To pay religious worship to any created being, whether saint or angel, is to make that being our God; therefore by their worship of blessed Mary they have established her as the

supreme goddess of their Church; and with their usual fiendish propensity they have imprecated a curse on all the living faithful, as well as retrospectively on all those holy and humble men of heart who have died in the Lord. What stronger proof is needed that Rome speaks with the voice of the dragon, that old serpent, commonly called the Devil? The Bishop of Oxford's sermon requires no recommendation from us; we hope it will have an extensive sale, and fall into the enemy's camp, where, with divine help, it may tend to rescue some of the Lord's people from their slavery to the False Prophet: and induce them to "come out of her."

THE COURIER AND CHURCH REFORM GAZETTE. Hope & Co.

This is a weekly newspaper expressly started a short time ago, for the reformation of the Church of England in doctrine and discipline; and it certainly labours hard in its vocation. It has thought proper to attack some of the opinions which we expressed in our number for April, on the attempts of the Plymouth Brethren in the same direction. The writer signs LUTHER but the whole article smells so strongly of Crown Court, Covent Garden, that Calvin would have been a more appropriate signature; more by token, he is most vehemently excited at our "W. C. P." having called the theology of the Scottish Catechism "dark, dismal, and horrible;" an assertion which we have no intention to retract; and now make a brief extract from the Westminster Confession which we think is fully as "lugubrious" as anything that has ever appeared in our pages:—"By the Decree of God for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predesti-

nated unto everlasting life; and others fore-ordained to everlasting death. These angels and men thus predestinated and fore-ordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite, that it cannot be either increased or diminished." Notwithstanding this rap at reformers, the same document, page 148, unequivocally asserts the doctrine of baptismal regeneration and justification; and calls it "a sign and seal of the Covenant of Grace, of ingrafting into Christ, of regeneration, of remission of sins." This man, "Luther," vouches for the orthodoxy of the Westminster Confession; and here we have given two opposite samples of its theology for asserting the latter he calls us a monthly bigot; and for asserting the doctrine on which the former is founded, Wesley said:—"Here O grave is thy victory; nations yet unborn, or ever they have done good or evil, are doomed never to see the light of life, but thou shalt grow upon them for ever and ever; let all those morning stars sing together who fell with Lucifer son of the morning; let all the sons of hell shout for joy, *for the decree is past*, and who shall annul it?" As a former dissenter we spoke of the Plymouth attorney's predilections as being more in accordance with the Calvinistic model of the Westminster Confession than with the scriptural doctrines of the Church of England; and clearly the misnamed Luther appears to be of the ultra-Calvinistic School; and its theology we have no hesitation in repeating is "dark, dismal, and horrible." In short, our Calvinistic Luther seems to intend to revive the Puritan reformation of the seventeenth century; and he seems not to be unacquainted with the theology of

Ignatius Loyala which we may not unreasonably characterize as "earthly, sensual, devilish." Whatever "Luther" may say to the contrary, the Church of England does recognise a sacrifice in the Eucharist, a priesthood in her ministers, and as a necessary correlative also an altar, and a holy table. In the post Communion, she prays God to accept the sacrifice which had just been offered on it, and of which the Communicants had partaken as a sacrificial feast from it; in the primitive Church it was called Eucharistia, or the Sacrifice of Praise and Thanksgiving. The thirty-first Article speaks of the Sacrifice of the Mass as a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit; and we confidently challenge "Luther" to show where the Church of England has denied the Sacrament to be a sacrifice. "Luther" alludes to the well known text of S. Peter, that the Christian people have been made a chosen generation a royal priesthood; to which we readily assent; but this priesthood is only a transference and continuation of the same priestly character which was given to the whole Church of the Jews; for as we have supplanted our elder brother and become the Israel of God, so we have succeeded to all his privileges, and among others, to this of being to God what the whole house of Israel was;—"and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and an holy nation." Exodus xix. 6., which is neither more nor less than what S. Peter says of the Christian Church. But as in the Temple, there were no ministering priests except those of the house of Aaron; so in the Christian Church, there are no ministering priests save those who are called and ordained to their office in the same manner as was Aaron; yet every head of a family is its priest

to offer up its prayers and thanksgivings to God night and morn. We wish all abuses in the Church to be reformed; but we look with dread on the attempts of self-elected reformers to tamper with her doctrines, which we fear the supporters of the *Courier* will do. In other respects it is a well-conducted paper; but too severe on the faults and failings of the clergy, who after all are but men of like passions with the laity; consequently they are equally liable to err.

MARY BEAVER; or, *The Housemaid's Wedding*. J. H. Parker. Is a most interesting and agreeably written account of a marriage, which was marred and made unhappy by the husband's propensity to drink; and through which he was ultimately the cause of his own death. After reforming his manners he was tempted by an old acquaintance to join him in a glass of brandy and water, and in going home, the night air, as is often the case, took effect upon him and he stumbled over the edge of a quarry, where his wife found him insensible and had him carried home where he died. The story is well and naturally told, and the moral is excellent.

WOODLEIGH; or, *Life and Death*. By Rev. GEORGE TUGWELL, B. A. Oxford: J. H. Parker.

This may be called a Great Will Case; and contains all the mystery, disappointments, and surprising adventures which are the glory of the regular novel. On what appears to be a fiction, is grafted serious instruction; with the usual allowance of love making, ending in marriage, as usual in such cases. It is very neatly got up, and has a pretty frontispiece representing a thunderstorm in the Pyrenees.

THE
CHURCH WARDER,
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ROME'S NEW ARTICLE OF FAITH.

The doctrines which we find in the Creed were most certainly revealed to the Apostles: they are the summary of the Faith which was once delivered to the saints; and which has been handed down to us by historical tradition. It is an infallible truth, that no religious dogma ought to be received, without a sufficient proof of its having been a divine revelation; but we cannot find any evidence for the divine revelation of any of the twelve articles that Pius IV added to the ancient Nicene Creed, nor of this *thirteenth* article which has been recently added to it by Pius Nono. The Bible is a perfect Rule of Faith; as it is well expressed in our Sixth Article, "The holy scriptures do contain all things necessary to salvation." But the Roman Church has virtually set aside the holy scriptures, and has substituted an unwritten tradition in their stead; how utterly insufficient tradition is for preserving the faith may be seen first in the mythology of the heathen, which was a corruption of revelation; secondly in the corruption of the Jewish Church, which our Lord accused of making void the commandments of God, through pharisaical traditions; and thirdly in the corruptions and heathenisms of the Roman Church, from its money-making traditions which have virtually destroyed its christian character.

Christ made no alteration in the object of our worship; but he confirmed the ancient faith by saying, "It is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve;" and as Christ came to fulfill the Law, so this precept

of Moses is a standing and perpetual rule to the Christian Church. This law, therefore, is equally binding on the Christian, as it was on the Mosaic Church; because the worship of one supreme God, and of no other, is as fundamental a principle of the Christian, as it was of the Jewish Church; and it is as expressly commanded by the one Church as by the other. And in that brief, but sublime prayer which Christ taught His disciples to use, He neither addressed nor apostrophised saints nor angels; but directed our desires to the Lord Jehovah alone. We may as truly charge the Church of Rome with having "changed the truth of God into a lie," as S. Paul accused the Gentiles of his day of so doing; for that Church worships the creature, that is the ever blessed Virgin, *more than* the Creator of her and of all things, both visible and invisible; for they say ten prayers to her in their authorized liturgy for one that they address to God. Although like their heathen forefathers, the papists have gods many, and lords many; yet to the faithful christian there is but one God the Father, whom are all things and we in Him, and our Lord Jesus by whom are all things and we to Him, or to His service and honour; that is we must worship none else (1 Cor. viii. 5, 6.) And none of the nice and hair-splitting distinctions which are used by the Church of Rome, to distinguish betwixt the supreme God and the inferior deities, which are worshipped in their Church were known to the Apostles; for in the verse after those we have cited, S. Paul forbids his recent converts to frequent, even the feasts at the heathen sacrifices, lest their consciences should be defiled, and so they might commit an act of idolatry.

Neither Christ nor his Apostles abrogated the laws of Moses; on the contrary, they perfected and spiritualised them; and gave them a broader and more comprehensive meaning, for says the Psalmist, "Thy commandments are exceeding broad." Christ earnestly disowned any such intention; for He said I am not come to destroy but to fulfil the law; to fill it up as it were, by fulfilling its types and prophecies, by exchanging a merely ceremonial for a real, and sincere righteousness; by making its moral precepts more perfect by greater degrees of virtue; and to carry the conviction of this to our minds He added, "till heaven and earth pass, one jot, or one tittle

shall in no wise pass from the law, until all be fulfilled ;" and the great Apostle of the Gentiles still farther adds, "do we then make void the law through the faith? God forbid; yea, we establish the law," by the faith or the Gospel.

Although frequently disturbed by heresies and schisms; yet the universal Church has borne testimony to the faith from the beginning, in the Apostles; and in the more enlarged Nicene Creeds. In consequence of the heresy of Arius whose opinions are still maintained by our modern Unitarians, the Emperor Constantine assembled a Council at Nice, in Bythinia, in the year 318, to decide from the traditions of their several churches, the genuine and apostolic faith of the whole church. The result of their consultation was the compilation of the Creed known by the name of the Nicene; and this was again revised by a Council which met at Constantinople, on the summons of the Emperor Theodosius in the year 381. This Council condemned some new heresies; revised and enlarged the Nicene Creed; and with the exception of the words "and the Son," which were added by the Western Church, it is the same as that which is placed in our communion office, and which we repeat every Sunday. By anticipation, the Council of Ephesus which was held Anno 438, condemned by anticipation, not only the Creed of Trent, but also this new antichristian article which, it may be supposed, has been sent into England from the Flaminian Gate; for by one of its Canons "The Holy Synod determined that it should not be lawful for any one to set forth, write, or compose *any other Creed*, than that which was determined by the Holy Fathers, who assembled at Nice in the Holy Ghost; and if any shall dare to compose any other Creed, or adduce or present it to those who are willing to be converted to the knowledge of the truth, either from heathenism or Judaism, or any heresy whatsoever; such persons, if bishops, shall be deprived of their episcopal office, if clergy, of the clerical &c." Therefore the Pope and his hierarchy, who conjointly are the False Prophet and the Antichrist, have forfeited and are by that act deprived of their bishoprics and their clerical stations; and ought to be deprived accordingly; *verbum sap.*

The testimony which the ancient Councils bear against the corruptions and usurpations of Rome are uniform; they are

unimpeachable, because they anticipated them ; and they furnish one uniform, consistent and continuous body of evidence against the mother of harlots. The above decree of the Council of Ephesus was confirmed by a subsequent decree of the Council of Chalcedon, which was held in the year 451. The result then, says Mr. Perceval, "of the examination of the witnesses of the first seven centuries, the unavoidable verdict which they compel us to pronounce is this, that whatever the Church of Rome has that is catholic, she has in common with the Church of England ; and that in whatever points she differs from the Church of England, she has herself departed from the primitive orthodox, Catholic and apostolic standard." Thus the whole Church of Rome has drawn down upon her own guilty head the anathemas of the first four general Councils, all of which she acknowledges to be of primary authority.

On several occasions our Lord checked the attempts of the Blessed Virgin to intercede with Him whilst on earth ; as if to show the Church that she had no authority or influence over Him ; but that whosoever among His followers then and since, should do His will in sincerity, and keep the commandments are to be esteemed equally entitled to His regard, as his mother after the flesh. She is only once mentioned in the Book of the Acts ; and that merely casually, as being one of few who "continued with one accord in *prayer and supplication* with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with His brethren." This is the only time she is mentioned by name in the Acts and Epistles ; then as *worshipping* but *not* commanding her Son ; and she is only alluded to by S. Paul in his Epistles as a woman,—"made of a woman." S. John, to whose protection she was consigned, never mentions her name ; and although the papal church teaches that she was carried up into heaven, and there sits as the Queen of it ; yet, in all the glorious visions of the heaven of heavens, of the elders, of the seraphim, of God the Son, of the seven Spirits before the throne, of the Throne itself, and of Him who sat thereon, he saw not the Blessed Virgin, nor heard her name mentioned, neither directly nor indirectly.

No divine honours were given to her till the fourth century, after the church had become incorporated with the state, which numbered more heathens than real christians amongst

its nominal professors; and these, from their influence, introduced many pagan rites into the church; and among others this of the worship of the Blessed Virgin in the fourth century after Christ. The pagans had been accustomed to present little cakes as an offering to the goddess Astarti; and after their conversion to nominal *Christianity*, which could not have been sincere, they transferred the divine honours which they had been accustomed to pay to the moon, to the Virgin Mary. These votaries of Mary were at first declared to be heretics; and were called Collyridians; on account of their worshipping her and offering her the cakes as to a goddess. This heresy has increased in the Roman Church, and has produced numberless disputes and controversies in it; until now when her divinity and worship has been solemnly avouched to be an article of the faith; and as we endeavoured to shew in our March number the Pope and his hierarchy have consequently become **THE ANTICHRIST**. From the little beginning of cake offerings, her worship became an established practice; and in the tenth century masses were celebrated in her honour; an office was introduced into their prayer book, together with what they call the Rosary of the Virgin; which consists of fifteen repetitions of the Lord's Prayer, or the *Pater noster*, and about one hundred and fifty salutations, which they call *ave Marias*. It is the opinion of some of their most approved cardinals "that the mother's milk is equally to be esteemed with the Son's blood!"

The antichristian system of the worship of the Blessed Virgin was common throughout the whole Roman communion; and so highly was she honored that Cardinal Buonaventure, one of their spiritual nobility, commonly called a saint, parodied the whole Book of the Psalms in her favour; and he blasphemously substitutes her name for that of the Lord Jehovah. "In thee O *Lady* have I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion, deliver me in *thy* righteousness." "But my hope hath been in thee O *Lady*;" and all throughout the Psalms similar changes are made. This same saint, or rather blaspheming sinner, also parodied that ancient hymn of praise to the Holy Trinity, to the name of the Virgin. "We praise thee O *Lady*; &c.. But all the blasphemies of that Church were clinched by the Council of Trent; and the 21st. article of

their Creed is "I do stedfastly assert that the *images* of Christ and the Mother of God who was always a Virgin, and of the other saints also, are to be had and retained; and that due honour and *veneration* is to be paid to them." Within our own memory Pope Gregory xvi. in an encyclical letter addressed to all the archbishops and bishops of his communion thus blasphemously conveys his exhortations to them—"That all may have a successful and happy issue, let us raise our eyes to the most blessed Virgin Mary, who *alone* destroys heresies, who is our *greatest* hope, yea the *ENTIRE* GROUND of our hope.

This unquestionably is a denial of both the Father and the Son; and brings them another step in their downward career towards the developement of the predicted antichrist of S. John; for to the utter exclusion of the Lord Jehovah—that Pope declared the Virgin to be the *ENTIRE* GROUND of their hope!

The blessed Virgin has therefore been created a goddess; and made more than a mediator, as the Roman Church formerly esteemed her; accordingly one of their approved writers named Bernardine de Bustus, as cited by Faber, declares that "The blessed Virgin is herself *superior* to God; and God Himself is her *subject*, by reason of the humanity derived from her." Blasphemy can scarcely go farther than this plain avowal of antichristian apostacy? But it has though; for the whole papal communion, with some Gallican opposition, has openly proclaimed itself the God denying antichrist, by declaring her immaculate conception to be an article of the faith, which all her adherents must believe under the penalty of an anathema; and all who dissent from this doctrine, either in or out of the Roman communion are pronounced heretics. We have, however, the consolation of looking forward to the complete annihilation of this antichristianism by the sword of the Spirit; of which the signs of the times announce the final triumph; and therefore the destruction of the antichristian apostacy cannot be very far distant; yet previously we are doomed to encounter such a time of trouble as never has been experienced since the world began. After describing the dreadful fate of the secular Beast, the French Emperor, who is the septimo, octave head of the Beast, and of the False Prophet who is the Pope his hierarchy and his followers; S. John says, "the

men were slain with the sword of Him that sat upon the
 orse; which sword proceeded out of His mouth." We
 have the consolation of seeing many of this happy remnant
 being daily metaphorically slain, by their embracing the pure
 formed religion, established in England and Ireland, and for
 is devoutly to be wished consummation none in England has
 been so instrumental as the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of Bermond-
 y. In his affectionate zeal in Christ's service, he has loudly
 proclaimed Christ's exhortation to all His people in the Roman
 communion; "Come out of her, My people, that ye be not
 partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."
 At this time when men's mind are perplexed with anxious
 forebodings of evil to come; upon the earth, distress of nations
 with perplexity; the sea and the waves of popular tumult and
 subordination, roaring; mens hearts failing them for fear,
 and for looking after those things which are coming on the
 earth, Dr. Armstrong has put forth the following "affectionate
 appeal to thinking Roman Catholics;" with which, and wishing
 God's speed, we conclude this paper.

W. C. P.

My dear Brethren.—The doctrine of the "Immaculate Con-
 ception" of the blessed Virgin has become, since the 8th of
 last month, part and parcel of the faith of the *Roman Church*.

We of the *English Church*, who clave to the ancient Creeds,
 have often charged that Church with holding NEW DOCTRINES,
 and we charged her justly; for,

It is notorious that Pope Pius IV. added twelve New articles
 to the ancient Scriptural *Nicene Creed*, which latter we ac-
 knowledge.

But this was 300 years ago; and so the *novelty* is not quite
 so palpable, although many of the more thinking Roman
 Catholics have been struck with the *Roman novelties*, when
 compared with the venerable antiquity of the English doc-
 trines, expressed as they are in the ancient creeds, and founded
 on God's most Holy Word.

God has blessed my humble ministry, in bringing many
 persons from the *foreign* and *novel Church* of Rome, to the
 ancient Church of this land.

But now the *novelty* of the *foreign* Church is more palpable still ; for, in her present entire state,

SHE IS ONLY A FEW WEEKS OLD.

The doctrine of the "Immaculate Conception" was only established on the 8th December, 1854.

You who read this were not baptized into the faith of the present Church of Rome ; and therefore, if you renounce that Church, you cannot be called *Turncoats*, as you were not born in her.

THE CHURCH OF ROME IS THE TURNCOAT,

and you ought therefore to have nothing to say to her.

Search the Scriptures with prayer, and see if the *new doctrine* be contained therein.

Many ancient Fathers declared against it.

Modern Roman Divines have repudiated it.

The order of Dominicans repudiated it.

The Church of our brave allies the French, commonly called the Gallican Church, repudiated it.

But what is more important still,

THE INSPIRED BLESSED VIRGIN HERSELF REPUDIATES IT.

For she says in her lovely song, used in the service of our venerable Church,—*"My Spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."*

If she were Immaculately Conceived, would she need a Saviour ?

Therefore, *we are the same religion with the blessed Virgin ; and*

PIG MONO AND HIS FOLLOWERS ARE NOT OF THE SAME

RELIGION WITH THE VIRGIN.

Ask yourself the following questions, in the spirit of prayer, dear brethren :—

Can the Church of Rome be the True Church, seeing she has only completed her doctrines the other day ?

Did not the Roman Church allow our Protestant opinion on this point, until the 8th ultimo ?

Can our opinion be a *heresy* now, when it was *not a heresy* before the 8th ultimo ?

But what is to be done ?

Could the Pope make that a heresy on the 8th ultimo, which is not a heresy on the 7th ultimo?

If so, is not the Pope a famous manufacturer of heresy?

NOW AS TO THE TIME GONE BY.

May not all the peculiar doctrines of the Roman Church have been manufactured the same way?—*Invocation of Saints* *me.*

May not our opinion on that point have been held in the Roman Church up to a certain day, and from that forward the present Roman opinion be established as a new doctrine, and our spiritual opinion manufactured into a heresy?—History tells us it was so.

May not the same process have been gone through to establish *veneration of Images*?—History tells us it was so.

The same process for *Relics*?—History says yes.

Purgatory?—History says yes.

Transubstantiation?—History says yes.

So of all the peculiarities of Rome.

You have before your eyes an instance of the Roman process in the case of the "Immaculate Conception."

Here is the *Key*, use it; and it will open the whole system.

NOW AS TO FUTURITY.

What security have you that other doctrines, equally opposed to God's truth, may not be imposed upon you?

If it be necessary, in order to the immaculacy of Jesus, that his mother should have been immaculately conceived, is it not equally necessary to her immaculacy that her mother should so have been immaculately conceived?

Follow this up yourselves, dear brethren.

What security have you that any doctrine, however monstrous, may not at a future time be established, as it is not retented that the new doctrine is supported either by Scripture or Tradition?—for

Milner, the celebrated Romish controversialist says—"The Church does not decide the controversy concerning the conception of the Blessed Virgin, and several other disputed points, BECAUSE SHE SEES NOTHING ABSOLUTELY CLEAR AND CERTAIN CONCERNING THEM, EITHER IN THE WRITTEN OR UN-

WRITTEN WORD."—(*Milner's End of Controversy*, page 169. Derby 1842.)

But the Romish Church HAS DECIDED now; although "she sees nothing absolutely clear concerning it, either in the or written or unwritten word."

It may be asked why this new doctrine should be now established? I will tell you.

The Pope is losing his power throughout the whole world, and he is determined to make a grand attempt to recover it, and he makes use of the natural veneration which Christians have for the Mother of our Lord, as a cat's paw, to assume to himself *Infalibility*. As, if he can get the French Church to acknowledge the new doctrine, it will establish his *Infalibility*, a doctrine which the noble French always denied. So far, at all events, our brave allies and ourselves are perfectly agreed concerning the Church of Rome.

"Come out of her, my people; that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

As I have not written this for amusement, but for a solid practical purpose, I beg to add; that any communication, post paid, addressed to me as under, from Roman Catholics who are desirous of quitting the novel Church and joining the ancient Church of England, shall meet with respectful attention. And as I am aware (and so are you) of the persecuting nature of the novel Church, I promise not to divulge the names of those who fear persecution; and I hope to be able to obtain protection for those who think it their duty openly to renounce the apostacy.

I remain, dear brethren, your affectionate friend,

JOHN E. ARMSTRONG, D.D., LL.D.,

*Hon. Sec. of the Society for English Church Missions
to the Roman Catholics.*

OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY,

32, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY,

London, January, 1855.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

5.—In the year 1742 a gentleman in travelling was stopped by a highwayman in a mask, within about seven miles of Hull,

and robbed of a purse containing twenty guineas. The gentleman proceeded about two miles further, and stopped at the Bull Inn, kept by Mr. Brunell. He related the circumstances of the robbery, adding that as all his gold was marked, he thought it probable that the robber would be detected. After he had supped, his host entered the room, and told him that a circumstance had arisen which led him to think that he could point out the robber. He then informed the gentleman that he had a waiter, one John Jennings, whose conduct had long been very suspicious; he had long before dark sent him out to change a guinea for him, and that he had only come back since he (the gentleman) was in the house, saying he could not get change; that Jennings being in liquor, he sent him to bed, resolving to discharge him in the morning; that at the time he returned him the guinea, he discovered that it was not the same he had given him, but was marked, of which he took no further notice until he heard the particulars of the robbery, and that the guineas which the highwayman had taken were all marked. He added, that he had unluckily paid away the marked guinea to a man who lived at some distance.

Mr. Brunell was thanked for his information, and it was resolved to go softly to the room of Jennings, whom they found fast asleep; his pockets were searched, and from one of them was drawn a purse containing exactly nineteen guineas, which the gentleman identified. Jennings was dragged out of bed and charged with the robbery. He denied it most solemnly; but the facts having been deposed to on oath by the gentleman and Mr. Brunell, he was committed for trial.

So strong did the circumstances appear against Jennings, that several of his friends advised him to plead guilty, and throw himself on the mercy of the court. This advice he rejected; he was tried at the ensuing assizes, and the Jury without going out of court found him guilty. He was executed at Hull a short time after, but declared his innocence to the very last.

The approach of death brought on repentance; and repentance, confession. Brunell not only acknowledged having committed many highway robberies, but also the very one for which poor Jennings suffered. The account he gave was, that after robbing the gentleman, he arrived at home some

time before him. That he found a man at home waiting, to whom he owed a small bill, and not having quite enough of money, he took out of the purse one guinea from the twenty which he had just possessed himself of, to make up the sum, which he paid to the man, who then went away. Soon after the gentleman came to his house, and relating the account of the robbery, and that the guineas were marked, he became thunderstruck! Having paid one of them away, and not daring to apply for it again, as the affair of the robbery and marked guineas would soon become publicly known, detection, disgrace, and ruin, appeared inevitable. Turning in his mind every way to escape, the thought of accusing and sacrificing poor Jennings at last struck him; and thus to his other crimes he added that of the murder of an innocent man.

A CRIMEAN HERO.

PRIVATE Gosman, of the 4th Light Dragoons, who was severely wounded at the Light Cavalry charge at Balaklava, has just returned to Exeter, and his history may not be without interest. He left England in July, 1854, embarking on board the *Simla*, at Plymouth. She carried three hundred men, and two hundred and twenty-three horses, and made a quick passage of six days and eleven hours to Malta, having lost three or four horses on the voyage. In due time she arrived at Varna, where the regiment remained six weeks, during which time upwards of thirty men died. After completing the transport of French and English troops from Gallipoli, and Constantinople, the *Simla* took the 4th Regiment to the Crimea, and landed them at Old Fort; but the Light Dragoons did little till the glorious battle of Balaklava. On that morning the men were under arms two hours before day break; but the Light Cavalry did not engage till about eleven o'clock. Gosman charged up with his regiment towards the Russian guns, and was within a short distance of Captain Nolan when he fell. He also saw Major Halkett, of the 4th, struck down; and he was riding gallantly up to the guns, very close after the Earl of Cardigan, when a 24lb. shot struck him on the leg, and broke it above and below the knee, as well as the knee-

cap itself. He was knocked completely out of his saddle, and two heavy cavalry regiments charged over him; but the men humanely leapt their horses over his body, and he heard the officers shout out "Mind the poor fellow on the ground." Immediately after our troops had left, the Russians came round, and barbarously murdered the wounded. Gosman, struggling for life, succeeded in crawling a distance of a mile, his leg dangling as he went, the toe being turned round towards the heel. On arriving at an English redoubt he was taken in and removed thence to the General Hospital, and afterwards to Balaklava. Thence he was taken in the Australia to Scutari, where he arrived on the 5th of November, the day of the battle of Inkerman and of the arrival of Miss Nightingale. On the very same evening that invaluable lady assisted in washing and dressing him and the others that were wounded. At that time the hospital was in a bad condition; and the patients had nothing from breakfast at eight o'clock in the morning, when they had bread and tea, till three or four p.m., when they were supplied invariably with Turkish mutton. After remaining at Scutari, upwards of seventy days, he started for England, where he arrived on the 15th of February last; and while at Chatham, he was visited and consoled with by the Queen. He is now declared unfit for service, and is therefore entitled to a pension; which we hope he will receive from his grateful country.

THE CURLEW.

Large flocks of Curlews are frequently seen, in the winter season, on the sea-coasts running about upon the sands, and feeding on shell-fish, crabs and marine insects: they are also found in marshes; where they subsist on small frogs, snails, insects, and worms. Their bill is so long, weak, and slender, that it is calculated only for digging into soft mud or earth, in search of prey.

Both the English and French names of this bird are evidently derived from its cry.

In summer-time the curlews retire to mountainous and unfrequented parts of the country, where they pair and breed. The eggs, which are four in number, are of a pale olive colour, marked with irregular but distinct spots of brown.

Curlews are not only found in England, but also in Italy, France, and Germany; and they advance in the summer-time as far north as the Black Sea, and the Gulf of Bothnia. They pass the island of Malta twice a year, in the spring and autumn, in their migrations across the Mediterranean.

Their flesh as food, varies much in quality, according to the season and the place in which the birds have fed. Those that are shot on the moors, are always better than such as are killed on the sea-coasts or in the marshes.

THE FAST DAY.

Extract of a Sermon, preached before the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, &c., in the Church of S. Stephen, Walbrook, by the Rev. G. Croly, LL.D., Rector.

"And it shall come to pass, if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and do all his commandments, which I command thee this day, that the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all the nations of the earth." (Deuteronomy xxviii, 1.)

This was the language of the sacred compact made by the Almighty with the twelve tribes of Israel, then first formed into a nation. By it, they were to be blessed, or punished, as a nation; the condition of the blessing being the purity of the National Religion. The worship of false Gods, through images, was the universal crime of the ancient world. Idolatry degrades the idea of God; by exchanging omnipotency for weakness; omniscience for insensibility; the grandeur which the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain, for a figure of wood or stone, which man can make, or destroy with impunity. To restore the idea of the true God, was the express purpose for which Israel was formed from a family into a nation. Its perseverance in this duty was to be rewarded by memorable temporal blessings. "Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the field, blessed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle, the increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep; blessed shalt thou be in thy basket, and in thy store." And this magnitude of blessing was to be dependent wholly on the preserva-

tion of the national religion. They were not to stray to "the right hand, or to the left, to go after other God's to serve them." But there was one crowning promise, which never was given to any other nation, before or since—a promise of universal supremacy: "Thou shalt be the head;"—"thou shalt be above only, thou shalt not be beneath." "The Lord thy God will set thee on high, above *all the nations of the earth*." Yet, on human grounds, no promise could have seemed more incapable of fulfilment! The statesman might well have asked, how could Empire be established, in a territory scarcely large enough for a province. The warrior might have scoffed at the idea of conquest by a nation, in which cavalry, the great arm of Eastern conquest was forbidden. The philosopher might have smiled at the idea of intellectual pre-eminence, in a country whose literature was almost wholly religious, and whose science was almost wholly limited to the Book of the Law. The political inquirer might have demanded, where were their institutes of political education, the orators, their leaders of opinion, all their armoury of public conduct? All that vast variety of physical and moral material, which to us, seems essential as the foundation of public greatness, was wanting in the early progress of Israel. Even the simplest sources of national power were almost denied to the nation. Israel had but one port; it had comparatively no manufacturers. None ever heard of its mines of gold, or gems. For its architects, its artificers, its merchants, it was forced to borrow from Tyre and Sidon. Its people were simply vine dressers and tillers of the soil, but even this happy and healthful occupation of life necessarily secluded them from the stirring scenes of the Eastern world. It had been prophesied of them, "The people shall dwell *alone*."

Their whole progress would seem to have been directed by the principle, of proving how little of human instrumentality is required for the purpose of Heaven. In the growth of the nation there was scarcely any preparative for power. The Almighty had taken an infant, set him on his feet, and pronounced him to be at once a man. He had taken an Egyptian slave, strack off the chains of two hundred years, and at once inducted him into unrivalled freedom. He had taken a wanderer in the Desert, clothed his nakedness with glory, and at once adopted him into empire. Even the history of suc-

cessive slaveries and invasions, down to the slaughter of the first king and the scattering of its hosts, seemed to prohibit all idea of supremacy. Yet it was in that moment of apparent ruin, that the promise was to be fulfilled!

A man from the sheepfold was placed on the throne, who restored the national worship. It was in this sense, that David was "the man after God's own heart." He had many a stain, and deeply was he punished for his stains. But, the monarch did the duty of the throne, and purified Israel. The blessing instantly followed. David conquered all, from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, and from the border of Egypt to Lebanon. The blessing went still further. The most wondrous intellect that ever inhabited the frame of mere man was the gift of God to his successor. The most singular, powerful, and extensive sway of mankind was the sway of Solomon. The Books of Kings and Chronicles give but an outline of that accumulation of prosperity, on which the throne of Solomon was raised above all the thrones of the earth. Yet the outline is sufficient to prove, that the original promise of supremacy was fully realized. With all the sages of the east crowding to his feet, with all the "kings of the earth" seeking his presence, "to hear his wisdom, which God hath put in his heart," and bringing "every man his present, vessels of silver and vessels of gold, and raiment, harness, and spices, horses and mules, a rate year by year," the annual tribute of the living world to Jerusalem (2 Chron. ix. 28, 24). "Silver in Jerusalem as stones, and cedars made to be as sycamores;" when did earth show another sovereignty like the reign of Solomon? And it is to be remembered that this supremacy was not the work of the sword: Solomon made no conquests; his reign, like his name, was peace. His title to this universal homage has nothing similar in the history of supremacy. It was intellectual; the voluntary tribute of mankind to a wisdom superior to that of the sons of men—a diadem laid on his brow, in the fulfilment of the promise of Heaven. "The Lord thy God will set thee on high, above all nations of the earth." Israel was the first of kingdoms.

But this pre-eminence of power was suddenly extinguished; it perished with this single reign. God himself announced to the King, that his kingdom should be torn asunder. A pro-

phet was sent to proclaim a rival King. Insurrection gathered round the throne. Ten tribes were rent away from his son; and the nation was exhausted by civil bloodshed, until it was driven into the dungeons of Assyria.

Never was the connection of cause and effect more visible. Solomon, in his last years, had suffered idolatry to encroach on the national religion. The King had built altars to the gods of the heathen; "And the Lord was angry with Solomon, because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel, who had appeared unto him twice, and had commanded him, concerning this thing, that he should not go after other gods," (1 Kings xi. 9.) The covenant of supreme dominion had been violated. The nation instantly found itself naked, and was expelled, by the Divine voice, from the sovereignty of the earth, for ever.

What, then, is the lesson of this astonishing history? That the prosperity of nations is wholly dependent on the purity of their religion. If the Almighty in general, operates by second causes—by territory, by valour in the soldier, by sagacity in the statesman, by the vigour of laws, by the conduct of fleets and armies—yet, what are all these but instruments, which He may cast away at a moment—which He may wither at a breath, and leave the nation standing helpless, amid the ruins of its supremacy. The only strength is in His favour, and His only favour is to be sought by fidelity to His religion.

I think that I see in this country the strong similitude, if not the actual counterpart, of Israel. The same history of early difficulties; the same hopeless prospect; the same sudden clearing up of the clouds that hid the face of her future sovereignty. I see a narrow territory, a struggling population; a sullen superstition; a location remote from the stirring scenes of the European world, and yet, all changed at once.—The island expanding into an empire; the nation of serfs rising into the noblest stature of freedom; the ungenial soil covered with all the opulence of earth, "The Kings of the East" bringing their tribute; its sceptre sweeping a wider circle than ever was swept by the Roman eagle; its moral influence more comprehensive still; its laws, its literature and its inventions exercising an unrivalled impulse on the whole energy of mankind. But, *when*, did this mighty change; this endowment of sud-

deh power, this new mission to the human race, begin? With the new purity of the national religion. It was the Reformation, that with one hand blessed that long succession of civil and foreign war, which wasted the blood of England for centuries; and with the other awoke the latent faculties of the kingdom. It was the Reformation, which first said, "The maid is not dead; but sleepeth!" It was the Reformation, which spoke to the storm of ages, and lo! there was a great calm—a calm, scarcely broken for 300 years! It was the Reformation, which, expelling the sullen spirits that had tormented the land, restored the nation to its right mind; and converted the maniac into the disciple.

We are this day nationally summoned to humble ourselves before the Great Disposer of all the fortunes of nations; to renew by a solemn public act our allegiance to the Almighty; to acknowledge our total dependence on His will; to implore forgiveness for the national sins; and to supplicate peace with all mankind. If this act, though proceeding from the highest authority of the realm, has been censured, by some—have the censurers ever read the Scriptures, which record so many instances of Divine wrath averted by national prayer? Is there a single instance in the history of Israel, in which national piety was refused to national repentance? Even to the heathen was not this the will of the Almighty? When the prophet proclaimed in the streets of Nineveh, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown," and the King and the people repented and mourned, the nation was forgiven. Have we not the still higher pledge of this Divine law, in the language of our Lord to a recreant people, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not?"

History is the reflection of Providence. The horses and chariots of fire move above; their track is seen by the splendour which they cast below. There have been within the last three centuries, three attempts to seize universal empire. The first in the 16th century, by Spain; the second in the 17th, and the third in the 18th, both by France; and, it is remarkable, they were all defeated by England. Yet they all seemed to have

the mightiest means of success.—The most disciplined armies of their days, the greatest generals, the most subtle councillors; their governments, despotisms—the most essential form for the promptitude, decision, secrecy, and singleness of purpose essential to war.—England, unprepared, taken by surprise, reluctant to throw aside her robes of peace, yet by the mercy of God, defying and defeating them all; and finally restoring Europe—gathering up the wrecks from under the chariot-wheels, and remoulding them into sovereignty.

We see before us another struggle, to avert a *fourth* attempt at the seizure of Europe. I shall say nothing of its author. The sepulchre is interposed between him and human judgment. He has bequeathed to his country the terrible legacy of a war with the civilised world. May he find mercy at a loftier tribunal than that of man!

Yet, if death, in the midst of dreams of conquest; a brain burning with ambition, chilled at once into a clod of the valley; a hand grasping at universal empire, suddenly folded in the shroud, can give the lesson of human vanity; where can it be learned more condignly, then beside the deathbed of the Czar?

Our war is just, because necessary; and necessary because Russian success would be European slavery. The possession of the two land-locked Seas would give the enemy two arms, for the strangling of European independence; a war of colossal barbarism; Europe turned into broader Tartary.

In this struggle we must be content to persevere, until we can conquer security. If we cannot find peace in congresses, we must find it in the field. We would rejoice to turn our sword into the ploughshare within the next hour, but we must be prepared to keep it unsheathed for years; for Russia is the only power which makes *aggression ap rinciple*; which regards a neighbour as an enemy; proclaims weakness as a right of conquest; and thinks it her *destiny to advance*, whether by force or fraud, by the crouch, or by the spring of the tiger. If the French Republic declared war against all the Kings, the Russian Despotism declares war against all nations.

On the conduct of the war I do not speak; it is beyond the province of the pulpit. The fame of our national valour, patience and discipline, has been surrounded with fresh laurels; but even the laurels are to be lamented, that spring only from

the grave. . . . The virtues of the nation have never shone with more conspicuous lustre. Its charity, its public feeling, its sympathy for the soldier abroad, and its generous relief to the widow and the fatherless, have even exceeded all its early distinctions in the great register of British patriotism. Still, we have been struck by unequivocal calamity. Must we not examine ourselves as a nation, why this blow has fallen? There is an obvious line to be drawn between individual and national sins. For the former the judgment is personal; and for the latter national. The three great crimes of nations are ambition, covetousness, and tyranny. I cannot put these into the indictment against England. Yet there is a crevice in her armour. Yet, there is some failure in that noble organism, which constitutes the prosperity of empire. On this examination I cannot now dwell. But have we retained the compact of the Reformation? Can we call ourselves pure, or hope to be powerful, or look up for the descent of blessing from the Almighty, while we see on the soil of Protestant England six hundred altars fuming to idolatry? While the worship of false gods echoes around us—while we see the bowings down of millions to the altar of Baal, can we wonder that the streams dry up, the people are stricken, and the lustre of the land sinks day by day?

I would persecute no man, I would not touch a hair of the heretic heads. But must I not utter the supplication, that the great crime may be cleared from the land; that the Church of the Reformation may go forth like the prophet of Israel, and protesting against idolatry, may challenge the priesthood of Baal, overthrow the altars of abomination, renew the fires of Heaven on our own offerings, and by the miracle of prayer to the only source of national strength, restore the national covenant of empire?

SKETCHES IN CORNWALL.

No. III.

PERRAN-ZABULOE.

The Church, or Oratory of S. Perian in the Sands, is supposed to have been built in A.D. 380—400. S. Perian died

March 5th, A.D. 480. His Oratory was subsequently overwhelmed by the sands, together with the "Porth," or hamlet, which surrounded it; and remained buried until the year 1885, when the sand was removed and the ruins, as they are, exposed to view.

While reading books on Eastern travel, it is both interesting, and instructive, to follow the mind, and to test the principles of each writer, when describing the state of his feelings, upon beholding, for the first time, Jerusalem, The Holy City.—Some are filled with reverence and awe; the soul is for a time entranced, and the knee, by mere instinct, bends in adoration, as if some Divine Being had thus suddenly, and in a moment, arisen from the earth and stood them; others rein in their horses, dismount, gaze abstractedly, and then as if in disappointment and sorrow ask themselves "Is this indeed Jerusalem?" There are, moreover, men who would have you believe that they looked heedlessly, and carelessly on, and in a spirit of cold, and *reasonable* criticism weighed mount and valley—tower, and wall, in the shifting balance of modern intelligence and existing taste.

But the heart of each must surely be big with emotion, if heart of flesh it be—and all save the untutored savage must confess, that though now despoiled, deserted and a captive, shrouded in mystery, and mantled in gloom—Jerusalem, is Jerusalem still. Incomparable and like to no other place—the city of the power of Almighty God—the Godhead of the Father—the manhood of the Son—the visible and immediate influence of the Holy Ghost—the witness and keeper of wonders, supernatural, past and yet to come.

Perhaps in no case does the reality of any one earthly object, when attained to, equal the conception we had previously formed of it—and even if it does so for the moment, the burden of our human nature soon weighs down the spirit—and clouds the soul—familiarity with the most sacred things begets indifference, if not irreverence, and daily use of the blessings and comforts of life, too often engenders weariness and incapacity to enjoy them. I have been at this ruined church some six, or seven times; and the more I became ac-

quainted with the place and its history—the more I feel it—in some sort, to be holy ground. It is indeed a scene of loneliness and desolation, amid a wilderness of sand, and having been for ages, subsequent to its overthrow, the burial place of the succeeding generations, the immediate precincts of the same are literally whitened with the bones of the dead. If a person expects to see anything in it grand, or exciting, he will surely be disappointed: there is moreover as little room for mere amusement, and recreation, as for the poor sallies of paltry wit.

To this most interesting spot, I will now endeavour to conduct your readers.

Suggesting a night previously spent at Perran-porth, to give sufficient time and leisure, rather than a hurried, and perhaps tedious visit from Truro and back in one day; though the latter course is generally adopted.

A reference to the map, will give the village of Perranzabuloe, or as it is usually called Perran-porth, about two miles north of S. Agnes Beacon, between the Porth, and Ligger Point, about three more miles to the northward, lie the Perran sands; a low range of cliffs and high ground rise landward while seaward the tide at low water recedes some half mile or so. While following the beach, when practicable, you will notice an abrupt termination of the cliffs, about midway between the points, and about 300 yards beyond, a corresponding bluff, standing out from the drift sands; between these two projections lay the entrance to the old "Porth." Turn inland for about 3 furlongs, keeping a sharp look out from each sand-hill into the little valleys at your feet, moving almost due east up to the sandy common beyond. In the bottom of one of these drifts you will see what is, to all appearance, the crumbling remains of a small barn, or out-house—that is the Oratory of S. Peiran. A little further to the right is a space enclosed by dwarf walls, about 9 feet by 6, this is S. Peiran's cell: close by, you perceive the sands to be dark and muddy,—there lies the well from which he drank. Eastward still about 300 yards stands his magnificent Station Cross, a granite block of some 9 feet by 2, with circular disk at the upper end, pierced by four holes. In approaching from Truro you will come up first with the famous ancient British

amphitheatre, one of the most perfect in the world. Passing onwards by the adjoining mine-stack, and looking over the common, about north-west, this cross may distinctly be seen—it forms the best guide to the ruined church, which lies due west of the same, at about the distance before mentioned. Close by the Cross are the remains of a later church, of which I will write anon—but now, with the Oratory, the Cell, and the Holy Well before you, hear who St. Peiran was, what brought him to Cornwall—when he came, and what he did here?

Saint Peiran, bishop and confessor, or as he was called in Ireland, Kieran, or Kenerin, was a native of the country of Ossory, some say Cork, born of noble parents Domnel and Wingela, in A.D. 352, a little before St. Patrick, and was for his reason styled by his countrymen, "the first-born of their saints." He was not converted to christianity till he was 30 years of age when he was baptized, and with four priests, Lugacius, Columban, Lagad and Cassan, took a journey to Rome for the sake of instruction, and confirmation in the faith. Some think that he was ordained priest, and consecrated bishop, when there; others affirm that this was done upon his return by St. Patrick himself. He resided near the water of Fuaran, in Ireland, which soon gave rise to a monastery in that place. A town was afterwards built there called Saigar, now Sair-Keran. One account makes his mother's name Liadan, her residence being afterwards named by the Irish Ceall-Lidaiti. In his old age, being anxious for more retirement, and at the same time, a fresh field for labour, he passed over into Cornwall, and between S. Ives and Padstow, or Patrick's-stow, built the Oratory and Cell now before us. Here he preached vigorously and successfully for some years, in sight of the amphitheatre, and within hearing of its revels. In his extreme old age he is said to have prepared a grave for himself under the altar, and having descended into the same before his friends, and followers—laid himself quietly down, and died, full of good works—firm in faith, and in perfect peace.

The Rev. W. Haslam, in his most valuable and comprehensive work on "Peregrinations," (Van Voorst, London) which is my text-book, and which I recommend to all, interested in the Church Antiquities of Cornwall to get—suggests that the

Oratory built by S. Peiran himself might possibly have been of wood, and that the present ruin in the sands was erected in the 6th century and overwhelmed in the 9th. The historians, Camden, and Norden, in the 16th century tells us that "This parish is almost drowned in sea sands, which the north wind whisleth; and driveth to the land in such force that the inhabitants have already been forced to move their church." Carew, follows to the same purpose a few years afterwards; and also the famous Cornish Antiquary Borlase in 1752 records, "the second church is in no small danger." About 30 years after this Gilbert in his Survey of Cornwall states, that the ruins of the old Oratory consisted of two ends of a church appearing just above the sand. Several attempts have since been made to remove it; but, success remained for W. Mitchell, Esq., of Comprigney whose zeal and perseverance completely effected it in September 1835.

The second church, mentioned above, as being at the Station Cross, was erected in 1483, and removed to its present position, being re-built in the perpendicular style, about the year 1780-90. It is thought that the head of S. Peiran was built up into its walls; according to the following extract from the will of Sir John Arundel, of Trerice, A.D. 1433—"Item, lego ad usum parchie S. Pyerani in Zabulo ad claudendum capud S. Pierani honorifice et meliori modo quo sciunt xli. s."

And now for the ruins, when the sand was removed in 1835, beneath the altar, at the east end, writes Mr. Haslam; three headless skeletons, one that of a woman, probably S. Peiran's mother, were discovered; and on further examination the heads were found deposited together between the legs of one of the skeletons, which was lying in the south side of the altar. These heads, in all probability, had been enshrined in the second church, and at the Reformation, removed for safety and placed under the altar of the then lost church, where it was proved S. Peiran was buried, as Camden relates,—"*In sabulo positum S. Pirano sacellum; qui sanctorum etiam Hibernices, hic requisit.*" In the reign of Edward the Confessor, A.D. 1000; when this county had been overrun by Saxons, we find in the Doomsday Book, that Llan-piran was one of the seven collegiate establishments of Cornwall. Upon the re-

removal of the sand; it was found that the windows and doors had been built up with stone to strengthen the walls; they were carefully taken off, and the chancel-rail, doors, and other fittings, carefully removed also.

The church lies nearly east and west, and is of the following dimensions, length 29 feet; breadth $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet; height of gables 9 feet; height of north and south walls 13 feet; thickness of walls 2 feet. At that time, 1835, it was in good preservation: the holes in which the rafters rested were perfect; the eastern wall, pierced for a priest's door at the north east, and the altar window, fell during the removal of sand.

The masonry of the walls is of the rudest description, no mortar being used. The principal entrance was on the south side; it was a small semicircular arched doorway, 7 feet 4 inches, by 9 feet 9 inches. The stone, forming the base of doorway, is much worn by the feet of the worshippers. The moulding of the doorway, is neither Saxon nor Roman, and was carried round the head of the arch, and ornamented with three heads—one on the key stone; the others on each side, at the spring of the arch; these may be seen in the Museum at Truro. On the south side, near the altar, was a small and very rude window; the north and west walls are plain, without any aperture. In the centre of the east wall, there was a window filled in with stone. In the northern corner of the same was the priest's door, with well worn steps within and without. The floor throughout consists of a concrete of sand and clay; it is divided into chancel and nave; the former 10 feet, the latter 15 feet, making the internal length 25 feet, and breadth 12 feet. The chancel was parted from nave by a low screen, marked by a groove in the south wall, and marks along the floor: A stone seat was carried all round the nave. The stone altar was attached to the east wall; it was taken down in 1835, and the headless remains of St. Peiran from underneath, as before stated. It has since been carefully rebuilt with the same stones; and a solid block of granite, of nearly a ton weight cut to the exact shape, and size of original altar placed over it, the letters SANCTVS PIRANVS, being carved upon it. It lies east and west, not north and south, as is usual, and is of the following dimensions, length 5 feet 8 inches; breadth 2 feet 2 inches; height 4 feet.

This much, then, for S. Peiran and the ruins of his Oratory in this wild and desolate spot. The sands extend from Perianporth, to a place northward, called Ellen-glaze, a distance of about 2 miles; they reach about 1 mile up into the country eastward, covering the high ground over the sea beach, to a depth, in some parts, of 30 feet; in others 2 feet. At Ellen-glaze a stream seems to stay their progress, over which they hang in one white mass, to the height of some 50 or 60 feet.

There is another such ancient church as this at Gwithian, about 16 miles to the westward, buried likewise in the sand. S. Gwithian came over a few years before S. Peiran, and was martyred by Tewdwr, a Welshman in that neighbourhood. Near Padstone, in the parish of S. Minver there is, moreover, another buried church, probably of the same period, when so many saints came over from Ireland, such as S. S. Burianna, Grattoke, Erth, Uny, Senan, Levan, Breaca, Gernioke, Ervan, Erme, and many others. Having become well acquainted with Perran-Zabulo, let the visitor walk on northwards, by the coast to Holy-well bay, in the parish of S. Cuthbert, and refresh himself with a draught from the cool and sweet waters of *S. Cuthbert's Holy Well*.

As the Holy Wells of Cornwall call for a fuller notice than can be taken of them in this paper, I will merely now state, that in a cave at the northern portion of the bay, which is full at high water, you will find a mass of rock to the left, rising in steps to the height of about 6 feet, two or three small basins have been formed by the passage from the roof downwards; the upper one about 18 inches in diameter, by 4 in depth, and spanned by a miniature and natural arch in the rock. On Holy Thursday, from time immemorial to the present day, a sort of feast or gathering is held upon the clean, hard sands of this beautiful bay; and children, or rather infants, suffering from weakness, mental or bodily, are brought down hither, and passed through this arch into the water for the cure of such and all similar maladies. I have been informed that parties are now living in Cuthbert Church town as examples of the same.

THE SENTINEL.

In the year 1779, when the war with the American insurgents was conducted with great spirit, a division of the British army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position favored by nature, that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. The war of independence, as it has been called, was rather a species of hunting on a larger scale than of a regular campaign. If, said Washington to his people, you fight with art you are sure to be defeated; but acquire sufficient discipline to retreat; when the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove to be the best of engineers. So true was the American generals maxim that the British army had little else with which to contend.

But the insurgents had incorporated the savage indians with their ranks; and had employed them with success in a species of inhuman warfare to which their habits and tastes peculiarly fitted them; and to the eternal disgrace of the American insurgents, rewards were given for every Englishman's scalp that they brought in. Their plan was to sally forth in small parties from their jungles and impenetrable forests upon the flanks and rear of the British army; and with their arrows and tomahawks, they committed fearful ravages upon the royalists; they surprised their sentinels; cut off their stragglers; and when the alarm was given and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness that no cavalry could overtake, and sheltered themselves in rocks and fastnesses where it would have been dangerous and even impossible to have followed them. There was so much daily loss, and so little honour to be obtained by this murderous species of warfare, that it became necessary to check it as much as possible; for their own preservation therefore, every regiment was obliged to extend its outposts to a considerable distance beyond its encampment; to station sentinels at the distance of some miles in the woods; and to keep a constant guard round the main body.

The — regiment of foot was at one time stationed upon a boundless Savannah as they are called in that country, or, an open plain; the particular duty assigned to it, was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; its sentinels were posted in the woods which skirted it; its duties were much more hazardous and distressing than that of any other

regiment in the royal army; and its losses were proportionably great. The Indians perpetually surprised the sentinels on their posts; and they were borne off, without having communicated any alarm, or ever being heard of afterwards. No trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away; except that a few drops of blood had once or twice appeared on the dry leaves which covered the ground. These unaccountable disappearances were imputed by many to treachery; and it was suggested as an unanswerable argument in favor of that opinion that the men might at least have discharged their muskets, and thus have communicated an alarm to the contiguous posts; whilst others considered it a mystery which time would clear up.

One morning, at sunrise, the guard went to relieve a sentinel that had been posted the previous night at some distance in a wood; and to their great surprise the sentinel was gone; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man and returned to the camp; wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the soldier, with some warmth, "I shall not desert." The sentinels were relieved every four hours; and at the regular time the guard again marched to relieve the post; but to their inexpressible astonishment the man was gone. They searched round the spot; but could find no trace of his disappearance. From a stronger motive than ever it was necessary that the station should not remain unoccupied; they were therefore obliged to leave another man, and then returned to the guard house. The superstition of the men was now awakened; and terror ran through the regiment. The colonel himself became alarmed and uneasy; and signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel whom they had last posted. At the appointed time they all marched together; and again to their unutterable astonishment they found the post vacant and the man gone! Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated whether or not he should station a whole company on the spot; or again submit the post to a single sentinel. The courage and loyalty of the men who had been last at this post had never been doubted; but the cause of their repeated disappearances must be discovered; and it was impossible that this mystery could be cleaned up by persisting in the old method.

Three brave men had now been lost to the regiment; and to assign the post to a fourth seemed nothing less than to give him up to certain destruction.

The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station trembled from head to foot; although he was known to be a man of courage and resolution. "I must," said he to the officer, "do my duty, I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit." "I will leave no man against his will," said the colonel; and another man immediately stepped from the ranks, and volunteered to take his place. Every one applauded his resolution; and he said "I will not be taken alive; you shall hear from me on the least alarm; for I will discharge my piece if I hear the least noise, even if a crow chatters or a leaf falls. You may perhaps be alarmed when nothing is the matter; but you must take that chance as the condition of the discovery." The colonel commended his courage; and recommended him to fire upon the least noise that was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him with a melancholy foreboding that they should never again see him; and the company marched back, and anxiously awaited the event in the guard house.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was on the rack for the discharge of the musket; when all of a sudden the wished for report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied as before with their colonel, and many of the other regimental officers. As they approached the post, they saw their comrade advancing towards them, and dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head; and when they came up to him, it was found to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required, which was given as follows;—

"I told your honour that I should fire if I heard the least noise; and the resolution I took has saved my life. I had not long been on my post when I heard a rustling at a short distance; I looked and an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees, among the fallen leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased for some minutes to consider it; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of an attack, and scarcely knowing what might be con-

sidered a real cause of apprehension, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked well its progress among the trees; but still there appeared no need to give an alarm, and my thoughts were directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular, when I observed this animal making for a thick coppice immediately behind my post, by a circuitous passage. I therefore kept my eye steadily fixed upon it; and it was now within a few yards of the coppice; I hesitated whether or not I should fire. I thought to myself that my comrades would laugh at me for shooting a pig; and then I had almost resolved to let it alone; but just as it approached the thicket, I fancied that I observed it give an unusual spring. I therefore no longer hesitated, but took my aim; discharged my piece, and the animal was instantly stretched before me, with a groan which I conceived must be that of a human being. I went up to it; and judge of my astonishment, when I found that I had killed an Indian. He had enveloped himself in the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and so completely; his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it; and his gait and appearance so exactly corresponded to those of that animal; that imperfectly as they were always seen, through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and could scarcely be be discovered approaching. He was armed with a dagger and tomakawk."

Such was the substance of this brave sentinel's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. Sheltered in the disguise of a large hog skin, the Indians secreted themselves in the coppice; watched the moment when they could with safety throw it off; burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm: and being too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, they either stabbed or scalped them, and bore their bodies away, which they concealed at some distance among the leaves. To the eternal disgrace of the American rebels, large rewards were given for every scalp which the Indians brought in.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

JONAS CLINT. *By A. T. Parker.* J. H. & J. Parker.

A very pretty tale too, showing forcibly the truth of the proverbial adage—honesty is the best policy; and that there is such a thing even in this world as retributive justice. Jonas Clint was one of those men who are plentiful as blackberries in all little towns and small villages, who rise from nothing by plundering their master's till; then enticing away his customers; and afterwards thriving on short weights and deficient measures. Jonas served his own master so, and caused his going to the Union Workhouse; and by the same means he was sent there himself to keep his old master company; the means thereto is beautifully illustrated in the tale. The moral of this tale is excellent; and we wish that every youth who is going to be apprenticed to a retail dealer of any wares would read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it. Jonas Clint is one of the Series of tales which Mr. Parker has announced as being in preparation; and as the price is only one shilling, it is to be hoped that it will become a favourite with railway travellers; but especially with the rural tradesmen who are posting up by railway to the great Metropolis to lay in their spring and autumn stocks of goods. The London system of employing a money-taker comes as near to the possibility of preventing fraud by the salesman as possible; but even here little niceties of calculation will admit of some degree of plunder. One of the causes of the high prices of all sorts of goods, is the system of plunder which goes on without intermission in all retail businesses. Retail

traders are defrauded by their assistants; both male and female; and they are robbed by some of their monomaniacal customers; therefore to protect themselves they are obliged to put extortionate prices on their goods. To such, and to the public generally we especially recommend Jonas Clint as a general type of his class.

THE *PRIMER* POST, for May, 1855.

(J. H. & J. Parker.)

Contains, Worth School, a story of American Life; Thoughts for the Rascal season; stories from English History, with an illustration; A Canadian Fire; an Address to the Deaf; Poetry; New Books; Church Progress, and the Post Bag. The illustrations are beautiful and finely executed.

SCOTTISMS CORRECTED. London: J. Shaw.

For the small sum of sixpence our northern friends may have all their vulgarisms corrected; and the proper expressions exemplified by being done into proper English. There are 565 examples, all of the most common occurrence amongst all classes in the north, which habit makes familiar; but which to an English ear are ridiculous; but the author corrects all the laws terms which of course cannot be altered to suit the caprice of better taste. A Branchman politely puts a foreigner right in his pronunciation; but an Englishman rudely laughs at, and perhaps insults a person who commits a Scotticism in conversation; and

perhaps keeps it up for ever after, and probably alienates a friend by it. Our author has taken most of his examples from the provincialities of Glasgow; and they are too brief to admit of many of them being cited; we shall therefore content ourselves with the last but one, it being the longest, and containing an anecdote—"564, The practice of prefixing the article 'the' to words where it is not required, is highly objectionable and several instances of this incorrect practice have already been given. The following anecdote is an amusing illustration of this inaccuracy;—an English gentleman, shortly after taking up his quarters at an hotel in Glasgow, rang the bell and requested the waiter to send for "*the principal tailor*:" certainly Sir, was the reply of that functionary; and in about an hour afterwards, the door of the gentleman's sitting room was again opened by simple minded John, who issued into the presence of the Southron, not, *the "principal tailor"* of the city, but the Reverend Doctor Taylor, who, at that time, was principal of the University of Glasgow, and by the citizens of that busy place was invariably spoken of as "*the Principal Taylor*, instead of "*Principal Taylor*," the correct designation. The surprise of the two gentleman, on a mutual explanation, may be more readily imagined than described."

This little publication is by the author of "*Mistakes of Daily Occurrence*," formerly noticed in the *Warder*; and will be found of the greatest advantage to the numerous importations, which the railways are daily pouring into London. We hope the author who has such a happy tact in this species of writing will continue his labours and

favour not only Scottish but Irishmen and Foreigners with the same sort of familiar treatise on the use of the words *shall* and *will*, which both in speaking and writing are so frequently mangled. We hope a word to the wise will be enough; and that we shall soon see a sixpenny worth of shalls and wills in the same popular form as the "*Mistakes*" and the "*Scotticisms*."

THEFT; or, *Hints for Cottage Housekeeping*. Masters 1855.

Thrift is a very useful little Tract, by the author of "*A trap to catch a Sunbeam*;" the object of which is "to be a useful guide to the wives and mothers of the labouring population;" and to give them some useful hints for the better management of their houses. It is arranged under three heads. 1. Management of houses and expences. 2. Nursing the sick. And last not least, when comfort and economy are sought.—3. Cooking. Under all these heads the author gives excellent advice, and could it be always followed out there certainly would be more comfort and more health and wealth than are in the cottages and in the lodgings of the poor; but they are often heart broken and reckless through poverty, and therefore indifferent to consequences. Most people would be economical did they know how; and this cheap tract will teach them the way. We wish that ladies would distribute it among their poor neighbours; and give it to their servants when they take up house keeping on their own account. Mr. Masters will be but too happy to supply them with copies to any extent.

THE
CHURCH WARDER.
And Domestic Magazine.

No. CIX.

JULY, 1855.

VOL. IX.

LITURGICAL REFORM.

THE most painful feelings must be excited in the heart of every sober, serious and humble Christian, to witness the bad spirit in which the subject of Liturgical Reform is at present agitated in England. And it may be said of most of these Reformers, what our Lord said to two of the meekest and mildest of his Disciples who wished to reform a Samaritan village, that "they know not what spirit they are of"; and it is to be reformed too, by men who are apparently ignorant of, and prejudiced against what S. Paul calls the first "principles of the doctrine of Christ;" namely, of the doctrine of baptisms and of laying on of hands, and of the resurrection of the dead.

There is now a reformation journal published weekly, called the "Courier," which is entirely devoted to the advocacy of a radical alteration of the Liturgy; and a writer in it, who signs "Luther," but who is most probably the Editor, avows it to be their object to remove from the Liturgy the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and of the Christian sacrifice in the Lord's Supper. Others desire the substitution of the words "pastor," "minister," or "presbyter," for the word "priest;" and that in the Litany the words "Bishops, Priests, and Deacons," be changed to "Bishops, Pastors, and Ministers;" which they say would be a return to the old paths, that is, to the times of Queen Elizabeth.

A "Presbyter" says "it is to him an utter marvel how any clergyman, holding the views of the Bishop of Exeter & Co., can use the service before the act of baptism. Not more preposterous would it be to unite in prayer, that at sunrise next morning light might dawn, than to go through such a solemn farce as to use the exhortations and prayers preceding the act of baptism, when

it is believed that the mere act of baptism alone, would effect the whole without a word of prayer." We know not any sound churchman who views "the mere act of baptism" as regenerating the child; regeneration is the alone act of the Holy Spirit using "the act of baptism" as His instrument; and if the Presbyter thinks, that prayer to God that He would give His Holy Spirit to this infant that he may be *born again* and made an heir of everlasting salvation, "a solemn farce," the sooner he lays aside his sacerdotal office the better both for the Church and also for himself. We would remind this Presbyter, that every time he repeats the Nicene Creed he declares with his lips at least, whether he believes in his heart or not, I believe "in one baptism for the remission of Sins;" and we would ask him, and those who may think with him, whether or not they are guilty of "going through a solemn farce," when they pronounce with their lips an article of the faith, which in their hearts they *do not* believe?

In effect the Liturgy is the word of God, most admirably adapted to the practice of public and of private devotion, and suited to every age of the Church; and to its salutary influence may be attributed, under God, that happy uniformity in the faith, and that steady adherence to gospel truth which distinguishes the great body of the clergy and people of England from such Church reformers, as are so inconsistently attempting to excite discontent in their brethen, in order to accomplish the adoption of their own private opinions. The Sacraments are declared to be generally necessary to salvation; the object of both is to keep us in the truth, and to guide and conduct us to that holiness without which we shall not see the Lord; but in human hands the most sacred services and ceremonies may be misapplied and perverted; yet they are important means to a most holy end; and as such they were instituted by the highest and most sacred authority. In preserving the Church, and in guiding the Christian life, the Holy Spirit effects His operations through the instrumentality of means; and for these *means of grace* we give God thanks in the general Thanksgiving. Without the assistance and the constant influence of the Holy Spirit, we can do nothing to maintain the truth which the gospel reveals; or to preserve the purity which it requires.

In fact, our modern Liturgical reformers are only reviving the old Puritan objections against the Liturgy; and as many of the Puritans were secret emissaries of Rome, so in the present day the agents of the mother of harlots are busily at work under the

pretence of being loyal Church of England "Presbyters." Yet the descendants of these Puritans, who expatriated themselves to America on account of their prejudices against the Liturgy, have there adopted it, with comparatively trifling alterations; and these chiefly to adapt it to their change of circumstances and civil government; but to show that they are not of the mind of our reformers, they have added the prayer of Oblation and Invocation from our first Liturgy to their Communion office, and which is now used in the Communion office of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. The English Liturgy is held in the most reverend estimation in the United States; in that vast country its influence is great; and it is one of the means of preserving the faith sound, in the midst of surrounding sectaries of every denomination.

It is also proposed to reform that admirable ordinal, the Ordination service, although it combines every thing which is essential and important in considering the nature and obligations of the pastoral office. It was compiled by men who were equally remarkable for their talents and for their piety; and for ages it has been regarded with reverence by clergymen of every degree who have adorned the Church in their several stations. Upon this head the "Revision Society" say: "The 'Form and manner of ordering Priests' as it now stands, contains the following words to be pronounced by the ordaining bishop:—'Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Priest in the Church of God now committed unto thee, by the imposition of our hands.' *'Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained.'* Experience, both of the past and the present, shows that very dangerous assumptions, of the nature before stated, are grounded on the words of this form, which is itself comparatively a modern innovation, unknown in Christian Churches for several hundred years after the Apostolic age. It is desired that such alterations may be made as shall replace this too authoritative style, by humble supplication for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon candidates for the Christian Ministry; while care is taken in the revised form to maintain the Divine Commission of 'Pastors and Teachers, for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the Ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ.'"

In the laying on of hands the officiating bishop as Christ's representative and instrument, conveys the gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost as they were conferred on Timothy, by S. Paul, and

which he requests that apostle to stir up. In using these words which are now objected to, the Church only follows the example of Christ himself; and she uses His words when He conferred on the twelve the sacerdotal power of the remission and the retention of sins; and as Christ invested His apostles with the same power which He Himself possessed; and as He sent them EVEN AS He Himself had been sent; it follows, that He conferred on them and their successors the *ministerial* power of conveying the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Spirit on all priests, to the end of the world. Besides the bishop does not presumptuously pretend to confer this gift as from himself; but he prays "come Holy Ghost our souls inspire—into our minds send down thy heavenly light."

It is evident from the Book of the Acts that the Holy Ghost calls and sends labourers into the vineyard; and both S. Paul and S. Peter conferred the graces and gifts of the Holy Spirit on their converts after baptism by the laying on of their hands. It is written that when Peter and John were come down to Samaria, they prayed for those whom Phillip had baptized "that they *might receive the Holy Ghost*"; for as yet He was fallen on none of them; only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. Then laid they their hands on them; and *they received the Holy Ghost.*" It is also written that S. Paul asked twelve men whom he found at Ephesus, whether or not they had received the Holy Ghost; and when he laid his hands on them they did accordingly receive His extraordinary gifts. The Church therefore is fully justified in the use of these important words; and in praying that the Holy Spirit may come on the priests who are being ordained, and inspire their hearts with His sevenfold graces of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and might, of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord. That the priests when ordained receive these the gifts of the Holy Spirit there can be no doubt; whether or not some priests may stir up these gifts, whilst others may grieve and drive away the Holy Spirit by their contemptuously refusing to acknowledge the receipt of His gifts, we shall not pretend to determine; but it may be worthy of reforming priests to consider the danger they run, of "doing despite unto the Spirit of grace," and of "despising *not* man but God."

There is also some risk, that the laity will despise those who so much undervalue themselves; but if both clergy and laity would glance through the New Testament, they would there see with what high titles the priesthood is discriminated. Among others

we pick out the following :—Friends and Brethren of Christ ; and not servants. John xv. 15, xx. 17 ; Ministers of Christ and Stewards of the mysteries of God, to whom He hath committed the word of reconciliation ; 1 Cor. iv. 1, 2, Cor. v. 19 ; ambassadors of Christ, in His stead, and workers together with Him ; 2 Cor. v. 20, VI. 1, ; messengers of the Churches and the glory of Christ ; in the Revelations the priesthood is called Stars in the right hand of Christ ; angels of the Churches ; kings and priests unto God, S. Paul says that it was in the name and *with the power* of Christ that the priests of Corinth delivered such an one unto Satan, 1 Cor. v. 4, 5 ; and that the clergy are the savour of death unto death to those who, through their office, despise God ; and of life unto life to those who hold the faith in sincere obedience.

Above all things the zeal for reformation demands the revision of the "Baptismal Offices." On this head the Revision Society say ;—"In proposing to remove *all positive assertions of spiritual regeneration being conveyed to each individual, by the outward rite of baptism*, it is not the mere private judgement of a few that is expressed, but the opinions of eminent clergy both in present and former days, and the wishes of multitudes of the spiritually-minded laity. By avoiding such appearance of presumptuous intrusion into things that man has not seen, immediate relief would be afforded to many tender consciences, and able and pious men would no longer be excluded from the ministry of the Church of England only because they dare not certify that union between the sign and the thing signified in baptism, which scripture proves to be neither inseparable (Acts, viii. 12-23,) nor invariable (Acts, x. 44, 48."

These men of tender consciences, like liberals in politics, have the tenderness all on one side ; they do not seem to think obedient sons of the Church have any consciences at all. Without pretending to any *tenderness* of conscience, the writer of these lines and millions of the faithful in all ages, as firmly and as conscientiously believe and maintain that baptismal regeneration is a doctrine of Scripture and one of the first principles of the Christian religion, as the "multitudes of the spiritually-minded laity," whose tenderness of conscience reject this doctrine ; who will neither allow themselves to enjoy the means of grace which God has graciously bestowed on His Church, nor permit those who differ from them to do so. They are like the Dog in the Manger of the Fable ; or like the hypocritical Pharisees of the Scripture, who

said but did not, who bound heavy burthens grievous to be borne, and laid them on other men's shoulders; whilst they themselves will not move one of them with one of their fingers. We as conscientiously believe that the Holy Spirit regenerates the child in baptism, as we believe that Christ so asserted and ordained, and that the Apostles taught the doctrine as a fundamental principle; and upon what *tenderness* of other mens' consciences, is our own conscientious faith to be *forced* into a following of the mere "*opinions* of eminent clergy both in present and in former days, and the *wishes* of multitudes of the spiritually minded laity," against their sincere and conscientious convictions? If it is merely an *opinion* and a *wish*; one man's opinions and wishes are as good as another's; and *opinions* and *wishes* may be changed on the production of better evidence. Opinions are temporary and mutable; but principles are eternal; and we will no more give up a *principle*, than we will obstinately maintain an untenable *opinion*. Water Baptism is the ordinary and necessary *instrument* of regeneration, and of justification; and the Holy Spirit therein communicated, is the cause of *renovation*; it is the *means* of engrafting us into Christ; of uniting us unto Him; of making us flesh of His flesh and bone of His bone; of creating us the temple of the Holy Spirit and of Christ; and of making us lively or living stones in the temple of the Christian Church. So decidedly did the *manly* consciences of the primitive Christians maintain the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, that the "ancient doctors in explaining this article, were wont to consider the *spirit* and the *water* under the lively emblem of a *conjugal* union, as the two *parents*; and the new born Christian as the *offspring* of both. The Holy Spirit was understood to *impregnate* as it were, the waters of the font, (like as He once *overshadowed* the Blessed Virgin,) in order to make them conceive and bring forth that *holy thing* formed after Christ; namely the NEW MAN."

Our consciences are *as tender* upon the maintenance of the principle of baptismal regeneration, as those of the Liturgical revisers are on their visionary *opinion*, that regeneration takes place by chance; but when, where and how, they neither know themselves nor can they instruct others. "Now to make that on which Christ has laid so much stress, subject to some accident or impulse, seems to our ideas to be an impeachment of the wisdom and goodness of God. They point to the two cases of Simon Magus and Cornelius; but the former *was* regenerated, although

he fell from grace; and S. Peter exhorted him to repentance, but not to be again regenerated; but notwithstanding that Cornelius was filled with the *extraordinary* gifts of the Holy Spirit as the first fruit of the Gentiles; yet S. Peter commanded him and his household to be baptized.

One of the chief reasons which influence men who hold the opinion that regeneration does not take place in baptism, is the unfounded *opinion* that if a man is once regenerated, he cannot afterwards fall from grace, but *must* be finally saved. Those who hold this opinion will perhaps admit that S. Paul was regenerated even on their own principles; yet that apostle considered it possible that he might become a cast-away; and it will surely be admitted that Adam was in a state of grace when he was first created; yet he fell from that state and entailed sin on all his descendants. It is true S. John says that one who is born of God or regenerated cannot sin; but his meaning evidently is, that such a Christian cannot be under the *dominion* of sin, and the *power* of the Devil; and this freedom is the effect of his spiritual birth, of the new nature, or the "divine nature" as S. Peter calls it, which was infused into him at baptism. We can look back and refer to our baptism as the period of our regeneration and justification; but those who believe that they have been regenerated by some extraordinary circumstance, can never venture to assure themselves of having passed from death unto life. They have always a secret misgiving that all is not right; and we have never been able to extract a straight-forward answer from any of them, as to whether or not they have been regenerated; because upon their principle it would be the assertion of final salvation, whether they have led a faithful and obedient life or not. This reformation which is recommended by the Liturgical revisers, would change certainty for doubt and uncertainty, God's infallible promise into many fallible and changeable *opinions*; and therefore let us wash our hands of it, and have nothing more to do with it.

But as we have been regenerated in infancy; our duty now is to repair and improve it, by going on unto perfection; by the daily *renewal* of the inner man; and by *sincere* obedience to all the commandments as blamelessly as possible; and this will be the surest sign of our love towards God, and of His favour to us.

W. C. P.

THE MONK.

SOME time in the end of the last century or the beginning of the present, and before the extinction of Monks and Monks under the scorching heat of military tyranny and of French infidelity, there appeared at Rome a mysterious personage, who pretended to unveil the secrets of futurity ; and this being was always so shrouded in such shadowy darkness, that even its sex was doubtful ; and it formed the subject of as much speculation and discussion, as the fear of the Inquisition would permit to be used. Some, while relating to others the singular predictions which they received from this mysterious being, described the forms and features of a woman ; whilst others expressed and justified their terror, by ascribing to this person the aspect of a hideous monster.

She became popularly known in Rome by the name of the "Sybil ;" and this oracle had established a retreat within the recesses of a deserted palace in one of the suburbs of the City ; but superstition and her own awful nature, sufficiently guarded her from the effects of popular curiosity. She had so suddenly and silently sprung up, that none could assign a period to the arrival of this mysterious sybil ; and whatever had reference to her existence, was enveloped in impenetrable mystery to all, except to those priests who were in the secret. All burned with desire to consult her ; but very few had the courage to pass the threshold of her abode ; and the greater part of those whom curiosity had led to the door of her fearful sanctuary, were seized with superstitious dread and horror which they could only refer to a fearful presentiment ; and they fled with precipitance, without entering, as if they had been impelled by an invisible arm.

A young Roman, of a noble family, named Camillo, resolved to visit the Sybil's cave ; and prevailed, after much entreaty, on his friend Julio to accompany him. Julio was of a timid irresolute character, who, yielding to the superstitious fears commonly felt, but above all having the dread of the Inquisition before his eyes, at first refused ; but at last he yielded to the entreaties of his friend ; and they prepared to go together, on an appointed day.

The gate of this mysterious palace opened on their approach, as if of its own accord ; and not without some trepidation, the young friends entered, without trusting themselves to deliberate. After traversing the spacious but deserted apartments, they at length reached a gallery which was closed by a dark curtain with

this inscription :—"If you would know your destiny, pass this curtain, but prepare yourself by prayer."

Julio experienced a violent agitation ; he involuntarily fell on his knees ; and he felt as if he was already under the influence of this mysterious being. After the lapse of some moments the youths drew aside the curtain, unsheathed their swords, and penetrated into the Sybil's apartment. They were met by a young and beautiful female, whose aspect defied and repelled examination ; for the cold calm of death was strangely mingled with the movements of life, and formed the expression of her countenance. Julio felt himself ready to sink and turned away his eyes ; but his friend waited with downcast looks till the Sybil had demanded the nature and object of their visit. He replied ; but the Sybil heeded him not ; for her attention seemed wholly absorbed by Julio. She became agitated and trembled, and extended her hand towards him as if to seize him ; but started suddenly back. Camillo repeated his desire to have his destiny revealed, and Julio retired. After a short conference with the Pythoness, Camillo rejoined his friend, whom he found plunged in deep thought. "Courage !" said he to him with a smile ; "I have learnt nothing terrible ; she has promised that I shall marry your sister Juliana, which is no news, as the marriage has been already settled ; and she merely added that a slight accident will retard our union for a short time."

Julio next entered within the fatal curtain, whilst his friend remained in the gallery. After a short pause a fearful cry alarmed Camillo. He recognised Julio's voice and returned forward to his friend's succour ; and found him on his knees before the Sibyl who, waving a wand over his head, pronounced these terrible words ; *Love without bounds ! Sacrilege ! Murder !*

Camillo was now seized with horror, and approached Julio, whom he found pale and motionless, and unable to sustain himself. In vain he questioned him ; he could obtain no reply from his friend who, in accents of vague terror, continued to repeat the dreadful prediction of the Sybil—*murder ! sacrilege !* At length Camillo accomplished the removal of Julio to his own house ; and the moment he could obtain a pretext for leaving him, he hastened back to the Enchanted palace, fully resolved to force an explanation from the Sybil ; but this occurrence was foreseen and prepared for by the priests, who had concocted this well-enacted scene ; for the whole had disappeared, curtain, inscription and all ; the palace was in utter loneliness ; and not one trace of the magician was to be found.

Some weeks had elapsed ; the day for Camillo's and Juliana's nuptials had been fixed ; and Julio appeared to have recovered his tranquillity ; for Camillo avoided interrogating him on the subject of the prophecy ; and hoped that the terrific scene would gradually be effaced from his memory. On the evening previous to the marriage, the Marquis di Cosimo, Camillo's father, was thrown from his horse ; and although he received no serious injury, yet the accident caused the celebration of the marriage to be deferred. Julio, Juliana, and Camillo, were seated round the couch of the Marquis, lamenting the cause which had delayed the marriage ; when Camillo, struck with a sudden recollection, exclaimed—"the prediction of the Sybil is accomplished." It was observed that this remark threw Julio into the greatest agitation. He immediately retired ; and from that moment he shut himself up in his apartment and shunned all society. The only one whose visits he admitted was a monk who had been his tutor ; with whom he held long and mysterious conferences ; and who gradually worked upon his young and susceptible mind to what they call retire from the world. Camillo no longer strove to obtain an interview with him ; for he perceived above all others Julio studiously avoided him.

The wedding day at length arrived ; and Camillo and Juliana were united. Julio however did not appear ; he had secretly quitted his paternal roof, and all endeavours to discover his retreat was unsuccessful. His father was in despair ; but about a month afterwards he received the following letter :—

"My Father—Spare yourself unavailing search ; my resolution is inflexible ; nothing can change it. Dispose of your riches ; Julio is dead to the world. It pierced my heart to leave you ; but I am constrained to flee from a horrible destiny.

"Adieu. Forget the unhappy Julio."

His son's letter was without date ; the messenger was unknown ; for he had disappeared on delivering it. He interrogated the monk, who could alone offer him the sole chance of recovering his fugitive son ; but entreaties and menaces were alike thrown away upon the monk. "I am not ignorant," he replied, "of your son's intentions ; I long opposed them ; but he was so firmly resolved, that I considered it my duty to yield to his determination. I know the place of his retirement ; but no power on earth shall force me to betray secrets entrusted to me under the seal of confession."

Julio had departed for Naples, and thence embarked for Mes-

sina, where he proposed entering into a Dominican Monastery which had been recommended to him by that same monk who had deceived his father. He supplicated earnestly to have his noviciate dispensed with, but Ambrosio, the superior, was inexorable; and Julio was obliged to pass one year of the usual trial, without any wish to return to society and the affairs of the world; for he was under the impress of an awful superstition; and believed it impossible to escape the prediction of Sacrilege and Murder otherwise than by embracing a monastic life. The remembrance of the Sybil constantly haunted his imagination; and the fatal words which applied to him still sounded in his ear—"Love without bounds! Sacrilege! Murder!" The monastic cell appeared to his morbidly sensitive mind the only refuge capable of protecting him from love and crime; as if the walls, the vows and the rules of a cloister could supersede the moral law of God, and shut out the suggestions of the Devil, which idleness and indolence would only foster and bring to perfection.

The year of his noviciate expired; he pronounced his vows of chastity and poverty; he believed himself happy; at least from the excitement of the ceremony, he fancied that he experienced relief from the mental torments which he had suffered. Although the thought of the sacrifice which he had just sealed never presented itself even for an instant to trouble or to sadden his reflections; yet on the very evening of the solemn day, and at the moment of retiring to his cell, he was met and accosted by one of the monks, who affectionately pressed his hand and said; "*Brother, it is for ever!*" What marvellous power may reside in a single word over a feeble mind when emasculated by superstition and monastic solitude. The words "*for ever*" appalled him; and seemed for the first time to disclose the extent of his morbid folly; he now regarded himself as one dead, for whom time no longer existed; he fell into a deep melancholy; and appeared to bear with pain and despondency the load of life.

Father Ambrosio was a jolly old monk, and naturally kind and benevolent. He had felt a tender interest in Julio, partly from his misfortunes and partly from the mystery which hung over his family affairs; and he now felt compassion for his disconsolate and melancholy mood. He thought that occupation might win him from his sadness; and as he possessed considerable powers of eloquence, Ambrosio appointed him preacher to the establishment. In this capacity his reputation rapidly increased; and crowds flocked

to hear him. Julio was young and handsome ; and no doubt the mystery which hung over him lent an additional charm to his words. The time approached for the celebration of a grand festival, at which the King of the Two Sicilies and his whole court were to be present. Julio was selected to pronounce the panegyric of S. Thomas the patron of his monastery ; and great preparations were made for the occasion. The day arrived ; an immense crowd filled the church ; and Julio was with difficulty making his way through the people to reach the pulpit ; when in the midst of his efforts, the cowl fell from his head and left his countenance exposed. At that moment he heard a voice exclaim " O how beautiful he is ! " Surprised and agitated he involuntarily turned round, and beheld a female whose eyes were fixed upon him with the most touching expression ; and that single moment sufficed to reverse the entire existence of these two beings. Julio delivered his discourse ; and immediately afterwards ran to the solitude of his cell ; but he could no longer yield himself up to his usual meditations. His mind was on the rack ; the image of the unknown pursued him ; he experienced sentiments altogether new to him ; and being troubled and disquieted he could find no repose ; yet he deemed that his existence had only begun from the moment that the voice of the charmer had fallen on his ear, in accents that had penetrated his heart, " and given it a new pulse unknown before." But alas ! what could it avail him ? His position was irrecoverably fixed ; the more he endeavoured to overcome his love for the unknown, the more it grew and strengthened every day.

Every morning he went to mass ; and every morning he remarked a veiled female in the same place, whom he recognised as his unknown admirer ; but he endeavoured to smother the wish to see her features. Still he permitted his eager gaze to fall upon the veil ; his eye followed her every movement ; he felt, as it were, the beatings of her heart, and his own responded to them. Too weak and irresolute to tear himself from such danger, he trembled at self-examination, and endeavoured to postpone the truth, that he was desperately in love. His mental agony was unbearable ; his whole life was reduced to a few rapid moments ; and all besides became an absolute nothing ; and he determined to flee from thoughts which he could not subdue. If, he said to himself, she comes again to mass to-morrow, I will return there no more. Armed with this resolution he fancied himself secure ; and he felt

sort of unnatural, feverish tranquility. To-morrow came; but the unknown was not in her usual place. When all had retired and approached the seat which she always occupied, and where her book was lying; he eagerly seized and opened it, and read on the next page the name of Theresa. He had now at least one satisfaction, that he could call her by name; a thousand times he repeated the cherished name, which he murmured in a subdued tone, as if dreading to be overheard, although he was quite alone. Since she came not, Julio no longer scrupled to return to mass; and days, and even weeks passed away, and Theresa appeared not.

(*To be continued.*)

DR. CROLY'S LETTERS TO THE "STANDARD," ON MAYNOOTH.

I.

SIR,—As the debate on Maynooth comes on in a few days, allow me to make some observations on the general question. The support of this college has been argued almost wholly on political grounds, but the true point of view is *religious*. Have we a right, under any condition, to encourage what we *can prove to be religious error*? If we can prove the especial doctrine of Rome to be in direct opposition to Christianity, the encouragement of Romish doctrine in any shape must be a crime. I now proceed to *prove* that proposition.

In the plans of the Almighty all things are done in order. The Jewish and Christian dispensations had each its characteristic principle.

The great principle of the Jewish dispensation was the *atonement*; the great principle of the Christian is the *intercession*. The "four gospels" are the evidence that our Lord fulfilled the types and prophecies of the atonement, concluded by the words on the cross—"it is finished." The Acts and Epistles are the evidence that our Lord now sustains the office of Intercessor. He did not assume that office until the close of His mission. In the memorable discourse, which followed the Last supper, He, for the first time, commanded the apostles to *pray in His name*; (John xvi. 24).

And in further evidence of this high doctrine, the vision of our Lord in glory was given to the first martyr.

As our Lord, when dying, prayed to the *Father*, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," Stephen used the same form of address to the Son, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." As our Lord died with a prayer to the *Father* for his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," Stephen used the same prayer to the Son, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Jesus being thenceforth the universal and the *sole Intercessor*, all prayer was to be offered through Him, alone. The office of our Lord is still the same—that of the high priest who received the offerings of the people, and presented them on the altar before God. "Thou art a priest *for ever*, after the order of Melchisedec" (Hebrews vii., 21). Again, "But this man, because He *continueth for ever*, hath an unchangeable priesthood. Wherefore, He is able to save them to the *uttermost* that come unto God *by Him*; seeing He ever liveth, to *make intercession* for them" (24 &c.). As His office is to present our prayers, His place is in the presence of the Almighty. "For Christ is not entered into the Holy Place made with hands (which are figures of the true), but, into Heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us" (Hebrews, ix. 24).

"Having a high priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience" (Hebrews, x. 21, 22). Jesus is the *sole* intercessor, as the high priest was the *only* one who entered into the Holy of Holies. There could not be two high priests on earth, nor can there be two in heaven. There can be no other intercessor, either primary or secondary. There is no mention in the Scriptures of any other. All other intercession beyond the grave is not merely unscriptural but illusory, and not merely illusory but derogatory, and in opposition to the office of the one only intercessor. Yet Popery establishes hundreds of intercessors, and at their head, the Virgin. This attribute pervades every part of the Missal and Breviary. In the post communion of the Day of Assumption is this prayer, "We, partakers of this heavenly board, implore thy clemency, O Lord our God, that we, who celebrate the Assumption of the mother of God, may by her *intercession* be freed from all impending evils." In the Breviary we have, "We beseech thee, O Lord, let the glorious *intercession* of the blessed and glorious ever-virgin Mary, protect us and *bring us* to life eternal, through the Lord." Again, "That we, who cannot please Thee by our own acts, may be *saved* by the inter-

cession of the mother of thy Son. "Those prayers obviously transfer the office of intercession from Christ to the Virgin, but there are many instances of prayers to her as *a god*. "Hail, star of the sea!—kind mother of God; happy gate of heaven, do *thou* establish us in peace. Do *thou*, for the accused, let loose their bonds; for the blind, bear forth a light, drive away our evils, demand for us all good things, show that thou art a MOTHER. Let Him, who endured for us, to be thy son, through thee receive our prayers." Bonaventura's prayer is, "By the right of a mother, command thy son."

In the generality of those prayers the name of the Virgin is combined with that of Christ, probably to prevent the shock of pronouncing her omnipotent; but His intercession is wholly attributed to her's, and she is virtually assumed to be the grand dispenser of the mercies of Heaven. Now, prayer can obviously be received by the Almighty, only on the terms, and by the means, which He has prescribed. Prayer, offered on any other, must be, not only wholly thrown away, but must be an insult to the wisdom, which has prescribed that especial way, and to the mercy, which has offered those means. Rome at once commits the folly, and offers the insult; to say nothing of that mingled daring and imposture, by which she exalts dead men to the thrones in Heaven, which our Lord, in His earthly mission, declared, were not His to give; "it shall be given to them, for whom it is prepared by My Father." (Matthew xx., 23).

Rome does more, she attributes to these dead men the faculties of God; for, if they are supposed to hear and answer prayer from all places and at all times, they must be gods. She does more; she gives those pretended thrones for money, and she sells their pretended intercession. Those things are notorious matters of fact, and undenied by Rome. The actual worship of created beings is the direct religion of Rome. Yet where do we find the slightest authority for any such worship in Scripture? Have we seen the Jew, even in all the corruptions of his early history, raise an altar to S. Moses or S. Joshua? It was reserved for Rome to attempt that fatal presumption in the seventh century, and to persevere in it to this hour, in defiance of the enlightenment of the nineteenth. And can we, in the name of common sense—to say nothing of religion—dare to *support* the doctrines of Rome? We tolerate them, because Protestantism forbids persecution; but, if we encourage them, we betray Protestantism. If Ro-

manism will refuse to be purified, we must leave it in its defilement, not share that defilement by supplying its heresy. If it will insist on swallowing spiritual poison, what right has it to insist on our building a laboratory for its preparation?

Of the political aspects of Popery in the British Islands I shall not now speak, but those aspects are of a most formidable kind—less as involving the violence of a sect, wholly irreconcilable to the constitutional rights and scriptural freedom of England, than as threatening the vengeance of Him who, having given the pure faith to this nation, makes His blessing, *as can be proved* from all religious history, dependent on our fidelity to that illustrious trust. Let us, then, clear ourselves of a national offence; leaving Maynooth to its Popish advocates, and to those Popish contributions which could supply 60,000*l.* to the foundation of a Popish University. But, let not a stone of its pavement be paid for with Protestant money; let not Protestants have to reproach themselves with sending out three hundred Popish missionaries a-year to counteract a Protestant clergy at home, and to enter into conflict with our colonial clergy round the globe. Let us not undo with one hand what we are doing with the other; but, in the sincerity of our holy religion, refuse to propagate, from indifference, for political convenience or political corruption, hostility to its principles.

I shall probably address you again on the civil aspects of this Popish seminary.—I have the honour to be yours,

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II.

SIR,—Having stated the *especial* and distinguished doctrine of the Christian dispensation to be the sole intercession of our Lord, while the especial and distinguishing doctrine of Popery is the intercession of the Virgin and other dead human beings. I proceed to a brief narrative of the consequences of establishing a Popish college by a Protestant people.

At the beginning of the last century, the arms of England had defeated the army of James the Second in Ireland, raised for the purpose of inflicting despotism and Popery on the two kingdoms. The connection of Popery with rebellion was so notorious, that laws against Popery were essential to the national peace. Those "penal laws" had their full effect; they kept Ireland in peace

during the long disputes of the succession to the English throne. Ireland recovered the natural vigour belonging to a fertile soil, and a singularly gifted people; and recovered it to so extraordinary an extent, as to exhibit, before that century was over, a volunteer army of nearly 100,000 men, raised and paid at their own expense. Such was Ireland under Protestantism!

At length, a parliamentary faction, in want of support, encouraged the complaints of the Popish priesthood, and, acting upon the fears of the ministry, obtained the "forty-shilling franchise" in 1793. Agitation commenced, and a petition for the establishment of a Romish college was admitted; on the pretext, that the French seminaries for the Irish priesthood in France had been extinguished by the Revolution in 1789. This was obviously a pretext, for Spain, Italy, and Germany were still open to them; and the argument for their education at home, namely, that they would escape revolutionary principles, was equally a pretext; for if the French seminaries could no longer teach rebellion, the priests could no longer learn it. But, faction never regards truth; and fear never reasons. In 1795 Maynooth was founded, and the demands of the priesthood were more than answered. They had simply asked permission to found a college; faction extorted a revenue of 8000*l.* from the government.

In the eighth report of the Commissioners of Education, made in subsequent years, a brief view is given of the state of Maynooth.

"In the commencement, a portion of the college had been set apart for lay students; but this had been discontinued, and the college was given up wholly to the training of the priesthood. The original number of students was 50, this number had increased to 200. For the first 21 years the parliamentary grants had averaged 8000*l.* a year. In 1808, the grant rose to 12,000*l.* of which 5,000*l.* were for buildings; in 1813, the grant was 9,637*l.* at which it continued to the time of the report. The only Popish support to this college was from a bequest by Lord Dunboyne, who, having been a Romish bishop, conformed to Protestantism; and on his death-bed recanted, leaving to the college a property amounting, in the end, to 500*l.* a-year."

I shall not enter here into the loyalty or disloyalty of the principles taught in Maynooth; because the true question is, whether the whole establishment is, or is not, a national crime. I have no desire of wounding the feelings, or even scoffing at the preju-

dices of my Romish fellow men, I seek only the truth, wherever it is to be found, and I seek it where it is only to be found—in fair reasoning and the facts of history. But if Protestantism be true, Popery must be false, and if the *especial* doctrine of Christianity, the *sole* and *undivided* intercession of Christ, be mutilated, contradicted, and practically extinguished, by Popery, it is obviously impossible to assist, support, or propagate the Popish religion without a crime.

Upon this point, the whole question, whether private or parliamentary, turns—can we aid the progress of what we believe, and *can prove*, to be religious error, without rendering the individual or the nation guilty before God?

I now hasten to public facts, which, though known to every one, may not have generally produced their *moral*. It has been a frequent observation, that the visitations of Providence are more visible in the fates of nations than of individuals; for the plain reason, that for men there is a future state, in which the Divine justice may enforce its retributions; while for nations, there being no future state, their retributions must be inflicted in this world, or never.

Now, without forcing facts, or conjecturing conclusions, what were the events directly accompanying this Protestant Act, of founding an institution for Popery? The ink was scarcely dry upon the paper, when a Popish conspiracy spread throughout Ireland. Before the year was over, a negotiation was set on foot for a French invasion of Ireland. In the following year, 1796, that invasion was attempted by an army of 15,000 men and 17 ships of the line; and though that invasion was baffled by storms, another was immediately prepared in the Dutch ports, which was prevented from putting to sea only by storms; the whole distress and alarm of this period in Ireland, being consummated in a furious Popish rebellion, in 1798. In this rebellion, it has been calculated that 50,000 lives were sacrificed, a large portion of the country was devastated, and property to the amount of some millions sterling destroyed.

This was the first infliction of the scourge. It was then to strike at a higher culprit than the peasant population. The Irish parliament, which had weakly and corruptly surrendered the protection of Protestantism, was extinguished! But ten years before it had boasted of achieving perpetual independence. Its gates were now closed, and for ever. Ireland had been a kingdom—

Ireland was now levelled into a province. Its legislature, which with all its faults, had been a noble arena for the national genius, for honourable ambition, and even for masculine patriotism, was no more!

What, has Ireland produced since? Nothing. For all that ennobles a nation, we must look back to the last century. Fifty years have passed over her in silence and darkness, or, silence only broken by the cries of popular misery; or darkness only penetrated by the torch of the Demagogue. Is it not something of a lesson, that we must look for the same of a country of native genius, to the cemetery? The inscriptions on her sepulchres alone recover the character of the country. Like the waters of the Avernus, no pinion of intellectual power floats over her, or but floats to fall. Ireland may yet be an excellent farm yard for the "lean kine" of patronage, or an excellent hospital for the retirement of superannuated understandings. She still may be even the nurse of noble talents; but they waste away in the commonplace of the professions. For all that gives a rank in the records of nations, Ireland has been fifty years in the tomb.

Nor is it looking too closely into the state of things, to remember, that this compromise with Popery deprived England of the greatest minister that had ever ruled her councils, or rather the councils of Europe—William Pitt! That he was instantly struck down, though the blow came neither from party, nor the people. That he was cast out from a twenty years' possession of almost unlimited power; rather flung down than fallen: and that, after an exclusion of years, which to his proud spirit, must have been torture, he returned to power—only to die!

It would be well if the 40 years that followed could be blotted from her annals. While England, and even the Continent, rapidly recovered from the exhaustion of the war, Ireland found peace even more destructive than war. Her whole career was like that of a people under infatuation. Every year exhibited a new form of political disease. With the highest opportunities, the same fatality seemed to render them all useless. In immediate contact with the richest of all nations, she was the most impoverished; in possession of the most effective system of laws in the world, life and property in her were the most insecure; in the broadest light of civilization, she teemed with acts of blood and rapine, unheard of in Tartary; protected by every form of freedom, her population suffered all the miseries of slavery. Mon-

ster meetings, committees of assassination, furious tumults, forced loans from the poverty of the multitude, made the character of almost half a century, one of the most melancholy chapters in that "Book of Lamentations," which we call Irish history.

At length, Sir Robert Peel, a minister of distinguished capacity, but too easily tempted by power, conceived the extravagant idea of enlisting Popish gratitude on the side of his Cabinet, by giving new privileges and property to Maynooth. In 1845 the Act was passed, which increased its revenue to nearly 30,000*l.* a-year, removed it from the annual revision of Parliament, and enlarged the number of its students to 500.

The thunderbolt does not follow the flash quicker than vengeance followed this act. The facts are undeniable. The staple of Irish food was *instantly* withered in the ground. It is even calculated that 30 millions sterling of produce were thus suddenly lost; a hundred thousand people died of famine; the typhus, which followed, swept away another hundred thousand, and a million and a half of souls almost immediately emigrated, and were as much lost to Ireland as if they were buried in the ocean; and this emigration has since drained the country to the most extraordinary amount in human annals; probably three millions of souls. The blight continued for nearly three years, and it is remarkable, in a matter dependant on atmospheric influences, that it was limited to Ireland! But, the punishment again rose higher than the peasantry. The gentry and nobility who had long looked on the favouritism of Popery with a guilty apathy, or a guilty corruption, were *instantly* stricken! A sudden subversion of property, of which there has been no similar instance in Europe, scourged the proprietary of Ireland. Family possessions of the oldest date were alienated, and the alienation still proceeds, until, in a few years, the majority of the old landed interest of Ireland will be stripped of their estates and reduced to obscurity. England, too, suffered: a mulct of nine millions sterling was laid on her to feed the famine of Ireland!

Can such things have been accident? Can we conceive that the Almighty surrenders the world to chance? Can we believe that the rules by which His providence inflicted punishment in the ancient times have lain dormant in our age? If the Divine vengeance on Israel for idolatry had all the regularity of the connection of cause and effect; if even, in the private instance of presumption, He declared that the man who rebuilt Jericho should

“lay the foundations in his first born, and in his youngest son set up the gates thereof” can the Christian suffer himself to doubt the providential agency of Heaven in the sudden, palpable, and *peculiar* punishments of nations.

I strain no facts, I exaggerate no statements, nor desire to infuse the passions of man into those high questions of the government of God, but I am *compelled* to see, in the directness, the completeness, and the exclusiveness of the infliction, a Supreme hand.

If we believe that the Almighty governs the physical changes of the globe—that its tempests, floods, plagues and earthquakes are His ministers, can we doubt that its moral catastrophes are equally within his guidance? The world may scoff and refuse to see; but the Christian is commanded to regard “the signs of the times.” If the Almighty punished the “chosen people” in the seasons of national crime, can we doubt that He must look with similar displeasure on a people possessed of the Scriptures, yet, actually encouraging Popery by national acts? Who can deny that encouragement, who looks at the growth of Popery?

Since the beginning of this century, Popery, from 60 chapels in England, numbers 600; from four superintendents, numbers 12 bishops; exhibits a yearly list of apostates among our nobility, gentry, and even our clergy; and is still advancing, without resistance, except among a few of the clergy, without legislative restriction, and almost without public remonstrance.

I cannot venture, sir, to intrude on your columns further, at this moment; but the question of the Protestant maintenance of Maynooth, as the immediate “head and front” of Popery in Ireland, seems to me a question of life or death to the highest interests of the empire.—I have the honour to be yours,

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St. Stephen's, Wallbrook.

SEVERE FROSTS.

THERE was a long and severe frost which commenced on the 20th of December 1683, and lasted till the 6th of February 1684; and such was its violence that ponds were frozen eighteen inches thick; and the Thames was frozen so hard, that a great Street was formed from the Temple to Southwark; with shops for the sale of all sorts of things; and through which Hackney Coaches plied.

The gentleman who communicated this account to the public took it from a memorandum made by his grandfather at the time. He says there were Bull-baiting on the Thames; Punch and Judy and other shews exhibited on it. In the Morning of the 6th of February, the day on which the frost broke, he says, "I saw a coach and six horses driven from Whitehall almost to London Bridge; yet by three o'clock of that day, next to Southwark the ice was gone, so as boats did row to and fro, and the next day all the frost was gone. On Candlemas day, I went to Croydon Market, and led my horse over the ice at the Horse Ferry, from Westminster to Lambeth, upon the middle of the Thames, to Whitefriars Stairs, and so led him up by them. And this day an Ox was roasted whole over against Whitehall. King Charles II. and the Queen ate part of it." This account is confirmed by a French author, who was then in England; and who gave a particular account of all the pastimes on the ice in a small publication. He says that both Hackney Coaches and Sledges were exhibited on the Thames; and he mentions, that the merry monarch himself passed a whole night with some of his courtiers on the ice.

The winter of 1813-14 was not remarkable for the intensity of the cold, although the frost lasted from the end of December 1813 until the 20th of March 1814, a period of nearly thirteen weeks. Previous to the complete freezing of the river, the Thames presented a most singular appearance; for vast quantities of snow were seen almost everywhere on the surface, in floating masses, carried up and down by the tide, or collected where the banks or the bridges favoured the accumulation; so that they formed a sort of glacier, united one moment, and crashing, cracking and dashing away the next. When the flood became elevated by the spring tides and the current ran strongly, the small ice islands floated away, and passed through the arches of the bridges, according as the wind or tide prevailed, with immense rapidity. In fact, the conglomeration upon the whole, presented more the appearance of the rudeness of the desert, than of a broad surface regularly frozen over.

Among the oddities visible on the Thames were a number of printers, who, having brought their presses, pulled off various impressions, which they sold for a trifle. One of these typographers addressed the spectators as follows. "Friends, now is your time to support the freedom of the press. Can the press have greater liberty? Here you find it working in the middle of the Thames;

id if you encourage us by buying our impressions, we will keep going in the true spirit of liberty during the frost."

One of the articles printed and sold contained the following verses:—

"Behold! the river Thames is frozen o'er,
Which lately, ships of mighty burden bore;
Now, different arts and pastimes here you see,
But printing claims superiority.

"Printed to commemorate a remarkably severe frost, which commenced December 27, 1813, accompanied by an unusually thick fog, that continued eight days, and was succeeded by a tremendous fall of snow, which prevented all communication with the northern and western roads for several days. The Thames presented a complete field of ice, between London and Blackfriars bridges. On Monday the 31st of January, 1814, a fair was held on the Thames; and the whole space between the two bridges was covered with spectators, booths, &c."

One was surmounted by the Prince Regent's feathers and motto, *Ich Dien*, entwined with oak and laurel; on each side a ship, as the emblem of trade and industry.

Another ran as follows:—

"Amidst the arts which on the Thames appear,
To tell the wonders of this icy year;
Printing claims prior place, which at one view,
Erects a monument to frost and you.

"Printed on the river Thames, February 4th, in the 54th year of the reign of King George III, Anno Domini 1814."

Paths were formed both direct and diagonal from shore to shore; and frequent cautions were given to those heroines whose curiosity tempted them to venture on the glassy plain, not to slip off the kerbstone. The votaries of Terpsichore amused themselves with the mazy dance, in which they were accompanied principally by Pandean pipes; others diverted themselves with skittles; and the well known cry of "up and win them" resounded from the voices of numerous vendors of savoury pies, gingerbread, &c.

Most of the booths were distinguished by appropriate signs; among others there were the Waterman's Arms; the Crown; the Magpie; the Eel Pot; and one wag had a notice appended to his tent that several hundred feet adjoining his premises were to be let on a building lease for 99 years.

But all these amusements were brought to a close on Sunday

March 20th, in consequence of a thaw and high tides. On the previous Saturday, thousands of persons walked on the ice from London Bridge to Blackfriars, notwithstanding there were evident signs of its speedily breaking up; and even on the Sunday morning some fool-hardy persons passed over from Bankside to Queenhithe; but in an hour afterwards the whole mass gave way, and it swept with a tremendous range through the noble arches of Blackfriars Bridge; and carried along with it all within its course, including many barges and small craft.

The new erection for the Strand Bridge impeded its progress, and a vast quantity of ice was there collected; but the strong current on the Somerset House side carried all before it, and the passage of the river became at last free. Numbers of boats were then employed in saving rafts of timber, and towing drifted barges to shore.

Some persons who had been left to take care of a booth which had been erected opposite Brooke's Wharf, and were carousing, very nearly lost their lives. At two o'clock on Sunday morning, the tide began to flow with great rapidity at London Bridge; the thaw assisted the efforts of the tide, and the booth was hurried along, with great velocity towards Blackfriars Bridge. In their alarm the men neglected the fire and candles, which, communicating with the covering, set it in a flame; at length however they succeeded in getting into a lighter which had broken from its moorings; and which was dashed to pieces against one of the piers of Blackfriars Bridge; but the men were saved by getting into another barge, which also ran against the piers of the Bridge.

Happily the frost terminated on Sunday March the 20th, 1814; for the wind then changed from the North-East to the South-West, and continued with little or no variation for some time.

THE CHURCH.

As in the days of Noah they all perished in the waters, that entered not into the ark prepared by God's own appointment, for the preservation of such as should escape that fearful and almost universal destruction; so is it a most certain and undoubted truth, good Christian reader, that none can flee from the wrath to come, and attain desired happiness, but such as enter into that society of men which we call the Church, which is the chosen multitude

of them whom God hath separated from the rest of the world, and to whom he hath in more special sort manifested himself by the knowledge of revealed truth than to any other. So that nothing is more necessary to be sought out and known, than which and where this happy society of holy ones is, that so we may join ourselves to the same, and inherit the promises made unto it; according to that of the holy patriarch Noah: "Blessed be the God of Shem, and let Canaan be his servant; the Lord persuade Japheth to dwell in the tents of Shem." The consideration whereof moved me, when I was to enter into the controversies of these times, first and before all things, carefully to seek out the nature and being of this Church, the notes whereby it may be known, which it is amongst all the societies of men in the world, and what the privileges are that do belong unto it. . . .

I will show in what sort Almighty God, who sitteth between the cherubim in his holy temple, revealeth himself from off the mercy seat, to such as by the calling of grace he hath caused to approach, and draw near unto himself; and how he guideth and directeth them to the attaining of eternal felicity. Many and sundry ways did God reveal himself in ancient times, as it is in the Epistle to the Hebrews. For sometimes he manifested himself to men waking, by visions; sometimes to men sleeping, by dreams; sometimes he appeared in a pillar of a cloud; sometimes in a flaming fire; sometimes he came walking a soft pace among the trees of the garden, in the cool of the day; sometimes he rent the rocks, and clave the mountains in sunder; sometimes he spake with a still and soft voice; sometimes his thunders shook the pillars of heaven, and made the earth to tremble, as in the giving of the Law, when he came down upon Mount Sinai, what time the people of Moses' direction went forth to meet him: but when they heard the thunders, and the sound of the trumpet, and saw the lightnings, and the mountain smoking, they fled, and stood afar off, and said unto Moses, "Talk thou with us, and we will hear thee; but let not God talk with us, lest we die." This their petition Almighty God mercifully granted; and, knowing whereof they were made, resolved no more to speak unto them in so terrible and fearful manner, but rather to put heavenly treasures into earthen vessels, that is to enlighten the understandings, and to sanctify the mouths and tongues of some amongst themselves, and by them to make known his will and pleasure to the rest.

In this sort, after the giving of the law, he employed the priests

and Levites in a set and ordinary course, appointing that the people should seek the knowledge of the same at their mouths; and in case of great confusion, and general defects of these ordinary guides, raised up Prophets, as well to denounce his judgments against offenders, and to reform abuses; as also to foreshow the future state of things, and more and more to raise in men a desire, hope and expectation of the coming of the promised Messiah, whom, in the fulness of time, he sent into the world as the happiest messenger of glad tidings that ever came unto the sons of men, and the Angel of the great covenant of peace; causing this proclamation to be made before him, "This is my well-beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear Him." "In Him were hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge;" so that it was said of Him, "He hath done all things well;" so likewise that "Never man spake as He spake." But because He came not into this lower world to make His abode here perpetually, but to carry up with Him into heaven our desires first, and then ourselves; after He had wrought all righteousness, and performed the work for which He came, He returned back to God that sent him. Choosing out some of them that had been conversant with Him in the days of His flesh, that had heard the words of His divine wisdom, and were eye-witnesses of all the things He did, and suffered, and sending them as His Father sent Him, who were therefore named Apostles.

These had many excellent pre-eminences, proper to those beginnings, and fit for the founding of Christian Churches; as immediate calling, infallibility of judgment, general commission, the understanding and knowledge of all tongues, power to confirm their doctrine by signs and wonders, and to confer the miraculous gifts of the Spirit upon others also by the imposition of their hands; in which things, when they had finished their course, they left none to succeed them. Yet out of their more large, ample, and immediate commissions, they authorised others to preach the gospel, administer sacraments, to bind and loose, and to perform other like pastoral duties, sanctifying them and ordaining them to this work by the imposition of hands. These they honoured with the glorious title of presbyters, that is, fatherly guides of God's church and people; and knowing the weight of the burden they laid on their shoulders, added unto them as assistants others of an inferior degree and rank, whom they called deacons or ministers. Amongst these fatherly guides of God's church and people, for the preventing of dissension, the avoiding of confusion, and the more

orderly managing of the important affairs of Almighty God, they established a most excellent, divine, and heavenly order, giving unto one amongst the presbyters of each church an eminent and fatherly power, so that the rest might do nothing without him ; whom, for distinction's sake, and to express the honour of his degree and place, afore and above others, we name a bishop.

And farther, by a most wise disposition, provided that amongst bishops all should not challenge all things unto themselves, but that there should be, in several provinces, several bishops, who should be first and chief amongst the brethren ; and again constituted and placed certain others in greater cities, who might take care of more than the former. The former of these were named metropolitans ; the latter were known by the name of patriarchs, or chief fathers, who also, in order and honour, were one before and after another. By means of this order established by the apostles of Christ among the guides of God's people, and received and allowed by the primitive Christians, unity was preserved, the parts of the church holden fast together in a band of concordant agreement, questions determined, doubts cleared, differences composed, and causes advisedly and deliberately heard with all indifference and equity. For how could there be any breach in the Christian churches, when none were ordained presbyters in any church but by the bishop, the rest of the presbyters imposing their hands on them, together with him ? None admitted to the degree and order of a bishop but by the metropolitans and other bishops of the province, sufficiently approving that they did to the people over which they set him ? None received as a metropolitan unless, being ordained by the bishops of the province, upon notice given of their orderly proceeding, and the sincerity of his faith and profession, he were confirmed by the patriarch ? Nor none taken for a patriarch, though ordained by many neighbour bishops, till, making known the soundness of his profession, and the lawfulness of his election and ordination, to the rest of the patriarchs, he were allowed and received by them as one of their rank and order ? Or what fear could there be of any wrong, injustice, or sinister proceedings in the hearing of causes and determining of controversies, unless there were in a sort a general failing ? When, if there grew a difference between a bishop and his presbyters, or if either presbyter, deacon, or inferior clergyman disliked the proceedings of his bishop, there lay an appeal to the metropolitan, who had power to re-examine the matter in a synod,

and to see they were not wronged? And if either clerk or bishop had aught against the metropolitan, it was lawful for them to appeal to the primate or patriarch, who, in a greater and more honourable synod, was to hear the matter, and to make a final end? When, if any variance rose between any of the patriarchs and their bishops, or amongst themselves, it was lawful for the patriarchs that were above and before them, in order and honour, to interpose themselves, and with their synods to judge of such differences? And in such cases as could not be ended, or that concerned the faith and the state of the whole universal church, there remained the judgment and resolution of a general council, wherein the bishop of the first see was to sit as president and moderator, and the other bishops of the Christian world as his fellow judges, and in the same commission with him?

This order continued in the church from the Apostles times, and wrought excellent effects, till the Bishop of Constantinople first sought, and after him the Bishop of Rome obtained, to be not only in order and honour before the rest, as anciently he had been, but to have an absolute and universal commanding power over all that either by fraud or violence he could bring into subjection. Whence followed horrible confusion in the Christian Church, and almost the utter ruin and desolation of the same. For after that this child of pride had, in this Lucifer-like sort, advanced himself above his brethren, he thrust his sickle into other men's harvests—he encroached upon their bounds and limits; he pretended a right to confer all dignities, whether elective or presentative—to receive appeals of all sorts of men, out of all parts of the world; nay, without appeal or complaint, immediately to take notice of all causes in the dioceses of all other bishops; so overthrowing their jurisdiction, and seizing it into his own hands. He exempted presbyters from the jurisdiction of their bishops, bishops of their metropolitans, and metropolitans of their primates and patriarchs; and leaving unto the rest nothing but a naked and empty title, took upon him to determine all doubts and questions, of himself alone, as out of the infallibility of his judgment; to excommunicate, degrade, and depose, and again to absolve, reconcile, and restore, and to hear and judge of all causes, as out of the fulness of his power. Neither did he there stay; but having subjected unto him, as much as in him lay, all the members of Christ's body, and trampled underneath his feet the honour and dignity of all his brethren and colleagues, he went forward and challenged a right

to dispose of all the kingdoms of the world, as being lord of lords and king of kings.

To this height he raised himself by innumerable sleights and cunning devices; taking the advantage of the ignorance, superstition, negligence, and base disposition which he found to be in many of the guides of the church in those days, and, by their help and concurrence, prevailing against the rest that were of another spirit. Neither did he demean himself any better after he had attained to this his desired greatness; for such was his pride, insolence, and tyranny, and such, so many, and insupportable were the burdens he laid on the shoulders of them that were no way able to bear them, the voices of complaint and murmuring were everywhere heard, and the minds of all men filled with discontentment and desire of alteration, which, after many longing desires of our ancestors, hath been effected in our time: God, at the last, hearing the cries of his people, and stirring up the heroical spirits of his chosen servants to work our deliverance, to take the burdens from our shoulders, the yoke from our necks, and to bring us out of that Babylon, wherein we were captives, and that spiritual Egypt, wherein we were formerly holden in miserable bondage. But, as there were some of the children of the captivity, that after long continuance abroad forgot Jerusalem, and preferred Babylon before Zion, never desiring to return into their own country any more; and, as many of the Israelites, brought out of the house of Pharaoh's bondage by God himself, and conducted by Moses and Aaron to take possession of Canaan, the land of promise,—a land that flowed with milk and honey,—in their hearts returned back; so are there many that would never be induced to come out of the spiritual Babylon, and other that are easily persuaded to look back, and in their hearts to return into Egypt again. For the winning and gaining of the former, and the staying of the latter, I have endeavoured, by the true description out of the Scripture, and the authentical records of antiquity, to make it appear how far Canaan exceedeth Egypt, and Zion, Babylon; how different the government of Christ is from that of Antichrist; how happy the people are that live under the one, and how miserable their condition is that are subject to the other.

Beseeching God, for his mercies' sake, to enlighten them that sit in darkness, to bring back them that are gone astray, to raise up them that are fallen, to strengthen them that stand, to confirm

them that are doubtful, to rebuke Satan, to put an end to the manifold unhappy contentions of these times, to make up the breaches of Zion, to build the walls of Jerusalem, and to love it still.—*Field of the Church.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

CONSIDERATIONS UPON THE PRESENCE OF NON-COMMUNICANTS AT THE HOLY COMMUNION. (J. H. Parker.)

These considerations are written by a London Clergyman; and they deserve particular attention. He says, "It is with deep concern that the writer has observed the practice of attending at Holy Communion without receiving, encouraged by some of the Clergy. One who best defended it, has carried it out to its legitimate conclusion in the church of Rome." It is well known that none were allowed to be present during the celebration of the sacred mysteries, save those who were to be partakers, in the primitive church; and why it should be introduced among us now, is not so easy to see. In the Popish Church, where all things are done *to be seen of men*, the whole congregation are present though not "assisting" as they call it; and among presbyterians the same system is pursued. There is a great laxity of discipline which has been gradually creeping in amongst the clergy; and what is worse than the presence of non-communicants, is the practice of administering the Body and Blood of our Lord to two at a time with only one benediction; whereas the church, and the nature of the sacrament requires the sacred symbols to be presented to only one person; "given for thee" "shed for thee," evidently means to each person. Besides, as Christ died for all

men in general, so He died for each man in particular; and therefore each person must apply the merits of His death to himself in particular. Of late years the number of communicants have mightily increased; and if the saving of time, trouble, and speaking, be the object, all these would be better accomplished by cutting off the "take, and eat, &c." and the "drink this, &c." as is done in the Scottish Episcopal Communion Office. We recommend this pamphlet to the earnest attention of the Clergy, and to those of the laity who pursue the indecorous, the popish and presbyterian custom of remaining *to gaze on the sacred mysteries.*

DO ALL TO THE LORD JESUS. A Sermon, by the Rev. Dr. Pusey. 8vo. (Parker, London.) 1855. Fifth Edition.

This is a very good sermon on a good subject; and, like all the professor of Hebrews' writings, will command the attention both of his friends and of his foes; the latter being the most noisy, will perhaps say the most about it. The object is to persuade men to do all things to the glory of God: "Whatsoever ye do, in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." "That is," says the Doctor, "as one who beareth His Name, in the might of His Name, calling upon His Name, to the glory of His great Name, or, in

few words, refer all things to Him, receive all things from Him. Let Him be the beginning of all, He the end of all, He the Author and Finisher of our faith, the beginning from Whom all flows, the End in Whom we are gathered, the Aim of all we do, the Reward for which we look for all which, through Him, is wrought to Him; He, the fountain of all goodness, from whom all graces flow, the Ocean to whom all should flow back, receiving the streams of our thanksgivings, not to be filled by them, but to supply them again to us." It is a pity that Dr. Pusey's style is so obscure: it is sometimes difficult to come at his meaning; and therefore his writings make less impressions than they would otherwise do.

THE MEN OF NINEVEH AND THE MEN OF ENGLAND. By Rev. J. Edwards. (J. H. & J. Parker.)

This most excellent and most eloquent sermon was preached in the parish Church of S. Mary, Newtown, Montgomeryshire, on the Fast Day, March 21st, 1855. It commences by presenting the humiliation and repentance of the Ninevites and the consequent mercy of God to that city and people; and recommending the same course to be pursued by Christian England in the hope that God would hear our united prayers and turn from His fierce wrath, and leave a blessing behind him. "Further" the Rector of Newtown says; "our prayers if truly penitent, will not have been offered up in vain for our *country's* weal. The Father of Heaven who heard His poor heathen children, when they cried so piteously, and spared the doomed city with its vast population, will not reject our earnest prayer, whom he has already received into the Covenant of for-

givenness, by the one baptism for the remission of sins." Our space will not admit of our making extracts from this sermon; but we will perhaps give some in a future number.

THE LITERARY CHURCHMAN. (J. H. & J. Parker.)

The Literary Churchman is a twice-a-month journal devoted to the interests and advancement of religious literature; and it has reached its fourth number. It is calculated to be most useful as concentrating all the religious intelligence, and opinions of the passing times. It has all the materials of an ordinary magazine with the more complete machinery of a Review. It is calculated to be very useful to the clergy and to literary men. The price is fourpence; and if stamped for posting it is fivepence; so that subscribers may have it sent from the publisher direct, or from their own Booksellers at home, as may be most convenient for themselves.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF SHERBURN HOSPITAL. (J. H. & J. Parker.)

Sherburn Hospital was presided over for many years by our late worthy and respected friend, George Stanley Faber. It was founded by Bishop Pudsey between the years 1181 and 1184, for the support of sixty-five Lepers; and the bishop amply endowed it with lands and tithes. In the course of time the good bishop's benevolence was turned into the family aggrandisement of the successive masters; and the lands which were intended for the glory of God and the benefit of His poor, were alienated by long leases to the friends and relatives of the Masters. Of one master in 1450 named John Newton, it is recorded that "He

was a very bad man, and what by granting Corodies, and annual pensions, and other iniquitous practices, almost ruined the Hospital Estates, and shamefully suffered the buildings to go to decay." It seems however to have recovered some of its property; and its revenues to have been better managed; and as Leprosy has now entirely disappeared, the Hospital has been turned to other uses; the author says it "offers no invitation to a premature desertion of the active duties of station, or to an ignominious retreat ere the battle of life shall have been fairly fought. None gain admittance there, but those who have already played out their part, and are fallen into the sere and yellow leaf; and its doors are at all times open to them freely to depart."

SHORT SERMONS FOR FAMILY READING. (Parker).

These Family Sermons are published once a month; following the course of the seasons; that before us is for Easter and Whitsuntide and contains: Our bodies the temples of the Holy Ghost; Answered Prayer, in two parts; Christ's departure and return; Grieving the Spirit; The soul's thirst, in two parts. The only objection that we have to them is their brevity; but that is designed, and of course there is no unnecessary beating about the bush; but the subjects are gone into and kept up in a straightforward manner. The sermon on Christ's departure and return is intended for Ascension-Day; and that on Grieving the Spirit is for Whitsunday. They will be found to be good discourses for family reading.

NATIONAL DAILY PRAYER. (Parker).

This small tract consists of ex-

tracts from the Ordinary Services from the Book of Common Prayer, specially adapted for our present time of trial. To these are added a list of Psalms which are expressive of Distrust of ourselves and others; Confidence in God; Prayer for help; and Thanksgiving and Praise. An useful tract for private devotion.

PRAYERS FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLTEACHERS (Parker) are very good brief collects; with a preface containing some excellent advice, and general remarks addressed to Teachers.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN, AND FRIEND OF THE SONS OF TOIL. (Partridge Oakey & Co.)

Is a monthly sheet of Demy paper, beautifully and expensively illustrated with wood-engravings, at the low charge of a penny. It contains much useful advice, addressed to the working classes, and appears to be sincerely desirous of bettering their condition, by the recommendation of sobriety and cleanliness.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS. By the Rev. G. H. Curteis. (London: J. & J. Parker.)

This small tract contains four sermons, which were preached in the Chapel of Exeter College, Oxford; and "for an Academical audience it was thought not inappropriate, to try and connect the subject of religion with that of morals, which forms so important a part of the University studies." Mr. Curteis has very happily succeeded in his laudable attempt. The subjects are, Prudence; Duty; Faith; and Love; and as they were addressed chiefly to undergraduates, we trust they will produce a corresponding improvement in the conduct of his youthful audience.

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LITURGICAL REVISION.

IN the last number of the CHURCH WARDER, we ventured to make some remarks which we thought were called for, on the Prospectus of an Association, called "The Church of England Revision Society;" and we beg to continue our remarks, in the hope of awakening sound churchmen to the danger they run of a popular clamour being created, which may eventually become such a "pressure from without," as shall be too great to be resisted. The reform—as it has been misnamed—of the House of Commons, was carried by the process of popular clamour and intimidation against the strongest remonstrances and fearful anticipations of the more thoughtful fore-seeing portion of the nation. The rage for Liturgical Revision will proceed in the same way; and it will have the same result, unless Convocation take up the subject; in which all parties in the Church may be represented, and act as a safety valve to let off the steam! Had the late Duke of Wellington consented to the disfranchisement of some old Sarums and else, and have transferred their privileges to the large manufacturing towns there would have been no reform of the parliament; and no ten pound voters to bully the Queen's government, to swamp the aristocracy and to occasion a ministerial crisis. So of Liturgical reformation; if once men whose principles are not orthodox, whether lay or clerical, but which are based on the *opinions* of some, and the *wishes* of others, get in their hands as reformers, our venerable Liturgy may suffer the same or greater violence than our ancient constitution did under parliamentary reform; and who will warrant us against the next reforming mania being directed against the constitution of the Church itself. Demagogues in religion are as dangerous and as untrustworthy as Demagogues in politics.

The Catechism is one of the points devoted to reformation ; its brevity, and the soundness of its doctrine being the objection to the minds of all low and self called Evangelical churchmen. Much of the Catechism is designedly left for the oral teaching of the catechist ; and considering the diversity of mens' minds on sacred subjects and the inexperience of many, the wisdom of the compilers in having done so, is perhaps questionable. For instance, the first question and answer are perhaps seldom explained to the young catechumen, to whom it may appear to have no meaning at all ; nevertheless it is replete with the elements of instruction ; but the Church has left this instruction to be conveyed to, and impressed on the youthful disciple by the catechist. He ought to instruct him that we derive our surname from our earthly parents from the moment of conception ; but that we receive our Christian name from our mother the Church ; and that the two names mark the two families to which we belong. That our earthly parentage is indicated by our surname which may remind us that by nature we are born the children of wrath ; that our Christian name given at baptism reminds us of our new birth in that Sacrament, of our heavenly Father, our elder Brother, and our in-dwelling Comforter. That by our regeneration in baptism God the Father adopts us as His children ; God the Son becomes our elder Brother with whom we are made co-heirs ; and, unless we grieve and drive Him away by our hardness of heart and impenitency, God the Holy Ghost takes possession of our hearts as his temples. "What is your name?" is therefore not an unmeaning question ; but one pregnant with much comfort to the heart of the faithful soldier and servant of Christ.

The reformers say, "It is only necessary here to suggest that those words in the second answer of the Catechumen '*wherein I was made,*' might properly be exchanged for '*wherein I was called to be.*'" Now to us this appears to be a distinction without a difference ; for we are *called* by our new creation in baptism and restored by Christ therein to grace and to the hope of glory ; and if we have been *called*, we certainly have been *made* by God's mercy in Christ what the Bible has pronounced us to be, and the Church has taught, to wit, members of Christ, of His Body, of His Flesh, and of His Bones. Eph. v. 30. Children of God by faith. Gal. iii. 26. "And if children then heirs" and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. Rom. viii. 17. By being "made" or "called to be" children of God and adopted into His family, by

baptism as by an instrument, we receive a title to an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," which is reserved in heaven for all the faithful people of God. If we fall into sin, we shall be *renewed* in the spirit of our minds after returning to our obedience, for all men have not faith, sin being a branch of it; for having been born of God and *made* or *called to be*, partakers of the Divine Nature through the instrumentality of Baptism and the ministry of the Word, we pass from darkness to light, from bondage to liberty, and from death to life.

If the Revision Society would take into their consideration what we have said above, they would see reason perhaps to withdraw the words with which they conclude the paragraph on the Catechism; they say "the principle involved in this slight alteration is important, and is commended to the serious consideration of all who desire for themselves and their children to remember the emphatic warning of our Divine Master 'MANY ARE CALLED BUT FEW CHOSEN.'" We have always endeavoured reverently to consider these emphatic words of our Lord; but perhaps we have put a different construction on them than our Revisers do. In our heart we faithfully believe that all men have been CALLED by the instrumentality of baptism; but all men will not be finally saved, because all men have not faith. Many persons live and die in unrepented sin; although such persons *have been* called in baptism; yet they will not be CHOSEN to inherit the Kingdom and to receive the Crown of righteousness, which is prepared only for the faithful who depart hence in the Lord. The Society's objection that few are chosen is the working out of the Calvinistic heresy which teaches that if a person is only *sure* that he had been regenerated by a *coup de soleil*, so to speak, then he *must be finally saved and cannot be lost*. This is a great delusion. Upon the Calvinistic principle they think that some extraordinary impulse is regeneration, and unless they have felt something of this sort, they fancy they cannot be finally saved; consequently they are in a state of constant doubt and uncertainty, or else of presumption in their own minds. It is a strong delusion to imagine that some accidental or chance circumstance, which has drawn a person's mind to more serious thoughts on Religious subjects, is that new creation or regeneration on which God has been pleased to hang so much responsibility. Such is not regeneration but *renovation*.

The Burial Service is another of their objects for revision; and

they state that "the American Church has set that of England a wholesome example, by amending this form, and substituting *generalized* language for the expression of *absurd hope* respecting *each individual*, which cannot be appropriate so long as in the visible Church 'the wheat' and 'the tares' are suffered to 'grow together,' that is 'unto the harvest.'" The italics are their own.

In looking through the Burial Office, we observe that it consists chiefly of Psalms and scripture extracts which will not admit of being generalized. The second sentence is from Job, who expresses his firm assurance that he shall see his Judge in the day of the Lord; of which there can be no doubt, whether we see Him in mercy or in wrath, that when "He cometh with clouds, *every eye* shall see Him, and they also that pierced Him," as well as those who have crucified Him afresh, and those who have been obedient unto death and have kept the commandments. The prayer which is said at the grave needs no *generalization* for the living to be delivered from the bitter pains of eternal death, and that in our last hour we may not fall from God.

But perhaps it is the confession of our faith "in the sure and certain *hope* of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ," which is the rock of offence. The service commences with the solemn declaration of our Lord that He Himself is the resurrection and the life; and that whosoever believeth in Him, though he were dead yet shall he live again and shall never die. Here I may add, in the words of Dr. Jortin, in this solemn declaration of our Lord "we have the summary of the gospel; namely, that Jesus is the resurrection and the life to those believers who are departed hence in the Lord; that He is the *life* to those who are still on earth; and that He will finally be the resurrection *and* the life to them both."

The prayer at the grave does not declare the certainty of the resurrection of the deceased to eternal life; for that would be to prejudge him and to assume the office of the "most worthy Judge eternal;" but to confess the faith of the living in the doctrine and certainty of the resurrection and of the general judgment, which has been held by the Church from the beginning of the world, and which we confess in the Creed. But if the Church were to express *a hope* that the deceased should rise to *life eternal*, it would be but a charitable one; for although he may have lived an unfaithful life, yet he may have obtained mercy and reconciliation with God at his last hour, through the prevailing

merits of Christ's blood, which "cleanseth us from all sin." On the other hand, although the deceased had lived faithfully, yet, at his last hour, owing to the pains of death, he may have fallen from God, and against the danger of such a dreadful case, we pray earnestly at the side of the grave. In either of these supposed cases, and under any circumstances, no mere man can pronounce a decided opinion either way. The whole service proceeds on *the hope* that the deceased *had died in the Lord*; and our prayer is that "when *we* [that are alive] shall depart, we may rest in Him, *as our hope is*, this our brother doth; and that at the general resurrection in the last day, *we* [still the living] may be found acceptable in Thy sight."

We cannot see in what way language could be more generalized, than the words already are of this most solemn and most consoling Office; they are much more applicable to the living than to the dead. But we can readily sympathise with the feelings of the officiating clergyman, if he cannot command his charity so far as to abstract his thoughts from the case of the deceased; but who dwells with gloomy certainty on the awful doom that awaits a notoriously evil liver who had *not died* in the Lord. The fault however was in himself and not in the service; for in the absence of that charity which *hopeth* all things, he applies the words to the deceased that are intended for the living. We are therefore firmly of opinion that the language of this Office is sufficiently generalized, and ought not to be altered.

The next thing complained of is the Athanasian Creed; the damnatory clauses in which are apt to startle and frighten weak minds. The first two verses declare that every person who desires to be finally saved must hold the Catholic faith whole and undefiled. This assertion is strictly conformable to Scripture; for our Lord said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." The word *saved* here amounts to the same as *justified*, and is opposed to the condemnation of the unbeliever, whose unbelief arises not from ignorance or error of the understanding; but to that disobedience which is the proper opposite of that faith with obedience which shall inherit the blessing; and S. Paul says that certain persons whom he describes, who believe not the truth, shall be damned," or in the language of the Creed shall without doubt everlastingly perish;" also he says that "without faith it is impossible to please God." Now what more does the Creed say than our Lord and S. Paul warrant?

The Creed then goes on to define what the Catholic faith is ; and declares it to be the worship of one God in a Trinity of Persons, and this Trinity of Persons is an Unity of Essence or Substance ; by which declaration, the Church bears her witness against the heresies of Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics, all of whom deny the Scripture doctrine of a Trinity of Persons in an Unity of Essence. The Church does not presume to explain this mystery, which is above the reach of any human intellect ; but she protests against the heresy of confounding the Persons or of dividing the Substance or Essence. The Persons of the Godhead are distinct ; but the Substance or Essence is one and undivided ; for in each Person dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

Then the Creed proceeds down to the 28th versicle to give an explanation of this Trinity in Unity ; and it ends with a declaration that the doctrine thus described is the *faith* of the Church which was once revealed to the Saints ; and that the Church requires for salvation all her faithful children thus to think of the Trinity. Then follows a declaration that we must “believe rightly the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ ;” a fact which is disputed and denied by Unitarians and other heretics, and is sometimes misunderstood by the faithful ; and therefore like a faithful witness to the truth, the Church endeavours to prevent the perversion or sophistication of this doctrine. After which the articles of the faith contained in the Apostles’ and Nicene Creeds are repeated. It concludes with declaring that without the faithful belief of the Catholic faith thus explained no one can be saved ; and thus she obeys the exhortation of S. Jude, to continue earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints.

Our reformers will derive but little comfort from their citations from Tomline’s Elements ; for the Bishop is only there lamenting the perversity of men in questioning the Christian faith ; and in consequence that they require such strong explanatory language to be used ; and he adds in a note that, which it was not convenient for our reformers to produce ; “The hypostatic union which is not distinctly asserted either in the Apostles’ or in the Nicene Creeds, is explicitly maintained in the Athanasian Creed, with an evident design to preserve the purity of the Catholic faith amidst the contentions of prevailing heresies.” With this explanatory note before their eyes, it was not honest in our reformers to cite the Bishop as their supporter ; but which they ought to have done when they professed to give the Bishop’s private opinion of this Creed.

The rejection of this Creed by our reformers, is a significant indication of their non-adhesion to *the* Faith, or rather of their gradual departure from it; and in a manner it fulfils our Lord's remarkable prophecy, that at His second coming to judge Babylon he great He should not find faith in the earth. He is come, the judgment is now set; and is not this wish to remove the bulwark of the faith an answer in the negative to His question "shall he ind faith on the earth?"

The last article which is proposed for revision is "the Apocryphal Lessons" which the Society says "is *not* inspired Scripture, *cannot* be required for 'instruction of life' or 'example of manners.'" But who, except the Council of Trent, ever said the Books of the Apocrypha were inspired Scripture? Sure enough the author of the Macabees does not say so; for he confesses that if his work was "slenderly and meanly" performed "it is the best that he could attain unto;" an acknowledgment which no man, writing under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, would have made. Although we are anti-reformers in the wholesale manner at least of the Society; yet we should not object to the removal of some of the Apocryphal lessons; because the hearing of God's Holy Word is proposed as part of the worship which we are called on to offer to God in the Exhortation at the commencement of the Service; and although some of the books are very instructive, yet they are not "God's Holy Word" and cannot be called part of His worship.

In all town churches, three services are now constantly performed; and consequently the same Scripture lessons and the same psalms are read in both the afternoon and the evening services. Now we have long wished that Convocation would appoint different lessons for the evening than those which are read in the afternoon; and by a re-distribution of the psalms, shorten the reading of them, and give different psalms to the afternoon and evening services. And the morning service might be farther shortened by the *omission* of the prayer for the Queen after the reading of the Commandments, from which the reader might pass to the Collect for the day. The Queen and royal family are so frequently prayed for during the morning and evening services, that the Collect in the Communion Office for the Queen might be omitted without any detriment; and it would contribute in a small degree to shorten the morning service. I conclude in the words of the Rev. Robert Salkeld, in his admirable

pamphlet *versus* the Rev. Mr. Ryle, respecting a revision of the Prayer Book :—" I earnestly entreat them to suspend their judgment for two years, and during that period, by way of practical experiment, to continue using that Common Prayer Book faithfully as it ought to be used, living as they pray, believing as they pray, and loving as they pray, out of that simple, sound and sacred manual of devotion."

W. C. P.

SKETCHES IN CORNWALL.

No. IV.

THE PHOENICIANS IN CORNWALL.—BAL-DU AND SACRED FIRES ON MIDSUMMER EVE.—CARN-BRE AND REDRUTH, PORTREATH AND GODREVY, GWYTHIAN AND HAYLE.

"And there was peace between Hiram and Solomon, and they two made a league together." I. Kings, v. 12. B.C. 1042. And it was by way of return, a compensation for services rendered, that Solomon was induced to build the "store cities" in the wilderness,—Padmor, Baalath, Palmyra, R.U.—to be (like Petra, the great store city of the Nabatheans), as emporiums of merchandise, and lines of protection for the caravans from Babylon, and the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, to Phoenicia. The Phoenicians, also, from time immemorial, traversed the deserts of Arabia and the peninsula of Sinai, as well as carried on a valuable and thriving trade with Egypt; while, at the same time, and long before Greek or Roman were let into the secret, they had pushed their enterprise so far as Great Britain for tin, and had even established a permanent colony on the most western coasts of Cornwall from which the present inhabitants are duly descended.

In the peninsula of Sinai, and in Wady Mokatteb, *i. e.* the valley of the writings, are certain inscriptions upon the face of the rocks, to the length of nearly three miles, which have puzzled scholars and antiquaries of all nations, for this last 200 years. One opinion makes them to contain Chaldean records long before the Christian era; another refers them to the work of the Israelites as they passed along by this valley towards Sinai; while a third supposes them to be of Phoenician origin. or memorials left by Christian pilgrims in the fifth and sixth

nturies. Some few of these are in Greek, and Latin, and are idently of a comparatively later date; but the great mass of iginal characters, with their inscriptions, are as plainly of another and far more remote period. It has moreover of late been conjectured, that some such inscriptions or characters of hoenician origin may yet exist on or near to the north coast of ornwall, and contiguous to their "workings," and that they ould be looked for between Perran-porth and St. Ives, and should say also with equal probability between St. Ives and St. Michael's Mount, and even perhaps as far round as the Lizard.

My reason for introducing the subject in this place, is to invite he visitor to Perran-Zabuloe, to follow the line of coast by St. agnes, Portreath, Godrevy, Hayle, St. Ives, Zennox, St. Just, nd St. Sennan, to Land's End and the Logan Rock, and return o Truro by way of St. Burian, Penzance, St. Michael's Mount, nd on by the West Cornwall Railway from thence, noticing Redruth, Carn-brae and its underlying mining district by the ay, as well as the hamlet of Baldu, with its beautiful church, whose spire may be seen crowning the high ground to the right, between the Chacewater and Truro stations. Commending the discovery of these Phoenician writings to his investigation and research, and trusting that he may light upon them even before I do, let me conduct my companion from Truro to St. Michael's Mount and Land's End, though we may not reach the latter place in this paper.

Leaving the station by an early train, look out for the spire of St. Michael's church, Baldu; to visit which a day would be most profitably spent, taking a ticket for Chacewater and walking from thence to Baldu, and back to Truro, by New Kea Church and the Falmouth Road. Under the auspices of the late Lord Falmouth, and through the untiring zeal and energy of its late Incumbent, the Rev. W. Haslam, this beautiful church, with schools, parsonage-house, and plantations, was let down, as it were, from a better land, upon the hitherto wild and lonely waste of Baldu. Its name has often puzzled me, but I venture the following derivation.—From the time of the first Nimrod, and probably in "the days that were before the Flood," the Sun was worshipped, and Fire, as being his essence or emanation, was adored by the "sons of men," and the Gentile world, not only in the far East, but subsequently in the isles of the North, and amongst the kingdoms of the West, until "a light from heaven, above the brightness of

the sun," shone all around, first in Britain, and then, about the twelfth century, throughout the length and breadth of the neighbouring continent of the old Teutonic races, smote down the blood-stained and smoking altars of this false religion, and gave birth to that "true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Midsummer Eve, or the Vigil of St. John Baptist, has ever been and is, even now, sacred to the Cornish. It is their *goluan*, or time of light and joy, probably from the Welsh verb *goluan*, to illuminate. It is also called their *Beltien*, or *Bel-tan*, i.e. Bel's Fire. And now, after the fashion of the old Phœnician traders, do they carry blazing brands, roll pitch-barrels through certain towns and districts, as well as make great bonfires on some prominent or elevated spot, decking their cottages, engine-houses and machinery with green branches and fresh flowers. Flowers and green branches are still customary, but the use of fire has been much discontinued; the last which came under my notice was in the district of *Bal-du*, as being probably a corruption of *Bal-duw*, or *Bel*, the god. It was in this wild and desolate place, about three years ago, and at midnight, that the late Incumbent witnessed the Midsummer fires, and very properly improved the occasion by speaking to the multitude of other and higher things, from Isaiah, l. 11. In connection with this interesting custom and passing shade of by-gone times, it will not be out of place to give a passage from a most excellent and instructive work by the Rev. R. Milman, entitled "*Mitslav*, or the Conversion of Pomerania." "It was the Eve of St. John, and on that holy night the pagans of the land and all of the same race are wont to gather together from all the neighbouring villages to form a camp of booths, and light large bonfires in the midst of it. Around these bonfires they draw to the sound of harps and voices, with the tables spread with food, and the cups filled with the strongest mead, in honour of KUBALA, the god of the seasons and fruits. They spend the evening and few brief hours of the Midsummer night in one unceasing orgy. They esteem it unthankful not to awaken the sun, and salute his first beams with revelling, and cups pledged in joyous salutation and welcome. If the goblet and the song do not herald his ascent up heaven, they believe that he will scorch the approaching harvest."

From the Phœnician fires on the common by Bal-du church, let us now turn towards the Druidical cathedral, or *gorsedd*,

supreme seat) of Carnbre, *i.e.* *the hill structure*, and their chief place of resort in this part of the country, viz., Redruth, *i. e.* *Tre-Dryw*, the Druid's Town, or, as some have it, with reference to the little stream that runs at the bottom of Carn-bre hill, *Rhyd-Dryw*, the Druid's ford-place; as also, *Rhyd-ychain*, Oxford; *Rhyd-wely*, Bedford. There is nothing to interest in the present town beyond the fact that it was one of the chief towns of the Druids of Danmonium, and that it probably claims an antiquity prior to any other in the county. But as every Englishman should make a pilgrimage to Canterbury, as well as a Welshman to St. David's, so all Cornishmen, or visitors, should ascend the rugged heights of Carn-bre. Instead of going on by rail to Hayle, it would be as well to turn off from Redruth to Portreath and Godrevy, along the north coast, the magnificent scenery of which cannot fail to impress every beholder with wonder and delight. The latter headland, moreover, with the island and dangerous reef called "The Stones," gather deeper, though very mournful interest, on account of its having been for ages the scene of so many shipwrecks. In December last the "Nile," London and Liverpool steamer, struck and went down with all hands. It was, like many others, a "dead wreck." *When will the authorities of the Trinity Board establish a light on this point? It would have been, and may yet be, the means of saving many vessels, and hundreds of lives.* From Godrevy walk round by Gwythian Sands and the old *buried Oratory of St. Gwythian*, and, passing through Phillack, enter the active and flourishing little town of Hayle, where I must leave you at rest for the present.

THE MONK.

(Continued from page 205.)

THERESA, young and beautiful, was united to an aged spouse, whom she loved as a parent; and she had hitherto been happy in the fulfilment of her duties; nor had she thought of other happiness than had fallen to her lot; but, having seen Julio, the peace of her bosom was destroyed, and her soul was so ungovernably ardent, that this amorous impulse decided the fate of her whole life. Until this critical moment, her husband had been the confidant of all her thoughts; but she never spoke to him of Julio, although she was passionately devoted to the young monk, and he was

never absent from her thoughts. This mystery was at first painful, and seemed a silent accusation to her own mind. She felt there was danger to be avoided ; and she had courage to abstain from going to mass. In the fallacious hope of calming her troubled breast she resolved to have recourse to confession ; and for that purpose she determined to return to the Chapel of the Dominicans.

She chose the hour when she knew that Julio would be engaged in hearing confessions ; and approaching the confessional, she there acknowledged all her feelings since the period of the festival ; the pleasure she had enjoyed in beholding Julio every day ; the remorse that had followed that felicity ; and the courage with which she had renounced its indulgences ; but she feared that this strength would soon fail her. "What must I do then ?" she exclaimed : "take pity, O father, on a miserable sinner !" Her tears flowed in excess ; her agitation was extreme ; but scarcely had she ceased speaking when Julio in a stern and threatening voice pronounced this sentence :—"Unhappy woman ! How is this ? it is sacrilege !"

At these words Julio rushed from the confessional ; but Theresa, although still on her knees, laid hold of his robe and arrested his flight, and besought him to retract his malediction ; she implored him in the name of his salvation and in the name of his love to reverse his decision. Julio feebly repulsed her ; and at length he cried "Theresa, Theresa quit this place ; I feel my resolution failing." At these words Theresa threw herself upon his breast, and encircling him in her arms, she said "tell me, oh tell me before we separate that I am beloved by thee." No longer master of himself, and fearing to be thus surprised, Julio returned for a moment her caresses, and pressed her to his heart ; but struck with the recollection of the Sybil's prediction, he vowed to flee from her for ever ; and without giving her any explanation, he forced from her the same promise. Theresa, existing only in her guilty attachment, and scarcely comprehending his words, yielded consent to all he imposed, and departed.

When left alone, and restored to his own reflections, Julio shuddered to think of his own imprudence ; but it was now too late, he thought, to avoid the danger. He was already a prey to the "love without bounds ;" the "sacrilege" had already been committed ; and there remained only one more event to complete the awful prediction of the Sybil. He said to himself, have I not declared my passion even in the very church where I pronounced my vows of chastity ? He had vowed to flee from Theresa for

ever; but strange is the infatuation which sin imposes on the human heart; he could not tear himself away from the tempting Syren. In order to counteract this sinful passion, instead of repentance and prayer, he betook himself for a short time to the corporal austerities prescribed by the papal church. He slept on the floor; and he wore a hair cloth next his skin, with small points round the loins, which tormented him day and night; but all the devil's inventions could not cure that impure passion, which now had taken possession of his heart. Theresa was less afflicted; her confessor had imposed no corporal austerities on her; besides he had confessed his love for her; and to her this seemed a shield against all her troubles. With what delight did she retrace the fleeting moments of their brief interview; a single hour of such existence leaves more pleasing recollections than a whole life without love. She no longer remembered her promise to avoid Julio; but returned to the church and beheld him, who also seemed to have forgotten his oath.

The whole of Julio's existence was now absorbed by his guilty passion; and when he looked upon Theresa, the entire universe besides disappeared before him; but still he abstained from conversing with her. In the absence of Theresa, Julio was tormented with bitter remorse; but a single glance from her recalled the fatal charm which held his soul enthralled. At length he took the fatal resolution of speaking to her; and to bid her an eternal farewell.

A poor woman and her child usually stood at the gate of the monastery, who lived upon the alms of Theresa. The little Carlo, her son, often followed Theresa; carried her book to church and knelt by her side. Julio directed Carlo to say to Theresa that father Julio expected her at confession at seven o'clock that evening; yet he trembled at the idea of being alone with Theresa. What a day of torment was this for Julio; he feared that he should lack courage to bid her an eternal farewell; never could he repeat the words, but he could write them. He therefore decided not to see her; and Carlo was charged with the delivery of a letter to her as she entered the Church.

On receiving the first message, Theresa felt a strange disorder. "What can he want?" she sighed; "were we not so happy?" She failed not however to repair to the Church at the appointed hour; and Carlo gave her the letter. She broke the seal with eager emotion; but how great was her surprise and vexation on

He desired, but in vain, to be excused ; imposing this duty on Julio, who was presented himself before Vivaldi's gate. The chamber dimly lighted, where a number of friends surrounded the couch of a friend on his entrance ; and Julio was left

(continued.)

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lands of Scotland ; and
their legs are feathered down
their tails are generally long ; their
hidden under the feathers.

rious species of them. The ruffed Grouse has
ound only in America : his size is between that
ant and a partridge, his bill is brownish, his head is
and variegated with different tints of brown, mixed with
black. The feathers on the neck are long and loose ; and they
may be erected like those of the common cock. His throat and
the fore part of the neck are orange brown ; and the rest of the
underparts are yellowish white, having a few curved marks on
the breast and sides. There are eighteen feathers in the tail ; all
of which are crossed with narrow bars of black, with one broad
band of the same near the end. His legs are covered to the toes
with whitish hairs ; and his toes are flesh coloured.

When he is in a gay humour, he spreads his tail like that of a
Turkey cock, and erects the circle of feathers round his neck like
a ruff ; he then walks with a stately air and even pace, and makes
a noise somewhat like that of a Turkey. This is the tide in the
sportsman's affairs ; and if he misses his aim, the bird flies off
beyond his reach.

The ruffed Grouse makes a remarkable noise which is called
thumping, by clapping their wings against their sides. During

AND DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.
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this sinful passion. Instead of re-
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this performance they stand upon an old fallen tree and commence their strokes gradually, at about two seconds of time from one another ; then they repeat them quicker and quicker, until the noise becomes like distant thunder ; this continues a short time, and they cease for six or eight minutes, then begin again. They commonly practice their *thumping* during the spring and fall of the year, at about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and again about four or five in the afternoon ; the sound of which is often heard at the distance of half a mile ; and sportsmen on the watch take advantage of this amiable weakness in their character to surprise and shoot them.

Mr. Brooke, of Maryland, says that they make their nests either by the side of fallen trees, or at the roots of standing ones ; and that they lay from twelve to sixteen eggs. When a boy, he frequently found their nests, and endeavoured to take the old birds ; but he never could succeed, although the hen would allow him to put his hand upon her, before she would quit her nest ; and then would cunningly draw him off, by fluttering before him for a hundred paces or more ; yet he never could catch her. A few days after the chickens are hatched, they so artfully hide themselves among the leaves, that it is difficult to find them.

The Black Grouse is a most beautiful bird ; and is found in vast numbers in the southern borders of Scotland, on the estates of the Duke of Buccleugh ; they were formerly to be seen in great numbers in England, but now they are rather scarce ; and they are chiefly to be found in the New Forest in Hampshire, where they are preserved as royal game.

Their food is various ; but it consists principally of the mountain fruits and berries, and the tops of the heath ; it is said that cherries and peas are fatal to them.

They never pair ; but in spring the cocks assemble at their usual resorts on the tops of heathy mountains, where they crow and clap their wings ; and at this signal the females resort to them. The males are very quarrelsome, and fight together like game cocks ; when they are so inattentive to their own safety, that two or three have sometimes been killed at one shot ; and instances have occurred of combatants having been knocked down with a stick.

The plumage of the whole body of the male is black, glossed over the neck and rump with a shining blue. The coverts of the wings are of a dusky brown, the four first quill feathers are black,

he next white at the bottom ; the lower half and the tips of the secondary feathers, and also the inner coverts of the wings are white. The tail is much forked ; the exterior feathers bending greatly outward, and their ends seem as if they were cut off. The female weighs only about two pounds ; and her colours differ considerably from those of the male. Her head and neck are marked with alternate bars of dull red, black and white. She hatches her young late in the summer ; lays from six to eight eggs, of a dull yellowish white colour, marked with numbers of small specks ; and towards the smaller end with blotches of the same colour. The young males quit the parents in the beginning of winter, and they keep together in flocks of seven or eight till the spring.

The mode of shooting them in Russia is from the inside of loop-holed huts, which are erected near to the woods which the Black Cock frequents. Artificial decoy birds are placed within range on the trees ; and when the birds assemble, the sportsman fires at the lowest cock, and as the report does not frighten the birds, several of them may be killed from the same tree ; the others looking down earnestly and chattering to his dead companion ; and they keep on chattering until each in his turn becomes a victim.

The Red, or common Grouse, is peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland and Wales ; but have never been seen on the Continent. The weight of the male is about nineteen, and of the female about fifteen ounces. The bill is black ; at the base of the lower mandible on each side, there is a white spot ; each eye is beautifully arched with a large, naked, scarlet spot ; the throat is red ; the plumage of the upper parts of the body is mottled with dusky red and black, and the breast and belly are purplish and crossed with small dusky lines.

They usually collect in winter in flocks or *packs*, as they are termed by sportsmen ; and they are then exceedingly shy and wild. They keep near the summit of the heathy hills ; and feed on the mountain berries and the tender tops of the heath. They pair in spring ; and the hens lay from six to ten eggs in a rude nest formed on the ground. The young brood or *poults* follow the hen till the approach of winter, when with several others they unite into *packs*. In our opinion the red Grouse is the finest of all game ; but they do not keep long, and the birds should be drawn immediately after they have been shot.

The Ptarmigan, or white game, is somewhat larger than a pigeon; its bill is black, and its plumage in summer is of a pale brown colour, elegantly mottled with small bars and dusky spots. The head and neck are marked with broad bars of black rust colour and white; and its wings and belly are white. They moult in winter, and change their summer dress for a warmer, whence they become altogether white; every feather also, except those of the wings and tail become double; a downy feather shoots out at the base of each, which gives an additional protection against the cold. Towards the end of February their summer dress begins to appear; the white ones drop off, and they get an entirely new set.

They are feathered to the toes, which effectually protects them from the cold. They feed in the evenings and mornings; and in the middle of the day they bask in the sun. Every morning they take a flight directly upwards into the air, for the apparent purpose of shaking the snow off their wings and bodies.

The Ptarmigan chiefly inhabit the countries lying near the North Pole; but they are to be found on the mountain tops in the north of Scotland. Their food consists of the buds of trees, young shoots of pine and heath, and of mountain berries. They are so silly and stupid as to suffer themselves to be killed with a stick, or to be driven into any snare that may be set for them; they stretch out their necks as if in curiosity, and remain quite unconcerned whilst the sportsman takes aim at them. When frightened they fly off, but immediately alight, and stand staring at their foe. If the hen be killed, the cock does not forsake her; but may then be killed. They are so little alarmed at the sight of mankind, that they may be driven like poultry; nevertheless, it is impossible to domesticate them; for they refuse food and soon die.

THE LORD'S DAY.

To the Editor of the Standard.

SIR,—A bill being now before the legislature, proposing to admit trading, for a certain number of hours, on the Christian Sabbath. I beg your permission to state a few of the reasons, which I think ought to raise the voice of the Christian community against any compromise of the kind. I do not attribute any unsuitable motives to the promoters of this bill; the name of the nobleman by whom

It has been introduced is a voucher for its good intention. But, regarding the measure as contrary to Scripture, and therefore dangerous to Christian duty, I proceed to prove its unfitness to be entertained by a Protestant legislature.

The institution of the Sabbath obviously differs from all other religious ordinances, in certain memorable characters.

It was the only one commanded in Paradise.

It was the only one enforced by the Divine example.

It was the only one appointed to fill a large space of human life—a *seventh* part.

It was the only one recurring constantly at brief intervals, the seventh day; and thus constantly interposing between the general occupations of human life.

It was the only one which commanded the cessation of labour, for the relief of man, and of the lower animals.

It was the only one which appointed a new division of time—the week.

And, it was the only one (in the Jewish Dispensation) sustained by periodic national miracle.

The evident reason for this superiority of impression was, that the Sabbath was the great remembrancer of the creation; which is the great remembrancer of *our* having been the work of the Almighty; which again is the great foundation of the whole duty of man. For, if man is wholly the work of the Almighty; the Maker has an evident right to demand the obedience of the soul and body, which he has made.

In process of time, when man had fallen away from his sinless obedience; the Jewish Dispensation was given, for the restoration of the Divine knowledge in man. And the *first* act of the Almighty for that restoration, was the revival of the Sabbath!

It is evident that the Israelites, under their Egyptian task-masters, could not have observed the Sabbath. After this long disuse, it could, probably, be revived, in the minds of a slavish and sensual people, only by some powerful sign. A miracle was wrought, and that miracle, in the shape most intelligible by the multitude—the supply of daily food. The Almighty declared, that food should be given from Heaven for six days, and that on the seventh none should fall, the day being “holy to the Lord.” And it is to be observed, that the sanctity of the Sabbath was declared *before* the giving of the Jewish law from Sinai; (thus showing that it was independent of the law) and that it was repeated in the

Ten Commandments, which alone were spoken by the voice of God, and are the universal law of morality to this hour ; and that it also *preceded* the six commandments referring to the duties of man to man.

Such was the Divine care, in impressing this especial ordinance, on a people raised up for the distinct purpose of preserving the true Revelation of God, of retaining holiness in the earth, and of being the pure depository of that faith which was to be spread through all nations. The observance of the Sabbath was thus the *primary principle* of national virtue ; and of universal religion.

But, the observance was further strengthened, by miracle, and by its connection with national feeling. While the fall of the manna in the wilderness kept the attention of the Israelites constantly fixed on the ordinance, no further impression might be necessary. But, when the nation, in Canaan, returned to the general habits of life, and the miracle of the manna ceased ; the observance of the seventh day was reinforced by the Sabbatical year, giving a whole year of *rest*, with the *miracle* of a double harvest in every sixth year. Again, at the close of every forty-ninth year, there was the great national Sabbath, the Jubilee.

And, apparently, to prevent the impression from dying away, by the length of the intervals ; two conditions were attached to those years, wholly unexampled in the world, wholly beyond human legislation, and wholly incompatible with the general usages of society ; but, necessarily producing the most continued and the most powerful interest in the national mind. In the Sabbatical year, all debts were cancelled ; the Israelite who had sold himself to an Israelite was released, and also sent to his home, "not empty," but with gifts from the winepress and granary of his master. In the year of Jubilee a still greater boon was given. The Israelite family which had lost its landed property, either by debt or misfortune, was to be restored to its estate. And in this, and the seventh year, the poor were to have the whole produce of the ground. What thousands and tens of thousands of anxious hearts must have been continually counting the days, until those years should come !

There was still a further impress of the Divine hand, in the *penalty* for the desecration of the Sabbath. When Israel, in the course of centuries, fell into idolatry, the Sabbatical years were neglected, and the plough was run through the land. For this transgression, the captivity of Judah was continued for 70 years.

clared by Jeremiah, to be the punishment for the same number violated Sabbatical years. And there is still another great remembrance of the Sabbath, to come.—In the Epistle to the Hebrews, the apostle declares that “there remaineth a Sabbath to the people of God.”—(iv. 3.) The Sabbath of the kingdom of our Lord! Thus the holiness of the Sabbath is impressed on man in no less than *seven* eminent forms;—in the Divine rest at the creation—in the giving of food in the wilderness—in the law at Sinai—in the Sabbatical year—in the Jubilee—in the captivity—and in the promise of that final Sabbath, which is to consummate the cycle of Providence on earth. And for what purpose was this whole vast system established? at once so magnificent and so benevolent—so marked by miracle—so new to human legislation—so totally beyond human means—and so deeply, inevitably, and mercifully appealing to the interests, the feelings, and the happiness of the population of Palestine? Beyond all question, for the purpose of declaring the Sabbath to be the great instrument of human holiness—the great connection between society and the Divine government—the great pledge of man to obedience, and of the Almighty to protection.

The reasons for the change of the day, in Christianity, are obvious. The retention of the Jewish Sabbath-day must have implied the retention of the ceremonial of the Jewish Sabbath, or have involved constant collisions. The original converts were all Jews, and zealous of their ceremonial. To have solemnised the Christian worship on the express day of Jewish, must have produced violent irritation, where the object was, to produce the peace of mankind. The Apostles were Jews, and appear to have attended the worship of the Temple. The Apostolic Council even commanded respect to some of the especial Jewish observances, “because Moses was still read in the synagogues every Sabbath Day.” S. Paul performed a Jewish vow. But, the worship of the Temple was soon to become impossible; the Temple was to fall; and sacrifices could be offered no longer. The Christian already had a day sanctified by the most solemn of all Divine sanctions—on the first day of the week, their Lord had risen, and stood among them in the body—on the first day of the week again, He had stood among them for the purpose of confirming their faith—on the first day of the week, the Holy Ghost had descended upon them, given them the miraculous gifts, and inaugurated their mission to preach the Gospel to the whole

Jewish world.—On the first day of the week, S. Paul directed the Gentile Churches to collect their contributions for the sufferers in Palestine.

The first day of the week thus began to be named the Lord's Day, and by that name it is authoratively called, *before* the close of the Apostolic age, by the surviving apostle, John, in the Apocalypse, the Book addressed to all the Churches of Asia, and chief prophetic record of Christianity to the world. In the subsequent age, when the Jewish people were utterly scattered by Hadrian, the Lord's Day still more generally took the place of the Jewish Sabbath. Constantine issued, in the fourth century, an order prohibiting the exercise of the Legions on "the Lord's Day;" and such the day has continued, without Divine rebuke or human abrogation (the French atheistic revolution excepted) to this hour.

But, there *now* exists for the world an additional reason, doubtless foreseen in the Divine Councils, why the observance of the Jewish Sabbath Day should have been abolished. The *day* of Europe is the *night* of the Antipodes. If the day might be retained in the old hemisphere, it must be extinguished in the new. The only rule for the Sabbath round the globe, can be "one day in seven."

The rule for the moral observance of the Sabbath laid down by our Lord is, that no works should be done on that day, but works of *necessity*. The Pharisees would have prohibited His disciples from plucking the ears of corn to appease their hunger, and Himself from healing disease. He rebuked their thus attempting to add to the ordinance of God, and told them, that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.—In other words, that the Sabbath was made for the good of man, not for his injury, which it would have been, if it condemned him to immediate famine, or to protracted pain. Still, it must be remarked, that the words of the great Author of Christianity, have pronounced that the Sabbath is an ordinance appointed by the Maker of all, for *all* mankind, whether Jew or Christian. "The Sabbath was made for *man*!"

All its purposes evidently render it as binding on the Christian as on the Jew. It is equally essential to all,—as reminding us of our Creator, and of our duties resulting from our creation—we equally require its rest from the perpetual labours of life—we equally require the refreshment of our weary minds by its rest—we equally require the duties, lessons, and spiritual blessings of

Divine worship.—we equally require its preparation for the passage to that awful world, to which we are all hastening. The command was given at the Creation, and therefore was given for *all* the generations of man.

I must now limit my remarks to a brief view of its infringement. The question of the Christian's conscience is simply, whether the infringement is a matter of *necessity*.

There can be no necessity for the Sunday railroad or steamboat excursion, sweeping thousands along on roads and rivers, to spend the day in the triflings and tumults of Sunday ramblings and tavern life.

There can be no necessity for keeping open the clubs at the West End, filled with idlers, offering the worst possible example to the humbler orders, and depriving the higher of all argument against the excesses of the populace.

There can be no necessity for keeping open the ten thousand places for the sale of spirituous liquors, which are only slow poisons to the wretched beings who drink them, nor for the numberless cigar shops, confectioners' shops, and newspaper shops, which line all the suburban streets, and deprive the unhappy creatures who attend in them of all Sunday rest, and of all fresh air.

There can be no necessity for open shops of every trade in the outskirts of London; for actual fairs, crowded with all the low characters of the metropolis, nor for the toleration, by a magistracy, of every vice and villany of man in the face of day. Those things must be put down, for the honour of God.

Public opinion, clearly expressed, can do anything that is just, manly, and patriotic. It has already prevented the folly of opening Crystal Palaces, museums, and exhibitions, on the Sunday, and this principle it must render universal. There is no more necessity for opening shops for the sale of provisions "for four hours" of the Sunday, than there is for opening them through the whole twenty-four. If the working people once see the law enforced, they will soon compel their employers to pay them in good time. It is to be remembered, also, that there are unhappy beings, for whom the Sunday was made, as well as for all others—the beings to whom the Sunday is made a seventh day of toil. That this system of liberty, as it is called, is actually a system of slavery—hopeless, dreary, disgusting slavery—to the seventy thousand clerks and attendants on the railways—to the ten thousands

of attendants in steamboats and taverns—and to the languid, colourless, and exhausted female thousands, who stand behind the counters of our suburb shops, and roadside places of excess; in short, to all, who by the avarice of their employers, are *robbed* of the privilege given by the Almighty to *all*; and who are thus consigning themselves to a life of discontent and disease, or to an early grave; while they ought to be walking in the fields, enjoying the fresh air of our fine parks, or sitting comfortably in their home, with their families and friends; or attending that worship, which alone can enlighten the burden of life, and safely cheer the hearts of human beings.

I sincerely hope that the common sense, if not the Christian feeling, of the legislature, will put a speedy end to all compromise, where compromise is so dangerous to the sacred obedience of a Christian people. An encroachment on the Lord's Day is an encroachment on the *Divine* liberty of man!—I remain Sir, yours,
G. CROLY, L.L.D.

St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

“SECONDARILY PROPHETS.”

A WRITER, signing Presbyter, in the *Courier*, or *Church Reform Gazette*, denies that the “Prophets” which S. Paul says are “set” “secondarily” in the Church, 1 Cor. xii. 28. refer to the Christian Ministry at all. This we consider a great mistake; which we will endeavour to shew.

We are told by S. Luke that Agabus and other prophets came from Jerusalem to Antioch, Acts xi. 27; and that there were certain prophets and teachers in the Church that was at Antioch, among whom Barnabas and Paul are mentioned, who were undoubtedly apostles, Acts xiii. 1; and Judas and Silas, who were also apostles, or as we now say bishops, are called prophets, Acts xv. 32. Addressing the Corinthian Church, S. Paul tells the whole people, Clergy and laity, that they were the body of Christ and members in particular; and that “God hath set some in the Church, *first* apostles, *secondarily* prophets, *thirdly* teachers.” Then he rebukes those who are guilty of schism, by asking “are all apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers?” 1 Cor. xii. 27-30; and that the prophets were the second order of the ministry, seems evident from S. Paul's directions to them regarding the delivery of revelations, 1 Cor. xiv. 29-32. The Christian prophets are

reckoned one of the foundations of the Church of which Christ Himself is the chief corner stone ; for S. Paul told the Ephesians that they were no longer strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and the household of God ; and that this household of God or the Church general is " built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets ; . . . in whom all the building [of the household of God] fitly framed or joined together, groweth or increaseth unto an holy temple in the Lord." Eph. ii. 19-22. And farther S. Paul says that the spiritual knowledge which was withheld from the Jewish priesthood, was revealed now in the Christian era " unto His holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit " ch. iii. 5 ; and in the following chapter he reiterates his assurance that God hath given to the Church, some apostles and some prophets for the work of the ministry and the edification of the body of Christ. We are therefore of opinion that it will not admit of a doubt that the PROPHETS in the texts cited above, apply solely to the Christian ministry, and chiefly to the second order of it.

At sundry times under the Jewish dispensation, God spake to His Church by the Levitical priesthood ; but under the Gospel He speaks to us by the representatives of His Son, who empowered and authorised them to teach and to preach His Will ; " therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard ; lest at any time we should let them slip." Heb. i. 1-2 ; ii. 1. S. James also refers to the example of suffering affliction and patience which had been set by the Christian prophets or ministers, ch. v. 10. Again S. Peter says that the Christian prophets had inquired and searched diligently to preach of the common salvation. 1 Pet. i. 10.

We are informed by S. John that, during all the time of the papal and Mahomedan apostacies, which are now drawing to their close, God the Almighty would preserve two witnesses of His truth, who should, during that long night of persecution *prophecy*, clothed in Sackcloth ; now this prophesying can only mean the ordinary official duties of the Christian ministry, Rev. xi. *passim* ; and therefore Faber and Elliot are more likely to be correct in asserting the Vaudois Churches to be the two witnesses, than those expositors who reckon the two Testaments, or the two Sacraments to be the witnesses. But there cannot be prophesying or preaching without prophets ; therefore the Christian ministry are the prophets of the New Testament. The holy apostles and prophets are called upon by Christ Himself (verse 1) to rejoice

over the downfall and destruction of the Church of Rome; for in her will be found "the blood of prophets and of saints," which she has cruelly persecuted and slain. Rev. xviii. Again, the angel to whom S. John fell down to worship, assured him that he was his fellow servant and of his brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of the holy scripture, Rev. xlii. 6-9.

But above all, we have the fearful assurance of the angel that came down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit in his hand; that in the lake of fire and brimstone "the Beast and the False Prophet are" tormented for ever and ever. Now the False Prophet is not the Pope *alone*; but the Pope in conjunction with his whole hierarchy; that is, the whole body of the papal clergy, from the commencement to the close of the papal apostacy. They have been prophecying or preaching false doctrines subversive of the simplicity of the gospel; and therefore the Holy Spirit in express terms asserts that the whole body of the papal clergy or false prophets, have purchased for themselves damnation. It is an awful thought; but all the charitable constructions in the world cannot wipe out the fact as stated by the Angel; for it is written, "And the Devil that deceived them was cast into the Lake of fire and brimstone, where the *Beast and the FALSE PROPHET are*; and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever." Rev. xxi. 10.

RETREAT OF THE FRENCH FROM MOSCOW.

IN describing the cold of the Russian winter, Sir Archibald Alison in his incomparable history says:—"Amidst the howling wilderness, the wearied men sought in vain for the shelter of a rock, the cover of a friendly habitation, or the warmth of a fire. The stems of the pine charged with snow and hardened by frost, long resisted the flames lighted by the troops; and when by great exertions the fire was kindled, crowds of starving men prepared a miserable meal of rye, mixed with snow-water and horse flesh. Sleep soon closed their eyelids, and for sixteen long hours the darkness was illuminated by the light of the bivouacs. But numbers never awoke from their slumbers; and on the following day the sites of the watch fires were marked by circles of dead bodies, with their feet still resting on the extinguished piles. The death produced, on almost all the soldiers who perished from the cold, was the same. The persons affected fell into a paralytic torpor, which led them to approach the fires of the bivouacs, where they

speedily dropped into an apoplectic slumber, from which they never awakened. Those of the officers and men who were able to perform the whole journey, and had preserved a little sugar and coffee, resisted the cold most effectually. Mortification in particular limbs ensued in innumerable cases, against which the best preservation was found to be walking on foot."

In a note to the preceding paragraph, Sir Archibald adds:—"It is seldom that cold at all comparable to that which is here described is felt in the British Islands; but during the great frost of spring 1838, the author was twice fortunate enough to experience it. On the 8th and 9th February in that year, the thermometer at his residence at Possil House, near Glasgow, fell at eleven at night, to four degrees below zero of Fahrenheit; and he immediately walked out and sat down under the old trees in the Park, to experience a sensation which he had long figured to himself in imagination, and might never in life feel again. A vivid recollection of the descriptions he had studied of the Russian retreat, made him attend minutely to every object he witnessed, and every sensation he felt on the occasion. The night was bright and clear; not a speck or film obscured the firmament, where the moon shone forth in surpassing splendour; the trees loaded with glowing chrystals, glittered on all sides as in a palace of diamonds; the snow, dry and powdery, fell from the feet like the sands of the desert; not a breath waved even the feathery covering of the branches; and the mind, overpowered with the unwonted splendour of the scene, fell into a state of serene enjoyment. The sensation of the frost even when sitting still, was hardly that of pain. The moment the body entered the external air, it felt as if plunged into a cold bath, against which it was at once evident, that even the warmest clothing afforded little protection; and after resting a short time, a drowsy feeling, the harbinger of death, began to steal over the senses. When walking, however, the circulation was preserved, and no disagreeable feeling experienced; but the astonishment felt at the moment, upon experiencing how soon inaction induced drowsiness, was how, under a much severer cold, any men or horses survived in either army, during the bivouacs of the Russian retreat.—*History of Europe*, 9th edition, vol. x. p. 70.

THE CHARACTER OF POPERY.

POPERY is a Catholic sham; for it cheats those that tamper with

it of their understandings and their senses, their consciences and their souls ;—an ecclesiastical juggle, the cunning knave's mask, the silly bigot's creed ; Jacob's ladder reversed, or the debauchee's ensign, which he doubts not but, if well oiled, will at last carry him to Heaven ; for it is a project that offers at saving men and their sins together, nay, in many cases, to make their sins meritorious of salvation ; a blendure of ambition and covetousness, dressed up in a long mantle of hypocrisy, called S. Peter's cloak ; a false bait, managed by a crafty sort of fishermen, that pretend to angle souls for Heaven, but design only to catch gudgeons, and grasp earth and its advantages ; jingling the keys of Paradise, on purpose to amuse the crowd, and to get opportunities to pick their pockets. It is a strange farrago of errors and impostures ; a gallimawfrey, composed of contrary ingredients ; the highest superstition, and yet the highest profaneness ; subtleties of the finest spinning, and the most gross absurdities. It makes its God, and then eats Him. It teaches all its votaries to pray, without either understanding the words, or yet devout attention of mind ; to fast with a luxurious dinner of fish, wine, and sweetmeats, that Heliogabalus, and other choicest heathen gluttons, would lick their lips at. It cries up marriage for a sacrament, and yet, at the same time, bars its sacred clergy from it ; because it will defile them. It boasts itself to be the sole keeper and interpreter of the Scriptures, and yet avows, that they are corrupted and unintelligible ; and so at once proclaims her own perfidious negligence, in not preferring the sacred oracles, and her monstrous uncharitableness, in not giving us an authentic explication. It pretends an infallible knack in deciding all controversies, yet cruelly suffers her brats to spend their time in endless quarrels ; witness the brawls between her Franciscans and her Dominicans, her Jesuits and her Jansenists, her most Christian and most Catholic doctors.

We may therefore call it a rope of sand, held together merely by interest and force : a Babel-building, erected by diligent Fraud, and aspiring Pride, upon the plains of drowsy Ignorance and easy Credulity ; and cemented not only with the tears but with the blood of thousands of innocents ; begot in the dark, by an incestuous, mixture of Impudence the son, with Ignorance the mother ; suckled by Phocas, with the milk of rebellion and blood-royal, and rocked to sleep by Pope Boniface in the cradle of an universal bishopric ; where doting monks sung lullabies to it, with a multitude of lying legends and feigned miracles. The French usurper

King Pepin and his son, gave it a new coat ; and Pope Hildebrand taught it to go high-lone and trample on the necks of emperors and kings. It was always very fond of babies to play with ; and cried and scratched most filthily, till it had got pictures and images to set up in churches, which, from laymen's books, quickly became their gods. The schoolmen provided it rattles of distinction, and abundance of elder pop-guns, to divert itself, and amuse the world with. The conventicle of Trent found it sick of the rickets, but, applying altogether the Italian Physic, set it again upon its legs, though with a head swelled bigger than before : yet, ever since, it hath been languishing in a consumption ; to palliate which, 50,000 fathers of the society are always busy, with cordials and paint, to keep up its spirits and complexion. The diet it delights in is *aurum potabile*, and the blood of martyrs ; the Inquisition is its right leg and sophistry its left ; and, with these two supporters, it bestrides the world.

To express its essence and full latitude in one word, you must call it Anti-Christianism, (whether you take Anti to signify against, for, or instead of, as the Greek tongue hath it ; or whether you take Christ to denote peculiarly our blessed Saviour, or more generally, his vicegerents, or, more largely, his fains or catholic church, who all enjoy the unction of the Holy One) : for, as this mock religion most impudently pretends its Pope (the greatest rebel and enemy to God and Christ under heaven) to be Vice-God or Christ's vicar or lieutenant upon earth ; and, that he has a plentitude of power, in Christ's stead, to rule the universal church ; under which forged commission, and kind semblance, nothing can tend more against the person, honour, merits, offices, and whole gospel of Christ—nothing be more derogatory to their just rights, and veneration due to sovereign earthly princes—nor yet any thing be more pernicious to, or destructive of sincere Christians, than this triple-crowned traitor's doctrines and practices.—For Popery, by its doctrine of transubstantiation, will have the body of Christ to be without the properties of a true body ; and consequently, taking away the human nature, it denies the person of our Mediator. It invades His royal office, by assuming His incommunicable titles, by undertaking to rescind and make void His laws ; absolving man from his duty to God, by dispensations, and from the penalty which sin hath made his due, by indulgences ; so Bellarmine tells us, “That the Pope hath a power to make sin to be no sin ;” and the council of Lateran, “That the Pope has all power over all

powers, as well of heaven as of earth." It blasphemes the priestly office of Christ, whereby, at one oblation of himself, he satisfied for all sin; Heb. x. ii. 1 John, i, vii; for, as if the same was insufficient, Popery appoints an innumerable company of shaveling priests, whose daily business is pretended to offer up Christ afresh, as a propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and the dead, in their wicked and idolatrous mass. It also undertakes to purge away sins by other medicines, besides his precious blood; and sets up a multitude of other mediators and intercessors. It opposes Christ's prophetic office, by adding a multitude of traditions and inventions, as necessary to salvation, to be received with the same reverence as the word of God. It exalts itself above all that is called God in the world; for its Pope crowns and uncrowns emperors with his feet, and treads upon them as one would do upon a viper; takes upon him to depose kings and princes, to give away their kingdoms, to discharge subjects of their allegiance and oaths, and to justify their rebellion against, and assassination of their sovereigns.

To speak truth, Popery is the debauchment of all religion; for, by substituting itself under the Christian name, it hath subverted the innate sense and worship of the Deity, and maintains tenets, and imposes practises, which the wiser sort of heathens always blushed at; and, at the same time, it hath suppressed, and depraved, and counterfeited divine revelations; so that, the principles both of natural and revealed religion being thus corrupted, it makes its proselytes but so much the more the children of wrath than they were by nature; for she hoodwinks their understandings, degenerates and sears their consciences, and lays waste all morality.

Her design is not the promoting of Christ's interest, (for that is apparently prostituted), but the securing and aggrandizing of a faction, which, under the profession of Christianity, might be false to all its realities. Her rule is the corrupt inclination of depraved nature, to which they have thoroughly conformed their practical divinity, which easeth men of duty, for which they have an aversion; and clears the way to those sins to which they are disposed, as though there were no need to avoid them. Thus their principles are more pernicious, because more taking; because men will quickly like that religion, because he loves his sin, and will, it is to be feared, follow both, though he perish for it eternally.

She hath by various methods destroyed (as much as in her lies) the credibility of the Christian religion; as if, by making men to

neglect and slight those sacred oracles, which contains firm demonstrations of its verity, and to rely upon the vain sandy pretence of her infallibility for the certainty of faith. 2dly, By intruding upon the world her fabulous legends, and lying miracles, which to every rational man appear to have been only delusions, and rank impostures. 3dly, By rendering the gospel itself unworthy of acceptance, as she hath modelled and depraved it, through her absurd, superadded principles, idolatrous worship, gross superstitious rites, and innumerable ceremonies, no less various in themselves, than burdensome to the observers. 4thly, By reducing our whole duty (upon the matter) to certain, unreasonable, servile submissions to her haughty avaricious clergy; and by resolving the terms of eternal happiness, finally, into the benediction or good pleasure of her vile fulsome priests.

So that take her system together, and I see not how either Jew, Pagan, Turk, or other infidel, can honestly entertain the Christian religion as she teacheth it; or, if they should so embrace it, how far they would be gainers by the bargain.

In the homilies of the church of England for Whit-sunday you have this character given of her, "That the church of Rome is an idolatrous church, not only an harlot, as the Scripture calls her, but also a foul, filthy, old, withered harlot, and the mother of whoredom; guilty of the same idolatry, and worse than was among the Gentiles."

Popery in itself is the vilest tyranny that ever Heaven in judgment suffered; or earth in patience groaned under; that of Dionysius and Nero were but flea bitings to it: they only challenged a despotical power over people's persons; this assumes an uncontrollable dominion over their very consciences and souls; and is framed entirely for the befooling, enslaving, despoiling, and corrupting of the laity, and the enriching and aggrandizing her priesthood, who, with the supple hams of a flattering hypocrisy, first seem to adore and deify, but, as soon as they have gained their point, do really spurn at, and trample upon all secular dignity, and authority; for she assumes an arbitrary power to pluck up and destroy all governments, when it is for her purpose.

But still, a fine conveniency or umbrage of Religion she is to those who live by the rules of none; and an admirable colour for ambitious princes to enlarge their empire to the prejudice of their neighbours, and pretence of advancing the Catholic faith, and to destroy their own people for God's sake, whenever they shall have

oppressed them so far as to fear them ; and as ready an engine to excite subjects to rebellion against their lawful sovereigns, as oft as they will not dance to the measures of the Vatican.

To conclude ; as every religion consists of doctrine, worship, and discipline, so the doctrine of Popery is ignorance and error ; its worship, idolatry and superstition ; its discipline rage and cruelty ; whence fitly doth the Holy Spirit, in sacred Writ, describe her by those three titles, the False Prophet, the Whore, and the Beast ; false prophet, for her teaching, and enforcing errors ; whore, for her idolatry, gaudy dress, and meretricious paintings ; and beast, for her ravenous and savage cruelty.

To conclude further ; she is the disgrace and grand impediment of the gospel, the overthrow of morals, the perpetual disquieter of nations, the destroyer of Christians, the scandal of infidels, and the pest of the world ; which, therefore, all mankind are obliged, both in honour, and conscience, and interest, by all lawful ways to oppose, and wish and heartily pray for its extirpation from the face of the earth ; which for the comfort of all that suffer by and under it, and to the terror of its abettors, (notwithstanding their subtleties, or violence, to support what Providence has doomed to destruction), shall assuredly, in God's due time, be accomplished, and the kings of the earth shall burn her with fire. Amen.

REFORMATION IN DUBLIN.—On the 20th July, four persons renounced the errors of popery, under the instruction of a reformed priest of the “ Priests’ Protection Society,” and made and signed the usual declaration in such cases. One of them had been a novice in the Priests’ College at Rome, for the last six years, and was intended for a priest of that order.

The following beautiful climax on Baptism is by S. Chrysostom, (Homil-ad Neophyt) :—You are herein made not only *free* but *holy* ; not only holy, but *just* likewise ; not barely *just*, but *children also* ; not children only but *heirs* ; nor co-heirs only, but *members* also ; nor members only, but His *Temple* ; nor Temple only, but *Organs* of the Holy Spirit.

Out of the waters God produced every living creature ; and when at first ‘ the Spirit moved upon the waters,’ and gave life, it was the type of what was designed in the renovation. Every thing that lives now, is born of water and the Spirit ; and Christ, who is our Creator and Redeemer in the new birth, opened the fountains and hallowed the Stream.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

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VOL. IX.

CHURCH REFORM.

IN our last two numbers we have shewn, on what subjects the Revision Society propose to revise the Liturgy; but in fact, both the Church Reformers and the Liturgy Revisers produce nothing new. Their arguments are just those objections which the Puritans under Romish instigation brought forward and urged, with such unchristian heat and vehemence, in the sixteenth century; and we regret to see that some of the clergy, and even some dignitaries of the church, have entered upon this crusade against their venerable mother.

Our reformers especially object to the time-honoured words, Priest, Altar and Sacrifice; all of which words they desire shall be expunged from the Liturgy. These words, however, are all correlative terms; and, where the one thing is, the others are also. A Priest requires both an altar and a sacrifice; an altar requires both a Priest and a sacrifice; and a sacrifice requires both a Priest and an altar.

Our reformers dwell much on the words of S. John:—"Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father," &c. Rev i. 5, 6; which, they say, constitute all men alike ministerial priests of God; than which, however, there cannot be a greater mistake. These words are addressed to the seven Apocalyptical Churches; which, of course, included both clergy and laity; but, as S. John was commanded to address his epistle to the angels or bishops of these churches, it may admit of some difference of opinion whether or not he meant the angels only, or the hierarchy, including the whole body of the faithful of these churches.

But the Elders, who sang the new song before the throne of God the Almighty, seem more to appropriate the word Priest to them-

oppressed them so far as to fear them; and to excite subjects to rebellion against their, oft as they will not dance to the measures

To conclude; as every religion contains and discipline, so the doctrine of Popery, its worship, idolatry and superstition, cruelty; whence fitly doth the Holy Beast; false prophet, for her whore, for her idolatry, gaudy and beast, for her ravenous.

To conclude further; of the gospel, the overthrower of the nations, the destroyer the pest of the world both in honour, and oppose, and wish against the earth; which and to the terror or violence, to shall assured kings of the

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...al house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices,
...ptable to God by Jesus Christ." The Christian Church is
...ow the whole spiritual House of Israel; and these expres-
...sions, "lively stones," "a spiritual house," "a holy priesthood,"
...allude to the Jewish temple and priesthood; and they are inten-
...ded to show the excellency, and the superiority of the Christian
...over the Jewish dispensation. We are lively stones, or members
...of this living temple, inasmuch as we draw our spiritual life from
...Him, the precious corner stone, the sure foundation of it. And
...these images are drawn from the prophecy of Isaiah, xxviii. 16:
...who says: "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone.
...a true stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation," whereon
...to build the Church; for said Christ to Peter, "on this Rock I
...will build my church."

Again, S. Peter shews that the Jewish and the Gentile churches

allusion to the words of Moses. Speaking of the Lord's people, he says: "But ye are a peculiar priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, who bring forth the praises of Him who hath brought darkness into His marvellous light; ye are a people, but are now the people

or elected in baptism; and Salvation is only a transference and a character which God formerly gave to the Jews, and which is a sure mark of the true branch of it, are what was the use of Israel; and the same as Moses, God Himself, said to the people, if ye will obey my voice, ye shall be a peculiar people, for all the earth is mine; and I will be to you a Father, and ye shall be to me a peculiar people, *of PRIESTS and an holy nation.*"

These words were spoken of the whole people, and it is well known that God separated the whole people of Israel, and the house of Aaron for the priesthood; and in the Christian Church an order of men have been separated for the priesthood according to prophecy; therefore, this royal priesthood of the whole people of Jewry and of Christendom, are entitled to unite in their place with the separated Priests of both Churches, in the offering up those spiritual sacrifices, which, through the merits of Christ, are acceptable to God. And this royal priesthood farther means, that in the Jew first, and now in the Christian Churches, every head of a family is, in his own house, a prophet to teach his family; a priest to pray with and for them; and a king to rule over and govern them.

But this popular priesthood is entirely subordinate to the priesthood of Aaron and of Milchisedeck. The former offered up animal sacrifices which were *types* of the great and only real sacrifice of Christ on the cross; and the latter are appointed to offer up the spiritual sacrifice, the pure offering which is a *commemoration* of His grand oblation of Himself. In both cases the people had their share of sacrifice to perform; and both partook of the sacrificial feast. The Jew provided the lamb, which represented the Lamb of God; the Christian offers an oblation of money, which is his part of the sacrifice; and therefore every person ought to

make this oblation every time he communicates ; and it is offered on the holy table by the Priest in the prayer for the whole church, as the people's oblation or thank-offering, and their part in the sacrifice.

But, as we said before, where there is a Priest there must be an Altar ; and that there is an Altar in the Christian Church may be proved from several texts of scripture.

In spiritualising the law of Moses, which He came to fulfil, Christ gave directions for the reconciliation of adversaries with each other before they offered their *gifts* or oblations on the Altar. On this Mr. Mede observes, that as He was instructing His hearers in the evangelical nature of the kingdom of heaven, it is not probable that He would give directions for their conduct at the Altar in the Temple. Our Lord's instructions, therefore, must be evangelical, and not a legal precept ; because Moses did not command those who made their offerings at the legal Altar first to be reconciled to their adversaries ; and it is improbable that Christ would annex a new rite to the legal sacrifices which He was so soon afterwards to abolish altogether. Therefore, says Mr. Mede, " He Intended it for an ordinance of the Kingdom of God, (as the scripture speaks) that is, for the church of the Gospel."

But S. Paul positively affirms that we have an Altar in the Christian Church ; and he says the legal priesthood had no right to eat of it as a sacrificial feast ; because they disbelieved the grand sin-offering of the Messiah, and could not eat in faith. S. Paul himself calls this Altar a holy table, and it is so called in our Communion service ; but the Altar in the Temple is also called a holy table. Ezekiel calls the Temple Altar a table : " This is the table that is before the Lord." xli. 22 ; and xliv. 15, 16. " They shall enter into my sanctuary ; and they shall come near to my table to minister unto me "—" to offer unto me the fat and the blood." But the prophet Malachi is still more explicit ; for he says, " Ye offer polluted bread upon mine Altar, and ye say wherein have we polluted Thee ? In that ye say, the Table of the Lord is contemptible . . . who is there among you that would shut the doors for nought ? neither do ye kindle fire upon mine Altar for nought. I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of Hosts ; neither will I accept an offering at your hand. For from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles ; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering ; for

My name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of Hosts. But ye have profaned it, in that ye say, *the Table of the Lord* is polluted, and the fruit thereof, even His meat, is contemptible" ch. ii. 10-12.

There is, therefore, nothing improper or incorrect in calling the holy table in our churches, Altars; for we read that "four-and-twenty Elders, or Christian Priests, "fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints," that had been offered at the Altar on earth. Now of the Christian Altar, both priests and people have a right to eat; and S. Paul proves it by an argument taken from the Law; if the Jews were not permitted to eat the sacrifices of atonement and of expiation which prefigured the sacrifice of Christ on the Cross; neither could they partake of the Christian sacrifice, because it is the mystical flesh and blood of Christ, whom the Jews rejected. *Sin offerings* which represented Christ, were not to be eaten; they were to be carried without the camp, and the gate of Jerusalem, and *burnt*. Levit. iv. 7-12; vi. 30; xvi. 27; and as in the type, so in the antitype, Christ suffered *without* the gate. Therefore, Christ's sacrifice of Himself is represented by the sacrifice of the Lord's Supper, under the new Law, as it was typified under the old, by the sacrifices of atonement and expiation, or sin-offerings.

In S. Paul's assertion, that we have an Altar, and consequently an Altar sacrifice and a priesthood; and that the people are sanctified by Christ having suffered *without* the gate as a sin-offering, we have Altar answering to Altar, sacrifice to sacrifice, and priesthood to priesthood, and that sacrifice which was a figure or type of Christ's own sacrifice or oblation of Himself, before His suffering, answering to that sacrifice which is now the figure or commemoration of it, after His suffering.

Therefore, the Lord's Table, is both an Altar and a holy table. It is an *Altar* on *which* the Christian sacrifice of the Eucharist is offered by the Christian Priest to the Lord, in conjunction with its representation by Christ, as the Lamb slain, in heaven; and it is a *holy table* or the *table of the Lord*, from *which* the people are fed with the materials of the sacrificial feast. And therefore, by a rhetorical figure, S. Paul uses the word Altar for the sacrifice or oblation which is offered on it.

The summary, as condensed by Hickes, of the opinions of Chrysostom, Theodoret, Theophylact, and Oecumenius, on Heb. xiii.

10, amounts to this; "that after the apostle had told the Hebrews, that they had been fed with meats of carnal sacrifices and offerings which had not profited them, then, lest they should think the Christian worship contemptible for want of such observances, he tells them that the Christians have an Altar and a sacrifice; but of another kind, of which their Priests were not worthy to partake; because they served the tabernacle and not the truth, of which that was the type and shadow. Particularly, saith Theodoret, 'we have an Altar much more excellent than that old one under the law; for that was but the shadow of this. That was an Altar for sacrifices void of reason; but this is an Altar for a spiritual and divine sacrifice, of which none of the Jewish Priests could partake, unless they were first converted to faith in our Lord.'"

In his first epistle to the Corinthians, S. Paul speaks of the Christian Altar and sacrifice; the former of which he alternately calls an Altar and a Table; and he contrasts these words with the Altars and Tables of Devils. It is evident therefore, from this portion of scripture, that there is an Altar and a sacrifice in the Christian Church, although the materials of both are different in the Christian and in the Jewish Churches. In the former, the Altar was erected of unhewn stones, on which no instrument was used; and the sacrifices were the bodies of unreasonable beasts; whereas in the latter, the Altar is a wooden table, in resemblance to the table at which our Lord ate the paschal supper, and instituted the Christian sacrifice; and the materials of the sacrifice are bread and wine, which represent His body and blood.

Here also S. Paul uses the word table as equivalent to Altar; for says he; "ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of Devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and of the table of Devils;" and it is very well known that these tables of Devils were stone Altars. Therefore, Altar and Lord's Table are correlative terms; they mean the same thing.

S. Paul also shews that those who wait or serve at the Christian Altar, are as much entitled to be partakers of the sacrifices and oblations of the Christian people, as were the Jewish priests and Levites to eat the animal sacrifices in the Temple; *even so* hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel, should live of the gospel.

Besides those places from which we have cited, S. John also mentions the Christian Altar more than once. When the

Lion of the Tribe of Judah had opened the fifth seal, S. John saw the souls of the early Christian martyrs, "*under the Altar*;" but if there were no Altar in the Christian Church, the Apostle could not have seen Christian souls under it; for it is not at all reasonable to suppose that Christian souls would be confined under a Jewish Altar; especially as by the time the Canon of scripture was closed by the Apocalypse, there were neither Temple, nor Altar nor Aaronical priest in existence. Again, at the opening of the seventh seal, he saw another angel come and stand "at the Altar having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should *offer* it [sacrificially] with the prayers of all saints upon the *golden Altar*, which is before God."

The priesthood of our Lord and Redeemer, commenced with the covenant of grace after the fall of the first Adam, when Christ undertook to pay the ransom for all mankind; and the worship of the true God, both in the Patriarchal Church and under the law, was built upon the priesthood and sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Sacrifice, priesthood and altar, have been from the Fall, and must ever remain; because all men are under the same covenant of grace, and they have all the same High Priest and sacrifice in heaven; in, by and through whom all the approach and worship of man to God, ever have been, and ever must be made.

Under the priesthood of Jesus Christ, we find a priesthood established first in the Patriarchs and heads of families; secondly in Aaron and his descendants, who were consecrated with great ceremony, and thereby taken from among men to represent Christ, and to offer sacrifice to God. This was after the pattern of things in heaven. The high priest and his sacrifice in the tabernacle, and afterwards in the temple, represented Christ and His sacrifice in heaven; (the temple being a figure of the true tabernacle which God pitched and not man;) in it the Holy of holies with the mercy seat, represented the throne of God; and the high priest appearing once a year in it, represented Christ, our heavenly high priest, appearing, with His own body and blood, in the presence of God for us.

There have been three *states* of the Church; yet in reality there has been but *one* Church of God; for in all the three, the salvation of man has been built on the same foundation, viz.—the priesthood and sacrifice of Christ, which in all the three states

have been represented on earth by substitute priests. Therefore, as God is ever one and unchangeable ; as Christ is ever the same High Priest ; as the covenant of grace is the same ; as the sons of Adam are all the same, being all alike born in sin, and by nature the children of wrath ; So the nature of our approach to and the worship of God, and our union and communion with Him, must be the same in all the states of the Church ; that is by the mediation of Christ our Priest and Sacrifice in heaven, and by His delegated priests and sacrifice on earth, representing Him to God as our sacrifice in heaven.

There was an eternity before the world began, when Christ was not a priest ; and there will be an eternity after He has delivered up His mediatory kingdom to God the Father, when He will cease to be a priest ; but whilst His mediatory kingdom lasts, He has an unchangeable priesthood, (Heb. vii. 24) ; and therefore it is reasonable to believe, that so long as we have an unchangeable priest in heaven, we must have representative priests in His Church upon earth. As we have a priest in heaven who appears for us there, with His body and blood as a sacrifice for sin ; so we must have a priest on earth to appear for us with the sacrifice of the *representations* of His body and blood ; whereby they apply to us on earth, that which is *meritoriously* procured for us by what is done in heaven, by our great and unchangeable High priest. Thus the same sacrifice unites heaven and earth together ; because all things are done in this great mystery here on earth, according to the pattern in heaven ; thus making the whole Church in heaven and earth to be but one family.

In the proposed reformation, many clergymen deny their own character of priests ; reject the title, and of course despise all the rights and privileges attached to it. But before it be too late we would earnestly beg of these unfaithful men to consider that the denial of Christ's delegated priesthood on earth, is in reality to deny Christ's own priesthood in heaven ; for as God the Father governs the world by kings who are His delegates, so Christ governs the Church by priests who are His substitutes, until He comes to judge it. Those clergymen who deny their own priesthood, may be said to have looked back after having put their hand to the plough ; and therefore they are not fit for the kingdom of heaven. It would be better for their own souls, and for the souls of their people in the day of the Lord, were they to magnify their office, and so to provoke the laity to emulation.

With all the enormity of her sinfulness, the Church of Rome has never concealed or denied the priesthood of her clergy ; on the contrary, she has magnified and exaggerated it to such a degree, that she has provoked other communions to despise and deny the delegated priesthood of the Christian Ministry. But notwithstanding such unfaithfulness, we shall be judged by a Priest at the last day, who will then call to account as a king, those who have denied His own priesthood, and the delegated priesthood of His ministers on earth.

W. C. P.

Errata in our last number :—

for *branch*, p. 227, l. 6. read *breach* ;

for *of*, p. 230, l. 3. read *in* ;

for *continue*, p. 230, l. 27. read *contend*.

THE MONK.

(Concluded from page 239.)

UNDER an undefinable emotion, Julio remained irresolute and motionless.

"My father," said the dying penitent, "is there yet mercy in heaven, for a sinful woman?"

Hardly had she pronounced these words, than Julio fell on his knees at the bed of death "O, Theresa, Theresa," he ejaculated ;—but who can describe the feelings of both? they must be felt to be properly understood. All explanation was useless; for they mutually loved.

Julio recounted all that he had mentally endured for her sake; and accused himself of having been the cause of all that she had suffered. "Pardon" said he "O pardon, Theresa ;—Julio is thine for ever."

These few tender words served to recall Theresa to life ; she could not speak, her emotion was too great ; she saw Julio—she heard him speak, she pressed his hand, and looked unutterable things. To die assured of his love, seemed to her weak but susceptible mind, more delightful than life itself.

How willingly would Julio have prolonged her days at the expence of his own life. He folded her in his arms ; and said, "you must live, will it not be so, my Theresa? Speak to me my love; must I never more hear your voice?" These words, accom-

panied by endearing caresses, seemed to recall her to strength; and she murmured, "I love you dearly."

This was the crisis of their fate. There is no need to prolong an interview that rendered extreme unction, which he came to administer, unnecessary. The moments of such an interview flit rapidly away; and the certainty of again meeting could alone have inspired them with resolution to separate.

After this mutual explanation, Theresa regained her health and strength; and Julio saw her every day, an intimacy undisturbed by conscientious scruple subsisted between them; Julio seemed to have forgotten both his fears and his remorse; and he watched the progress of her recovery, with the tenderest interest. He would not afflict her, by withdrawing his attentions; for he considered that her life depended on him; and under the delusion of an overpowering passion, he interpreted this pretext for seeing her into a duty.

Two years had now elapsed since he had quitted Rome and his father's house. The anniversary of the Sybil's fatal prediction having come round, he sunk into a gloomy thoughtfulness. Theresa had never questioned him on his family history, nor on the source of his secret sadness; but now, in consequence of their intimacy, she could allege a motive for inquiring the cause of his sorrows, as she was resolved to share them with him. Accordingly Julio related his interview with the Sybil, and his flight from his paternal home. In the course of this recital, all its horrible associations crowded on his remembrance, and he repeated the words of the Sybil in accents of terror—"Love without bounds! sacrilege! murder!"

Theresa's emotion was extreme; but the words, *Love without bounds*, threw a dangerous spell over her heart and imagination; for to her, love was all in all; and when Julio dwelt upon the other terms of the prediction, she gently repeated, but "love without bounds," endeavouring thus to calm their troubled minds.

Julio now received an important commission from father Ambrosio, which would oblige him to be some time absent. He had not the courage to bid Theresa farewell; but he wrote to her and promised a speedy return. He was detained however by a thousand trivial obstacles; and a long month elapsed before he returned to Messina; but on his arrival he hastened instantly to Theresa, whom he found alone, on a terrace overlooking the sea.

Never before had she appeared to him so beautiful, so capiva-

ting. One moment he gazed upon her in ecstasy; but longer he could not refrain from the delight of speaking to her, and of listening to the delicious charm of her voice. He called her; she started, beheld him, and rushed into his arms. Yielding to this tenderness he returned her embrace with transport; but suddenly he repelled her far from him with horror, and fell on his knees, remaining so with clasped hands, fixed eye, and trembling throughout his whole frame. His deadly paleness and his bewildered expression, completed the terrible effect of this scene upon Theresa.

She dared not approach him; and for the first time she found herself incapable of participating in his emotion. At length he repeated with a mournful accent; "Theresa, we must separate! thou knowest not *all* thou hast to fear."

Theresa scarcely heard him; but she saw his agitation, and endeavoured to sooth his feelings. He repelled her again; and with a sinful ejaculation he exclaimed "approach me not." She stood trembling and motionless; for she knew of love only from its tenderness, but could not comprehend its fiercer emotions. Julio now became impatient of her silence, and started to his feet; "to-morrow" said he, "my fate shall be decided;" and ere Theresa could reply he was gone.

On the morrow she received the following billet:—

"Theresa, I can see you no more; I am unhappy even in your society. I know you cannot conceive what I feel. Theresa, you must yield yourself wholly to me; but it must be the act of thine own will. Never could I take advantage of thy weakness. Yesterday you saw it; I tore myself from thine arms, for thou saidst it not, I will be thine. But think well of this; for we are lost for ever. Oh Theresa, eternal perdition! how terrible are these words! even with thee they would mar my happiness. For us there is no more peace; death is our sole resource; nay, death is no longer a refuge for us. To-morrow, if thou wilt see me again, send Carlo to church. If he brings your prayer book Theresa, it will be to me a sign that thou hast renounced Julio; but if he comes without that book, then thou art mine for ever."

Gentle and timid, Theresa was struck with consternation on reading this letter. The words "eternal perdition," sounded to her like some fearful curse; and she mentally ejaculated "Oh Julio, we were so happy! why could not happiness suffice thee?" In this dilemma she knew not how to resolve; to see him no more was impossible; and yet sighed she "remorse will ever more pursue

him. Oh! Julio, thou hast placed thy destiny in my hands; I will sacrifice myself to save thee."

Carlo received orders to carry her book to Church; and he placed it upon the seat which Theresa usually occupied.

As to Julio, an excess of love and of remorse had become alike necessary to his morbid feelings; yet, notwithstanding the violence of his passion, he would not be the favoured lover of Theresa, save by her own voluntary attachment. Thus, cruel through criminal weakness, he wished to throw upon Theresa the whole responsibility of their guilt.

The church had been long deserted; Julio was impatiently waiting for Carlo; and at length he beheld her messenger approach, go up to Theresa's seat, and put down the book. Julio was no longer master of himself; he rushed forward, seized the book, and returned it to Carlo to carry it back to his mistress. For long he remained immovably fixed to the spot, where he awaited the decision of his fate and that of Theresa. At length recovering from the stupor into which the agitation of his thoughts had plunged him, he murmured to himself, "at least I will see her once more."

Carlo returned to Theresa and restored the book, saying, that father Julio had sent it back. But what were her emotions; for she knew by this token that Julio would return; and she went to meet him on the same terrace where they had seen each other for the last time.

After waiting for some time, Julio at last appeared; but grieved and depressed he advanced with faltering step. Theresa read his inmost soul; she had trembled at the bare idea of this interview; she had even summoned up resolution to refuse it; but seeing the beloved of her heart so miserable, she no longer had courage, save to console his wretchedness; and no longer hesitating or trembling, she approached him and breathed the confession—"Julio, I am thine."

* * * * *

Julio became a prey to remorse, and sad and gloomy even in the society of Theresa, whose tenderest marks of affection had no longer power to move him; whilst her love increased even by the sacrifice she had made. She sighed in secret over the change which was but too perceptible in Julio; yet she uttered no complaint, fearing to afflict him; and she deluded herself with the hope of yet rendering him so happy, that he should forget all save her.

But far from answering to this love, Julio accused her as the

cause of his misfortunes. He would exclaim "you seduced me; you have been my ruin; but for thee my soul had still been pure." His visits became less and less frequent; and then they ceased entirely.

Theresa sent to enquire for him; and went constantly to church; and wrote every day; but her letters were returned unopened; and Julio no longer left his cell. But it had become necessary that she should see him, and speak to him, and confide to him a new secret, that she was soon to become a mother. What was to be her lot, should he persist in abandoning her.

Theresa was informed that on the following Sunday Julio was to officiate at the altar; and she felt that such an opportunity was not to be lost; and the thought that there was more than her own life at stake, armed her with strength and courage. This important object occupied her mind, and absorbed her thoughts wholly; and the two days preceding her anticipated interview with Julio, were devoted to preparation for the flight which she now meditated.

The situation of the convent on the sea shore would facilitate her enterprize; but as for the region whither they should direct their course she thought not of for a moment; she left that for Julio to decide.

She hired a small bark and arranged every thing with so much prudence and secrecy, that her design was not even suspected; and the perturbation of her mind secured her from the torment of contemplating the obstacles that she might have to encounter.

The day so impatiently expected at length arrived; and Theresa, shrouded with a long veil, placed herself near the altar; where she saw every movement of Julio, although he was unable to recognise her. Whilst the congregation was dispersing she glided behind a column, near to which he must necessarily pass, in returning from the service. On perceiving him approach, she too clearly discovered that he looked more than ever a prey to sorrow; not however that godly sorrow that worketh repentance, but the anguish of remorse; his arms were crossed upon his breast; his head drooped; and his step was slow and dragging, like that of a criminal going to execution.

Theresa beheld the effect of his despair with deep emotion; and she felt that she could sacrifice her own life to purchase his repose; but there was no time for hesitation; the innocent being to whom she was to give birth, demanded of her a father. She therefore presented herself before Julio; and cried "stop, Julio; I

must speak with you, and you *must* hear me. I will not leave you, till you have given me the key of the garden monastery. I will have it, for it is no longer my life only that depends on you, dear Julio."

At these words, Julio seemed to start as from some hideous dream;—"unfortunate woman" he exclaimed; "what sayest thou? Begone, fly far from this place." But Theresa flung herself at his feet, and called heaven to witness her resolution never to leave him, till he had granted her request; a supernatural strength seemed to animate her; and all his efforts to escape were ineffectual. "Swear to me," she said "that we shall meet again at midnight." Whilst she was reiterating these demands, Julio heard a slight noise; and fearing a discovery, he hurriedly gave her the key. "At midnight," was his sole reply; and they separated.

By midnight Theresa had reached the garden; the night was dark and cloudy; and she dared not call, lest she should be discovered. In a short time she heard the step of one approaching. It was Julio. "What do you want?" said he; "speak, the moments are brief! cease, I conjure you, to pursue a wretch who can never make you happy. Theresa I love you, and without you, life is to me an insupportable burthen; and with thee, my remorse is a greater torment than I can bear; it poisons even my sweetest moments. You have seen my despair; how often have I accused thee. Pardon me, my best beloved; it is just that I should become the author of my own punishment; but I have renounced thee; and that sacrifice is the expiation of my crime."

He ceased to speak, being overwhelmed with unutterable grief. Theresa sought to console him, by describing the happy futurity, which her imagination painted as lying before them. "Julio" said she, "had it been only for my own sake, I should not have dared to come hither in search of you; for I could have braved death; but the pledge of our love, calls upon us to live. Come, then Julio, let us depart; for all is ready for our flight."

Suffering under inexpressible anguish, Julio allowed himself to be conducted for a short space; "a few minutes more" she said, "and they would be united for ever; a few minutes, and the path of happiness would be regained." But, all of a sudden, Julio disengaged himself from Theresa's arms, and exclaimed vehemently "No, never;" and plunged a dagger to her heart.

She fell dead at his feet, and he was covered with her blood. He stood motionless, as if he had been rooted to the spot, and contem-

plated his victim with bewildered gaze. Day began to break ; the monastery bell chimed the hour for morning prayer ; and Julio starting at the sound, raised and consigned to the deep, the lifeless body of her who had loved him with such devoted affection. Then, with precipitate step and frantic mind, he returned into the church ; his dress dabbled in blood ; and the bloody dagger still grasped in his hand.

All his bretheren denounced him as a murderer ; but under the dominion of the canon law, the civil law could not touch him. He was therefore concealed in the monastery, till he had undergone the penance which old good-natured father Ambrosio imposed upon him, and then a papal dispensation was procured, which absolved him from the guilt of murder, and set him at liberty to indulge his sensual passions without restraint.

Such is the religion of Rome, such its morality, and such are its effects. Oh may its deadly poison be far removed from this comparatively pure land.

THE PARTRIDGE.

LAST month, we anticipated the bloodshed which annually takes place in the massacre of the Grouse, on the 12th of August ; and on the 1st day of this month, a grander massacre will recur of that beautiful denizen of our corn and turnip fields, the Partridge.

The Partridge flourishes best in the most cultivated countries ; because it lives chiefly on the labours of the farmer ; but the extremes of heat and cold are alike unfavourable to the propagation of this bird. Partridges burrow beneath the snow in Sweden ; and whole covies crowd themselves under this cover to protect themselves from the winter cold of that country. The Partridge is brown during summer in Greenland ; but as soon as winter sets in, it becomes clothed with a thick, warm down ; and its outside feathers assume the colour of snow.

Although the writer of this considers Partridges insipid and tasteless, compared to grouse ; yet this bird has always held a distinguished place at the tables of the rich and luxurious, both in Great Britain and in France ; and there is an old distich which we have often heard repeated :—

If the Partridge had the Woodcock's thigh,
"Twould be the best bird that e'er did fly.

Partridges pair about the third week in February ; but if the

weather be severe, they will collect together and form coveys for warmth. The female makes a rude nest of dry leaves and grass, upon the ground ; and she usually lays from fifteen to eighteen eggs, which are of a greenish grey colour ; and the period of incubation is three weeks. So closely do they sit on their eggs when near hatching, that a partridge and her nest have been carried to some distance in a hat ; and under that confinement has continued her incubation, and produced her young. They hatch about the first ten days in June ; and the earliest birds begin to fly about the latter end of that month. But the young brood are able to run about, as soon as they are hatched ; and they are frequently seen with a piece of the shell sticking to their tail ; and their parents immediately lead them to ant hills, on the grubs of which insect, at first they principally feed ; for at this season the various species of ants loosen the earth about their habitations.

The young birds scrape away the earth from about the anthills, where they can feed luxuriously without any difficulty. Some years ago, a covey excited the attention of the Rev. Mr. Gould, and gave him an opportunity of observing the great delight which the young Partridges take in this kind of food. On his turning up a colony of ants, and withdrawing to some distance, the parent birds conducted their young ones to the hill, when they fed very heartily ; and after a few days they grew more bold, and ventured to eat within a dozen yards of him. The surrounding grass was high ; and on the least disturbance, they could run in amongst it and conceal themselves until the danger was past. If young Partridges are well supplied with the grubs of ants and fresh water, they may be brought up under a domestic hen, and may even reach maturity under her care ; but they invariably take to the fields as soon as they are able to fly, and provide for themselves. Along with grubs it is recommended to give these domestic Partridges a mixture of wood-lice and earwigs, also curds mixed with lettuce, chickweed, or groundsel.

The affection of Partridges for their young is peculiarly strong and interesting. Both the parents lead them out to feed ; they point out the proper places for their food ; and they assist them in finding it by scratching the ground with their feet. Both parents frequently sit close together and cover the young ones with their wings ; and from this protection they are not easily roused ; but if they are disturbed, a great confusion ensues ; the male gives the first signal of alarm by a peculiar cry of distress ; and at the

same moment he throws himself immediately into the way of the danger, in order to mislead the enemy. He flutters along the ground, hangs his wings, and exhibits every symptom of debility ; and by this stratagem, he so far attracts the intruder's attention, as to allow time for the female to conduct her helpless, unfledged brood, into some place of security.

Mr. White gives an instance of this instinctive sagacity in a Partridge, which he says, came out of a ditch, and ran along shivering with his wings and crying piteously out, as if she had been wounded, and unable to escape ; and whilst the dam was feigning distress, a boy who was with Mr. White saw the brood, which was small and unable to fly, run for shelter into an old fox hole, under the bank.

Mr. Markwick relates that "once as he was hunting with a young pointer, the dog ran on a brood of very small Partridges. The old bird cried, fluttered, and ran tumbling along, just before the dog's nose, till she had drawn him to a considerable distance ; when she took wing, and flew farther off, but not out of the field. On this, the dog returned nearly to the place where the young ones lay concealed in the grass ; this the old bird no sooner perceived than she flew back again, settled just before the dog's nose, and a second time acted the same part, rolling and tumbling about, till she drew off his attention from her brood, and thus succeeded in preserving them." He also says that when a Kite was once hovering over a covey of Partridges, he saw the old birds fly up at the ferocious enemy, screaming and fighting with all their might to preserve their brood.

The eggs of the Partridge are frequently destroyed by weasels, stoats, crows, magpies and other animals ; and when this is the case, the hen frequently makes another nest, and lays afresh ; but the produce of the second hatchings are those small birds which are not perfectly feathered in the tail, till the beginning of October. The second brood is always puny and sickly ; and these birds seldom outlive the rigours of the winter. It is said that those Partridges that have been hatched under a domestic hen, retain the habit of *calling* whenever they hear the clucking of hens.

Even when reared by the hand, the Partridge soon neglects those who have the care of it ; and shortly after its full growth, flies away from the house where it was bred, however intimately it may have connected itself with the place and the inhabitants in its early period. Our grandfather (for we happened to have one)

was a great sportsman, and he frequently placed a Partridge's nest under a clucking hen ; but the birds invariably took to the fields as soon as they were able to fly. Among the few instances of the Partridge's remaining tame, was that of one reared by the Rev. Mr. Bird ; which, long after its full growth, attended the parlour at breakfast and at other times ; it received food from any hand that gave it ; it stretched before the fire and seemed much to enjoy the warmth, but at length it fell a victim to a cat.

In the year 1788, a Partridge formed her nest *on the top of a* pollard oak tree, and hatched sixteen eggs, on the farm of Lion Hall, in Essex, belonging to Colonel Hawker ; and this circumstance is rendered the more remarkable, that the bars of a stile, where there was a footpath, were fastened to this tree ; and in going over, the passengers discovered and disturbed her before she sat close. When the brood were hatched, the young birds scrambled down the short and rough boughs which grew out all around from the trunk of the tree ; and they all reached the ground in safety.

In the year 1798, a covey of sixteen Partridges having been disturbed by some men at plough, at East Dean in Sussex, directed their flight across the cliffs, to the sea, over which they continued their course about three hundred yards ; but they were either intimidated or otherwise affected by that element ; for the whole covey were observed to drop into the water. Soon after, the tide floated twelve of them to shore ; where they were picked up by a boy who carried them to Eastbourn for sale.

The male Partridge can only be distinguished from the female by the superior brightness of colour about the head ; which after the first or second year seems alone to be the true mark of distinction between the sexes.

SKETCHES IN CORNWALL.

No. V.

CHURCH AND ANCIENT BRITISH CROSSES OF ST. UNY-LELANT,—ST. IVES,—MAIDEN-HAIR-FERN,—THE PILCHARD FISHERY AND ITS FAILURE LAST SEASON.

BEFORE leaving Hayle for St. Michael's Mount, let us cross over the Ferry to the church of St Uny-Lelant, and walk on by road to St. Ives, for three special reasons.—1st, to examine well both

church and churchyard, and see how eagerly the sand rises all around, like an hostile army about a beleagured city. If that old weather-beaten cross could speak, would it not tell us how that, having been placed there more than 1,400 years ago by the hand of St. Uny, Ia, or Gwythian, or, may be, by a loving disciple, near to a masters grave, it had watched the changing fortunes of Christ's religion, advancing and receding like the flow and ebbing of the ocean tide; and then, how, when the lowly structure of the first-raised church threw its deepening shade over holy ground, already "sown in weakness," yet faith, to be "raised in power," the fierce blast of the heathen's rage beat down its sacred pile and overturned its Altars, &c.; yet, again, when the Norman structure appeared in its massive grandeur and renewed strength, how that for four long centuries it alike withstood the swelling tumults of each troublous age and repelled the subtle progress of the gathering sands? And now, once more, leaving but an arch and shaft to mark its former place, this self-same cross had seen the Norman temple fall, and another Church arise, yet it keeps its still and solemn watch, uninjured by the violence of man, and unchanged by time; herein like unto the spiritual Church, the "Mystical Body," men may live and die, kingdoms may rise and fall, the rain may descend, the floods come, and the winds blow in angry persecutions upon it, "false doctrine, heresy, and schism," like the unheeded sand-wreath, may, with artful, yet destructive cunning, threaten to overwhelm it, but in His good time Christ will deliver it, and as He at first planted it, will in the end come again to save and to reclaim it.

But now leave we for St. Ives; yet again, notice this fellow cross just without the church-yard, to prepare the Christian ere he treads on holy ground; and see how the rich lichen with varied hue appears on these two holy symbols, to reflect, and cherish the last glowing beams of the setting sun. My second reason for going to St. Ives, and this way, is to visit also the third cross on the left hand of Lelant lane, a fine mass of granite with Crucifix upon one side of its circular head, and I think, plain Latin Cross on the other. It is a fine specimen of an ancient British way-side cross, and well fulfils the intention of those who placed it there; for pointing out the way to the "House of God—the gate of Heaven." To visit certain places in Cornwall, and pass by St. Ives, would be as unconstitutional, as it would also be strange and unpardonable. The locality and appearance, the sights,

sounds, smells, and history of this famous little sea-port is as thoroughly un-Saxon as it is thoroughly Cornish, the clear blue water, the clean white sand, the sein-boats, the hope of the Papal States as regards their Lenten fare in the matter of "Fumados" pilchards, or "*fair maids*," as the Cornish have it; moreover the Church-yard cross, a well restored church, built in the reign of Henry V. by the good people as a thank-offering to God, because "it had pleased Him to increase the town inhabitants, and to send down temporal blessings most plentifully among them;" the deep diapason of the ever-sounding sea within, echoing from chancel to tower, from roof to pavement, and surging against the boundary walls without; the town itself crouching down between high-land and head-land where once the ocean wave swept head-long on, the Chapel of St. Nicholas, or rather its scant remains on Penclinas point, where SS. Ia, Piran-Gwythian &c., landed more than a thousand years ago; and there was once a Chapel to St. Leonard near the Quay, where, in better times, Priest and fishermen used to pray that God would bless their labours, all this, and much more, the fine air, the bold cliff scenery, and boundless sea, might well tempt many a student from Isis and Cam, or civic magnate from blue-books and turtle to seek Ia's shrine and in doing so find vigour and repose. My 3rd reason for this little detour, is that, in returning to Hayle by the cliffs and sands, and by Carrick-gladden point, (but *leware of the tide, do not attempt to round it if the tide is flowing,*) notice the unusually large muscle shells cast up on the beach, and when you pass under the mine called "Wheal Margery," look closely into its "adit," through which some of the mine water runs, as well as in all the the miniature caves as far round as Lelant Church, for that beautiful and incomparable Fern, *Adiantum Capillus Veneris*, the celebrated *Maiden Hair Fern*, to be found I believe in one other place only in England, but where this is I know not; botanist or no botanist, you must see this and carry away a small portion, for we cannot spare more, in order that you may glory over its caged and tame relations at the Crystal Palace, and pity the captive species in close confinement at Kew.

Now let us dine at the Hotel which Hayle boasts of, and having been initiated into the mysteries of mine-machinery, and its several prices, as well as general jobbing between sharp practitioners, or eyes and no eyes; we will to rest, and (D.V.) to morrow to St. Michael's Mount. As the train opens Mount's Bay, and we

catch the first glimpse of the mount itself, let me say a few words about the pilchard fishery, the chief occupation, and main-stay of many persons and families in Cornwall; some 50 years ago the number of hands employed was taken at 12,000, and capital invested at about £400,000; the figures must, in either case, have nearly doubled since that period.

The pilchard is somewhat smaller than the herring, is covered with scales, and measures in length about nine inches, and it was on a fine August day last year that a friend, fresh from Gower St., and myself, boarded one of the large lugger-rigged boats, which with a dozen others was engaged in baling in some 120 hogsheads of these same fish, all bubbling and splashing to and fro, gleaming in green and silver, as fast as hands and arms could dip and haul up basket, and gather in the net; this was by no means a large catch, both here and at St. Ives it often happens that from 500 to 2000 hogsheads are enclosed at once, one hogshead of pilchards is equal to three barrels of herrings; it contains about 425 fish, the prices per cash ranging between 18 and 34 shillings.

When the time of the fish is coming, men are stationed at certain points upon the cliff to look out for the approaching "school," or shoal, these look-out men are called "*Huers*," upon whom success chiefly depends. The coming shoal is known by the colour of the water, as if a cloud were passing over, by flocks of sea birds, &c., &c., both its appearance and position being indicated by the *Huer* waving a branch, gesticulating and shouting with all his might; the top sein net is about 220 fathoms long, and 10 to 16 broad, it is carried out in the larger boats of 8 tons, a smaller boat with a "tuck sein" follows, attended by the "cock boat" which goes out to sea, to look out for the game, at a signal generally from the "*Huer*" on shore, the great sein is let down by the head rope and buoy, and drawn quickly round the shoal; the cock boat beating the water at the head of the net, to prevent the fish escaping, until both ends are drawn together, to which an anchor is then fastened, and so are net and fish safe for the time. The "tuck sein" is then taken by the upper boats inside the "stop sein," and dropped from the head rope of the former, and having been carried to about half the length of the great sein is again drawn out round a portion of the prisoners, who, when the lower or foot ropes of the same are hauled up, are secured as in a bag; it only now remains as the tuck net is coming on board, to get the fish into the boats and from thence to land.

They are then taken to the cellars and spread in regular rows about five feet in height, with a layer of salt between each row, 8 bushels of salt at 56 pounds to a bushel to cure one hogshead; after remaining there for about 32 days, they are packed in casks in regular rows, great weights being placed upon them to press out the oil, for they are very fat fish; the cask is then filled up a second and a third time, and then they are sent off to the Mediterranean ports for consumption. A note in that most excellent work, "*A week at the Lizard*," by Rev. C. A. Johns, published by the S. P. C. K. States, that from St. Ives, Penzance, Mevagissy, Falmouth, and Newquay, in 1847, 40,000 hogsheads were exported. The fishery last year at St. Ives, and I fear elsewhere, was a complete failure; the fish seemed to shun the coast; the few that were taken were very fine, but the others seem to have kept the deep sea, or to have perished. Is it not remarkable that thousands of fish have been found floating dead about our coasts this year, from the N. E. parts of Scotland to Falmouth? Does it not seem that the presence of the earthquake has been thus felt throughout the depth of the ocean, and its pestilential breath arisen to smite and to destroy? Has not the mildew and the caterpillar, overspread vegetation on the earth's surface; the potatoe, the vine, the olive, the currant, and the orange tree withered beneath their baneful influence? Has not the animal creation also suffered in nearly all its grades, from that of man, downwards? And as surely as hidden fires have shaken earth's very foundations, have not political convulsions, resulting in a war of nations, and a world of bloodshed and suffering, made thrones and sceptres to tremble, and kingdoms and empires to vibrate in the balance as it were between life and death? When will mankind acknowledge the hand of God in all this, and prepare themselves accordingly? Before the second coming of the Son of man, seven angels must pour out the seven vials of God's wrath upon man and upon beast; upon earth, sea, and air, and three unclean spirits shall issue from the mouth of the dragon, of the beast, and of the false prophet, and shall gather the kings of the east and of the whole world to the battle of the great day of Almighty God,—Behold he cometh as a thief,—Blessed is he that watcheth.

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

[We extract the following interesting letter from the "Literary Churchman," which seems to give the real sentiments of the American people.]

Baltimore, June 26, 1855.

You must allow me to begin by congratulating you upon the important successes of the allies in the Crimean peninsula. The Americans are accused of *Russianizing*, and perhaps just at this moment, with some truth, if the temper of the popular press be the index. But the truth is, there is as yet no deep or permanent feeling on the subject. An irritating article in the "Times" will call out fiery rejoinders from our newspapers, and the popular mind will respond to the violence with which our own national honour is supposed to be maintained. Repeated affronts of this kind have produced a sort of sullen discontent with England among the masses, which is the more to be regretted, because, at the outset, the anti-Russian feeling was intense, and a deep sympathy was felt in behalf of the allies. When will those who have it in their power either to conciliate or to exasperate, begin to understand the impolicy of assailing the self-love of nations? For one, I hold it to be of such primary importance to mankind that England and America should continue on good terms with each other, that I cannot bear the petty animosities that disgrace the press on both sides of the Atlantic. To us it is by no means pleasant to see our faults or rather the faults of our new population, (the faults of a state of society forced upon us by the influx of an emigration from all parts of Europe, which was never thought of when our institutions were framed,) always held up to view as our national characteristics; while the great underlying basis of intelligence and principle, which alone enables us to endure the unexpected burthen, and to live in spite of it, is steadily overlooked. Let our brethren in England depend upon it that, there is in America a vast and a most honourable reserve of real character, which is the secret of our strength. It is not dead, nor even sleeping. It is even now bearing and counteracting the immense pressure of unexpected temporary evils, which it will eventually overcome; and in the end the world will have cause to wonder at the power of what is good to triumph over the most flagrant forms of lawlessness and impiety. Meanwhile, let us have your prayers and sympathies; and do not fail to recognise the facts, that in receiving

the turbulent overflow of European states, and in reducing it to order and propriety, the religion and virtue of America, which alone could master such elements of evil, are performing a work of beneficence to the world.

Your own literary and religious undertaking may be made the means of doing much good, by setting an example of moderation in international matters. There are detestable features in the face of every country under the sun ; and I believe that, under the surface, every civilized people has its peculiar merits. Let us prefer the truly Christian course of harmonizing nationalities, to the devilish work of embroiling them. Meantime in the firm belief that God's providence is in the movement, and will overrule it for the noblest ends, I pray that He may be with the British arms, and that He may bless and sanctify the alliance of England and France, not merely to the best issues of war, but to the holier purposes of a perpetual peace. I cannot but think of Southey's lines in "Thalaba :"—

"So, one day, may the Crescent, from thy mosques,
Be plucked by Wisdom, when *th'* enlightened arm
Of Europe conquers to redeem the East."

In our church affairs there continues to be an encouraging quietness, attended by results of a practical kind, which shew that in every part of the land the Church is at work and, in spite of all obstacles, prospering. It is to be regretted that the diocese of Illinois is an exception to this general rule, in consequence of the strange conduct of its bishop, who continues to be non-resident, and proposes to resign his jurisdiction rather than to fix his abode with his flock. Our Canons make no provision for such a state of things, as no one could have conceived it as possible beforehand ; and it is the more to be regretted, because Bishop Whitehouse is a man of many admirable qualifications for the work of a bishop. The matter must rest as it is, till the next General Convention, in 1856.

The Romanists of Baltimore have republished Mr. Wilberforce's book "on the Supremacy," but apparently with less of hope from its sale and direct influence, than from the parade of his name as their captive. The article in the "Christian Remembrancer" is regarded here as a complete refutation of his argument ; while the best arguments *ad hominem* is a reference to the Gallican Regale, and to the vindication of the Royal Supremacy, in France,

by Bossuet. Seldom has a Parthian arrow been tipped with a more venomous point than this assault upon the Anglican liberties ; but it has merely stung without inflicting any considerable wound, and it can be returned to the enemy with an effect far more disastrous. The work of the Abbè Laborde on the new Roman dogma, which has been translated, and republished in Philadelphia, and which is daily advertised in our Baltimore papers, neck and neck with their advertisement of Mr. Wilberforce's, furnishes an effectual Rowland for their Oliver, so far as we are concerned.

We watch with great interest your Cathedral and University questions. Can it be that a great nation, and a great Church, will allow the cathedrals to be practically destroyed, when they are so capable of being made the greatest blessings to the masses, as well as the best schools for the clergy? I am sure it would require only a little ingenuity to make St. Paul's the very heart of religious vitality to London ; and I should think that, under a working Dean and Chapter, societies might be formed among the laity, by means of which its choral services might be rendered attractive and effectual to a degree hardly conceived of at present. Feeling our want of such establishments in America, we are astonished at your entertaining for a moment any idea of abandoning them, simply because they require reform.

A. C. C.

COLONEL SHADFORTH.

THE following letter from Colonel Shadforth, late of the 57th regiment of foot, shows that the race of "devout centurians" in the army is not extinct. He seems to have felt some presentiment of his approaching fate ; for he took leave of his wife and children, the night before the assault on the Redan, in the following terms :—

"Before Sebastopol, June 17, Nine p. m.

"My own beloved Wife and dearly beloved children,—At one o'clock to-morrow morning I head the 57th to storm the Redan. It is, as I feel, an awfully perilous moment to me ; but I place myself in the hands of our gracious God, without whose will a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. I place my whole trust in Him. Should I fall in the performance of my duty, I fully rely in the precious blood of our Saviour, shed for sinners, that I may be

saved through Him. Pardon and forgive me, my beloved ones, for anything I may have said or done to cause you one moment's unhappiness. Unto God I commend my body and soul, which are His; and should it be His will that I fall in the performance of my duty, in the defence of my Queen and country, I most humbly say, 'Thy will be done.' God bless you and protect you; and my last prayer will be, that He, of His infinite goodness, may preserve me to you. God ever bless you, my beloved Eliza and my dearest children; and, if we meet not again in this world, may we all meet in the mansion of our Heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ. God bless and protect you; and ever believe me, your affectionate husband and loving father,

"THOMAS SHADFORTH."

Colonel Shadforth had a hereditary connection with the 57th, his father, who was severely wounded at Albuera, having served in it for 32 years, and two of his brothers being also officers in the same regiment.

The letter of Sergeant Major George Cumming to Mrs. Shadforth, shews the good effects of the Colonel's example on his regiment; and he says, he never witnessed "more genuine grief among a body of men than what was seen in the 57th regiment for the poor Colonel; and the memory of his many acts of kindness, of his unflinching courage at the head of his own 'die hards' and of his glorious death, will long be a theme in the 57th regiment."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE GODLY SINCERITY OF THE COMMON PRAYER BOOK VINDICATED. J. H. & J. Parker, &c., &c.

This is a letter addressed to the Rev. Mr. Ryle, by the Rev. Robert Salkeld, Rector of Fontmell Magna. Mr. Ryle is afflicted with the itch for writing; and he is constantly publishing small tracts generally containing the most heterodox opinions; and amongst these is an address on Baptismal regeneration, of course strongly condemning that doctrine. This tract having been widely circulated, Mr. Salkeld has published an able answer to it; and he says in his preface, "since Mr. Ryle has, with great effrontery, spoken as if no possible reply could be imagined against his reasoning, and has not scrupled to tell people that whoever contradicts him, is an assailant of the truth, and an agent of Satan, it is hoped that this attempt to exhibit the other side of the question in the face of such an Anathema, may prove useful, and be thought to deserve a favourable reception." It will be very useful; and ought to be circulated as an antidote to Mr. Ryle's pestilential tract which, being written in a popular style, will do great injury to true religion; but Mr. Salkeld's Tract meets all

the sophistry, and, to use his own words, the "effrontery" of Ryle's assertions, among others that "regeneration and repentance are the same thing." We wish Mr. Salkeld's Letter may have a circulation equal to Mr. Ryle's tract, that the truth may be made manifest; its price is only sixpence, but it contains a very great deal of sound and scriptural argument against the Calvinistical heresies which meet with such easy success in uninstructed minds. One short extract only we shall make; and with it give our strongest recommendation to Mr. Salkeld's Letter which we possibly can, and trust that all our readers will procure a copy of it. "You set out by giving a sense to the term regeneration, which the liturgy does not use it in; it is, therefore, impossible that you should escape contradictions in the use of the word. There would be no inconsistency, there is none, when the words are read in their true sense; but according to you, the whole prayer book is drawn in terms which express one thing while they were meant to express another. This extraordinary statement you support by another equally strange. The compilers of the Prayer-Book were Calvinists, you say; therefore they held doctrines of a certain kind opposite to those of the Prayer-Book, and they must have meant to say, the opposite of what they have said. How much more easy and complete a course of reasoning would it be to say the Prayer-Book does not express the doctrines of Calvin, but the opposite to them; therefore the compilers of it were certainly not Calvinists. That they were not so has been clearly proved by able writers, and I think I may say, it is a notorious fact." It is a notorious fact, that our sublime and scriptural liturgy, is based upon the holy scripture which was written for our learning; and the very first sentence of the service, pronounces it to be Anti-Calvinistical. Upon that system, to what good purpose would it be for a wicked man to turn away from his wickedness; seeing that, according to that heresy, his doom has been fixed and cannot be altered not even by Almighty power. In the general confession we do not pray to be regenerated, but to be *restored* or *renewed*; in the Collect for Christmas day, we pray that having been regenerate and made the children of God by adoption and grace, we may daily be *renewed* by His Holy Spirit; and in the confirmation office, the bishop unhesitatingly pronounces all the candidates to have been regenerated. Upon the Calvinistic principle such language would be absurd; as no one can tell whether the congregations daily hearing these assurances, either have or have not been regenerate. Anxiously do we desire that all Mr. Ryle's disciples would read and consider Mr. Salkeld's able and temperate tract; it would, with the help of divine grace, draw them out of the "Slough of Despond," into which Mr. Ryle's heresies is sure to plunge them.

THE GAZETTE of the Association for promoting the repeal of all the Taxes on Knowledge, has now gained a considerable part of their object; but even yet the promoters are not content; for they say "the short comings of this Act are described in another article; in spite of these [short comings], we cannot but admit that the repeal of the tax on news is a most important instalment of the right of the people to a free press." The change in the Law respecting newspapers is an experiment, which has not had time to be tested; in the meantime a number of those un-

stamped periodicals that took the field on the passing of the Act have been discontinued, not having found that support from the public which the self love of their proprietors anticipated.

WAR IN PEACE. 8vo. Hope & Co., 1855.

War in peace is a Dramatic Dialogue on "Popery, Puseyism, and Church-of-Englandism," between three pilgrims and a venerable hermit; addressed to the people of England by one of themselves. It is a poem; and the poetry is Hudibrastic. The Hermit is of the right Calvinistic order of merit, to whom the three parties above designated, agreed to submit their different opinions as to an umpire. Of course the Hermit satisfied neither party; and for the edification of Dr. Pusey we give the concluding stanza of this clever satire.

"Methought they bade the good old man adieu,
And in the distance soon were lost to view;
They took three different roads, but I could see
That one the young man took most probably,
From its direction very soon would end,
In bringing him to join his tonsured friend;
I saw no more—yet, as the vision fled,
A voice I heard, which echoes still—it said;
There must be Pope or Queen—the Church must have a head."

PRAYERS FOR MORNING AND EVENING. Parker, Oxford, 18mo.

These prayers have been compiled by the Rev. C. MARRIOTT, B.D., who says in his preface, "it seemed that many would be unable to concentrate all the requisite parts of devotion even in the ancient services of Prime and Compline, beautiful as they are, and elevating to the really attentive mind. His endeavour has been to do this somewhat more expressly, in a moderate compass, and in a manner which might allow of omissions or additions according to the judgment or leisure of the user."

THE LITERARY CHURCHMAN, (J. H. & J. PARKER,) keeps up its literary merits and the great variety of its contents. Its chief department is that of reviewing the publications of the day; but principally those bearing on religion and religious subjects. It is calculated to do much service to the Church on whose principles it is conducted, and which it powerfully supports. Its criticisms on books are fair and impartial; and it will be a great advantage to book-buyers, by laying a fair statement of the contents and the character of books just published, before them. Those who wish to purchase only the best, and of course to eschew the worst or the least useful, may place reliance on the purity of the notices and extracts from books given in the "Literary Churchman."

PAROCHIAL PAPERS. London, J. H. & J. Parker.

The paper before us is No. XII. on Confirmation; and it is one of a "series of monthly papers upon subjects connected with the Church and Parish, furnished by different hands, under the general editorship of the Rev.

John Armitstead, Vicar of Sandbach, Cheshire. "This number seems to conclude the second volume of this useful work, which we recommend to our clerical friends. Each number is on a distinct subject, and may be had separately; but to those who prefer having them in volumes, two of them may now be obtained. As this is the first number that has come under our notice, we shall give the titles of the "Papers" that have been already published; viz. 1, The Choir; 2, The School, 1st part; 3, Church Mission; 4, Parochial Visiting, the Rich; 5, The School, 2nd part; 6, Parochial Visiting, the Poor; 7, Parochial Lectures on secular subjects; 8, The fabric of the Church and reverence due to it; 9, Parochial charities; 10, The Congregation, its duties; 11, The Sacrament of Baptism; 12, Confirmation.

THE PENNY POST for June and July contains the usual amount of useful and amusing matter; and continues the story of Worth School, an illustration of American life; and some very interesting extracts from Madame Pfeiffer's visit to the Geysers, or the hot springs of Iceland.

TRADITIONS OF STOKE NEWINGTON.

The Rev. Thomas Jackson, Rector of the suburban parish of Stoke Newington, has published a lecture which he delivered before the literary and scientific society of that parish; in which he shows the numerous incidents that have occurred in that parish, connected with the celebrities of former days. Of these we select the following statement, which shows that the Manor of Stoke Newington was among the first of the religious endowments in England; having been given by Athelstan to the bishops of London.

"I find the rents and profits of our lands," says Mr. Jackson, "the fruits of the field that we daily tread, supporting the men who chanted at the funeral of Edward the Confessor, and assisted at the coronation of William the Norman. I find them maintaining in turn a goodly line of bishops and learned men—some the patrons of education, as Hugh Oldham, and some the very foremost champions of primitive Christianity, as was Edmund Stillingfleet, that sledge-hammer against popery,—as was John Tillotson, the tender and tolerant, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury, the confidential friend and adviser of that great monarch, King William III.

"Shall I speak of old houses, in connexion with great men? Some who are present may have stood in the very rooms, others on the very sites, where Queen Elizabeth, yet a princess, and beleaguered with enemies, came secretly with a beating heart, and eyes filled with tears, to meet the friends and advisers of the heiress of the throne. You can shew me the spot on the Green where Harry VIII. disported himself; where Lord Dudley wrote that strange letter to the Secretary Cromwell, declaring that he had never been engaged in marriage to Queen Elizabeth's mother; as though he had a preconception of Henry's mode of despatching his rivals; and at the foot of Stamford Hill, where James I. caught a first glimpse of the pageantry of the capital; can you not imagine Oliver, the Protector of England, visiting his widowed daughter at her house in Church-street? Have you never encountered the keen eye, and big, round face of the Puritan Regicide, with his coat-of-mail

next his skin, as though he might any moment suffer the violent death he had inflicted on his rightful sovereign? The knocker still stands on the door, where, it is said he once sought admittance, when benighted on his way. You may search out the very chamber where Fleetwood trembled over the progress made at Breda for bringing home King Charles II., where he laid aside for ever the symbols of power, and wept over the loss of the sceptre, offered him so often by the pretorian guards. Crossing the street, you are still enthralled by scenes associated with remarkable events. There stands the house in which Daniel De Foe wrote the tale of England's union with Scotland,—a negotiation owing its success to his hardiness and skill. There are the rooms, (for I cannot bear to think that the queer buildings have been enlarged or altered,) there are the cellars, with bolts on the inside as well as outside of the doors, where he abused and plotted against the government, and instructed and delighted mankind. In the retirement of that spot, he conjured out of the rude materials of Alexander Selkirk's story, the glorious fiction of Robinson Crusoe. Man Friday is the creation, not of St. Juan Fernandez, but of Stoke Newington; and Robinson, the friend of English boys,—and I might say of all boys, Slavonian and Arabic, Indian and Persian, or born in Sydney or Tennessee, (for where is the language in which Crusoe has not told his tale?)—Robinson was not born, as De Foe would have us believe, at York; but sprang, like Minerva from the head of Jove, full armed and grown out of Daniel's own brain, at work in Church-street. And now a softer and more genial set of thoughts awakens within us. Beneath the spreading branches of an ancient cedar, which still murmurs poetry, nestles a sickly, little, decrepit man but of expanding soul. Turn aside and recognise him. He is the second, if not the first, writer of hymns that the English language has produced. I have heard his devotional poetry sung at the extremity of Africa, in the centre of the Pacific Ocean, on the coast of Australia and in the Brazils. It was in this street that he first 'surveyed the wondrous cross,' and sang 'the high abode' which 'becomes the grandeur of a God.' Nay, in this very room his musical voice, his perfect and renowned intonation have been heard. Churchman as I am, and not inclined to yield anywhere or for any man, a principle or an attachment, and deploring as I do, the errors of his later days, I can never, without veneration, recall the name of Isaac Watts. But remember that it was our magnificent old trees, and the stars seen in our sky, and our 'busy bees, and opening flowers,' that inspired his facile muse. Moreover, it was, most likely, some paltry Stoke Newington quarrel that made him say:—'LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE.'"

JAMES BRIGHT, THE SHOPMAN. J. H. & J. Parker.

This is one of Messrs. Parker's series of cheap popular tales for the young men and women of England. The hero of this tale is a country lad, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, who kept a little chandlery shop, in a little village in Norfolk. By some of the lucky chances, James Bright had got a situation in a grocer's shop in the city; and he is introduced to our acquaintance in the midst of one of those dense fogs, which are to be seen nowhere but in London, which

the author most accurately describes, and on his road to, and his first arrival at his new employers. Bright is soon introduced to all the mysteries of the "adulteration of food;" is taught the ways of the world by his fellow-servant; falls into it; and robs the till; but is brought to consideration by the honest simplicity of a child; and his restoration is completed by a sermon on moral duties, by the minister of the parish. After which he goes through a variety of adventures; and when he was likely to come to extreme distress, a rich uncle the whilom captain of a merchant vessel, sets him up in business in his mother's old shop in Norfolk, which was now vacant by her death; and he becomes there a pattern of what a tradesman ought to be.

THE SISTERS is another of Mr. Parker's tales; but of a higher position in life than the former. The sisters are daughters of country clergymen, who marry two brothers of different characters. They are clerks in the same house in the city; but the younger one is a genius, writes for the *Church Warder* and other periodicals; connects himself with an Italian refugee of atheistical and revolutionary principles, who corrupts him, and eventually brings him to ruin. He attempts suicide; but is prevented by his father-in-law. His wife's nerves receive such a shock that she dies, and leaves two daughters to mourn her fate. It is a nice story, and well told.

THE STRIKE shows the misery of these periodical disputes about the ups and downs of wages between manufacturers and their workmen; the cruel avarice and rapacity of masters in pulling down, and the violent struggles of the men to keep up, or to raise the amount of their wages. The author also depicts well the faults of wives in their families, which has the effect of driving their husbands to the public house where, so long as their money lasts, they can enjoy such comfort as the want of economy and the ungovernable tempers of their wives deprive them of at home. But especially they flee from that accursed system in many wives of *having the last word*, which is the bane of low society, and the cause of much of the ill usage which so many women meet with from their husbands, and no doubt of many of the murders of that sex. There is neither sense nor meaning in having the *last word*; but there is much in it that provokes the husband and irritates his temper; and according to his disposition, it excites his anger, his hatred, and perhaps his desire for revenge. For the temporary and contemptible triumph of *the last word*, a vulgar or an under-bred woman will cast away her husband's love and respect, and drive him from home to seek society in the public house parlour, or tap room. The history of the Strike is well managed. The pride and over-bearing tyranny of the masters on the one hand; and the insolent defiance of law and authority, and the exactions of the men over their more peaceably disposed brethen on the other, are well described. It ends as all strikes must do; the masters have capital and can afford to stand out; and the funds of the men become exhausted; and then both parties come to some sort of agreement, and the work goes on as usual, till the next opportunity that the masters think they have of reducing, or the men of raising the rate of wages. There is a very naturally managed

description in this tale, of the power of affliction to subdue the pride of the purse-proud man, and of his conversion to the knowledge and service of God. This tale is very interesting and instructive; and if we might be allowed to suggest to the talented author, who is decidedly a man who has seen much of what is called the world, to write a tale in his popular and sensible way, on the dangerous propensity in low females of indulging in THE LAST WORD.

CAROLINE ELTON, or Vanity and Jealousy, is No. 7 of Mr. Parker's Tales. The scene is in some of the low slums of London, of which neighbourhood Caroline is the admired of all admirers; and among others, of Joe Savage, a snob, whom one fine afternoon in particular she teased and tormented with jealousy, whilst she was on the road to join his rival and go with him to Cremorne Gardens. This rival was a gentleman's servant, out of place, generally a bad class of men, although we have known some excellent exceptions. In that emporium of vice they remained till a late hour: and she was nearly inveigled into a house of bad fame; from which however she escaped, and was making her way down Hempseed Court, to her home, when Joe made a stab at her throat with his shoemaker's knife. She recovered, and Joe was transported, and Caroline contrived to follow, where they are married and have a large family; and both husband and wife are much the better Christians for the chastisements which their heavenly father had sent them. It is a beautiful story, and remarkably well told.

SERVANTS' INFLUENCE is No. 8 of the same series, and shows powerfully the evil influence that servants frequently exercise over the children of the families in which they live. In this interesting story there are two opposite influences; and a single paragraph will show the moral of the story. "While Roland had this wise and faithful servant and friend in Adam, he had equally bad and unwise ones in the other members of his father's family. Robert the groom was one, and Mrs Hatton the house-keeper was the other. Robert hated religion, and even morality; and Mrs. Hatton who had both these, hated wisdom and common sense; and between the two Roland bid fair to be made a wreck of. It needed all old Adam's wisdom and activity to get ballast enough into Roland to keep him straight. In the absence of any one high voice of authority over him, Roland was left to form all his character in their hand. Terrible was the responsibility his father incurred, in leaving his poor son the sport of such winds and waves. And happy was Roland to have one wind to blow him into harbour, and one calm water on which to float his vessel." The good influence eventually prevailed; but it is too common in all families that the evil advice of servants exerts a life-long influence on children; and this is one of the evils that cannot be cured but by a religious education to the class of servants, who see too frequently a bad example in their own homes.

These tales are calculated to do much good, and should be widely circulated. They are written by one who knows the world, and at the same time one who conveys a moral in each story, and who does not write for mere stage effect, but for the improvement of the rising generation.

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SYMPTOMS OF THE TIME OF THE END.

THE Last Times, and the Latter Times, are Scripture expressions. The former of which means the last of the three dispensations, or the period of the Gospel; that is, the Patriarchal, the Levitical, and the Christian Dispensations. The Latter Times means, in prophetic language, the last moiety of the "Times of the Gentiles" referred to by Christ, in His prophecy on the mount; or the seven prophetic times of Nebuchadnezzar's great metallic Image. The seven Times are divided into two equal moieties, each consisting of three times and a half, or twelve hundred and sixty years. It has been calculated by the best commentators that the Seven Times commenced at the birth of Nebuchadnezzar, in the year 657, before Christ; who was declared by Daniel to be the golden head of the Image, the first division of which was concluded in the year *after* Christ 604; the second division or the Latter Times therefore commenced in that year, and by adding 1260 years to that, it will be concluded in the year 1864. We cannot therefore, be very far removed from what the prophet Daniel calls the *Time of the End*, which commences at the expiration of the latter half of the Seven Times of the Gentiles, which corresponds in point of time with the effusion of the Seventh Vial which will begin to flow immediately on the expiration of the latter Three Times and a Half when the mystery of God will be finished.

And a great mystery it is, that the Lord of all power and might should have suffered so much spiritual wickedness for so long a period, to have oppressed so large and so fair a portion of the world. But we humbly think that we see symptoms of the near approach of the Time of the End; and that the war in which the great powers of Europe are now engaged, will be the means in the hand of God, of setting the Church throughout the world free

from the tyrannical oppression of the False Prophet and the Mahomedan imposture.

What in some measure precipitated this devoutly to be wished consummation, was the indefensible and schismatical act of Pius IX about five years ago, which Englishmen could afford to laugh at had it not involved such serious consequences.

The whole kingdom was insolently informed that the people were Heathens ; that they had neither church, nor religion, nor ministry ; and that in the plenitude of Papal power the Pope took possession of the three kingdoms ; partitioned them off into provinces and dioceses ; and appointed his own creatures or subjects as they are called, to govern them. It was a bold stroke, intended by its audacity, to surprise the people of England into submission to the Papal power ; and to annihilate the religion and laws of our free country for ever by reducing us to the dominion of that Man of Sin. But the blow failed, even although a voice from the Flaminian gate did insolently announce that the Pope's viceroy, Dr. Wiseman "governed and should continue to govern" this fair realm of England ; an announcement, that plainly indicated the secular and political character of this unexampled outrage on the ancient and venerable churches of these realms. The Pope and his inquisitors confidently expected that, terrified by the Papal audacity, the free church of England would instantly submit her neck to their yoke, and retrograde from the light of scripture truth to the darkness of the middle ages of ignorance, superstition and imposture, and make pilgrimages to winking images and seamless coats.

The last moments of the dying were watched, and, under pretence of administering the last delusive rites of Popery, the priests began to rob and plunder their families ; and it was with horror that Englishmen heard by actions at law of these death-bed robberies, under the management of avaricious priests and their legal associates, who drew up these "spiritual wills" after the dying person was unable to understand their meaning, and under the terrors of an imaginary purgatory. In this way the new inquisitors whom the Pope sent to govern us and to establish the Canon law, soon shewed the cloven foot of avarice, which is one of the besetting sins of Popery, by the influence which they exercised at the death beds of their victims.

In October of the year of Aggression, just after it had been made, a Mr. Taylor, under Jesuit influence, devised his property, amounting to three thousand a year, to the Papal church, leaving

only a bare pittance to his son, who was in fact reduced to beggary. —, a French refugee, was beset on his death bed by the priest of the mass house in Clarendon Square ; and by a base compromise the priest was allowed to keep one half of the property, to which he had no more just claim than the pickpocket that filches our purse in a crowd. The miser's heirs living in France were so persecuted by the priesthood there, for daring to contest the will in an English court of law, that they were obliged to leave all that they possessed in France and seek refuge in London, where they live in obscurity.

A robbery was attempted on a large scale, by a Dr. Hendron, schismatically exercising episcopal functions in the West of England ; but, by the firmness of the victim's step-father, one of the Berkleys, he was disappointed. The sum intended to have been seized by Hendron and his co-conspirators amounted to about £85,000 ; and the lady herself was a ward in Chancery ; but Miss Talbot's case is so well known, that more need not be said about it. Since these exposures of the profligacy and avarice of the Papal priesthood, they have been more cautious ; but the same system of death-bed plunder still goes on, although care is taken to prevent its becoming publicly known. This same Dr. Hendron exhibited an act of impious buffoonery by riding on Palm Sunday on an ass round his mass house, in mockery of our Lord's entry into Jerusalem. This profanation, and sundry other things of a similar complexion, were the incipient efforts of an arrogant priesthood to inflict on England the tomfoolery of processions in honour of the goddess of their church.

The astonishment of the public at sacerdotal avarice and robbery had scarcely subsided, when it was shocked by the immoralities of the mother of harlots in another particular. The revolting exposure of sacerdotal breaches of the seventh commandment on the trial of Achilli, more than bore out all the accusations which Protestants have ever made against the licentious conduct of the Romish priesthood. But their licentiousness is not to be wondered at, when we reflect that they are the servants of the Great Red Dragon ; that their head and chief, is the Man of Sin, the Lawless Man ; and that they are bound by that " Doctrine of Devils," as S. Paul calls it " forbidding to marry."

In our March number, we showed conclusively, that by the adoption of the miserable and blasphemous dogma of the " immaculate conception," the whole Church of Rome has become the

ANTICHRIST predicted by S. John ; and that this developement of the Antichrist is a sure sign of the near destruction of the whole Papal system. Symptoms of this destruction are rapidly appearing on the Continent.

Sardinia has already shaken off the intolerable yoke of the Papal supremacy which is the real pivot of Papal error ; and consequently she will have leisure to reform her church from the gross antichristian system of Popery, and to preserve the order and decency of the church's platform, as our forefathers did in England. Although we hear of much opposition by the Sardinian hierarchy, yet no doubt, God will raise up some reforming Cranmer among them ; " for " says Bishop Walker in his life of that prelate, " they err egregiously who consider the clergy of the Church of Rome as generally hypocrites, as universally ignorant, or even as inattentive to the truths of the gospel. Apart from the gross errors of their system, and from the exclusive bigotry of their tenets, you will frequently find them equally profound and correct in their general views of Christian truth. They yield a vast deal too much to the authority of the church ; but it is possible to err, and to err very grossly, by yielding too little, or by denying every thing to this authority ; for they who do so, finish at length by giving a more decisive and despotic authority to bold individuals in various parts of the church, who, in their passionate and prejudiced conviction of Romish error, think they cannot run too fast, nor remove too far from every thing which resembles or is connected with the Romish system." We trust that some of these " profound and correct " clergy, which we suspect are few and far between, will be raised up in Sardinia to preserve the church of that kingdom in its natural vigour when the reforming besom has swept away the last remnant of the antichristian superstition of Rome from her fair face.

We cannot help regretting, however, when the law was passed for the suppression of the so-called religious houses in Piedmont, that provision was not made for the support and maintenance of aged monks, and of all the nuns, who have been ejected from their different prisons. For, having been plundered of all their property on entering into these licensed houses of ill fame, and having become incapacitated for the active duties of life, from long imprisonment, it is decided cruelty to turn them adrift upon the world, without the means of maintaining themselves. We hope the Sardinian government will yet perform this act of simple

justice and mercy, to these poor women whom it has set at an uneasy liberty.

The crowning act of apostacy played off at Rome last year, the Immaculate Conception, has produced a reactionary effect in Spain, one of its most bigoted and priest-ridden provinces. It has been there the subject of the most indecent and ludicrous caricatures, and the ribald jests of the people. Yet, so strong is the delusion on the Papal government, that the Jesuits have persuaded the Pope to announce his intention of founding an Order of Knights of the Immaculate Conception, upon the anniversary of the developement of the Antichrist, the 8th of December next ; and we hope the author of the "Durham Letter," of "sound and fury, but signifying nothing," will be installed among the first of the Knights, and be enabled to write after his name the initials K. I. C. which may preserve him from that annihilation which his political conduct so richly deserves.

Popery, however, is determined to die hard, and to shew to the world that even in its "dead-thraw" as the Scotch have it, it is ever the same persecuting and intolerant system. The Papal government has excommunicated the kingdoms of Spain and Sardinia, which impotency both of them seems to have treated with contempt ; but not satisfied with spiritual weapons, it has had recourse to the carnal sword, and has called upon the Austrian government to undertake a crusade against the reformed Sardinian church, as it did in former ages against the Waldensian churches. In the present position of political affairs such a crusade would be rather a dangerous experiment ; but Austria has moved up a large army towards Piedmont under pretence of suppressing enlistment for the Anglo-Italian legion, but really with the view of overawing the Sardinian government.

The Church of Spain has been made desolate and naked, her flesh has been eaten and burnt with fire (Rev. xvii. 16.) by her own sons ; and the pontifical authority seems to be almost extinct.

The Gallican church has exhibited strong symptoms of her ancient spirit and principles. Several of her prelates have protested powerfully against the new antichristian dogma of the Immaculate Conception. An abbe Prompsault, in a spirited protest has declared, that "*Truth is above all* ;" and he declares his conviction that Peter "*had not* the prerogative of being master and sovereign of his colleagues ; his sovereign power did not differ from theirs, for he was sent out like them, and associated with a

companion like the rest." This is pretty well for a Popish priest; but the abbe goes farther and gives the Protestant and true doctrine of our Lord's address to Peter; and calls Christ himself and *not* Peter, the Rock on which the church is founded. The Abbe Laborde has also published a spirited protest against the new antichristian dogma; but above all the Archbishop of Paris has circulated the following extraordinary document.

"It is certain and we have the whole world to witness, that up to the 8th of last December, the Immaculate Conception was not held by the Church as an article of faith; and all who held the contrary opinion were still orthodox Catholicks, and permitted peaceably to hold that opinion. If, therefore, since the 8th of December, they have ceased to be orthodox Catholics, because the Immaculate Conception has become an article of faith in the Catholic Church, then the faith of the Church must have undergone some changes, and it must be a novel dogma. But it is believed as an article of faith, thousands of times proclaimed and decreed, that the faith of the Catholic Church is unchangeable, and that no new doctrine can ever be announced or received by the Church. The decree, then, which proclaims any new doctrine, cannot be the definite sentence of the Church. The Catholic precedent is thus wholly against the pretended definition. It is, therefore, the duty of every good Catholic not to acknowledge this pretended doctrine without examining it.

"For my own part, that all the world may know it, I still abide by the protests contained in my petition to our holy father the Pope, and the bishops, and from this moment I appeal from all those things as also from all the falsehoods and profane novelties with which the Bull is filled, to a general council, in which the bishops may be judges, in which all the world may be free, to which all those who think themselves concerned may be admitted, and in which priests may be permitted, without fear of persecution or any loss of their employment, and even the laity also if it be necessary, to hear the voice of Holy Scripture and the Holy Fathers.

"The truth is, that the Roman people were very indifferent to the new faith which has been announced. Such of the laity as had received instruction, did not regard it with any gratification.

The people, properly so called—the masses—did not understand even what was to be done. It must be known that in Rome, the people, so far as Religion is concerned, are in such ignorance, the like of which is nowhere seen. I have been myself informed in

Rome, by respectable, well-informed persons, that this ignorance amounts even to brutishness.

“The great bulk of the Roman ecclesiastics of all orders and of all ranks continue in Rome itself, in proportion, as ignorant as the people. Can we wonder, then, that it should be easy to make them receive the Immaculate Conception, as of faith! I have, however, positively learned that among the priests and the religious who have any information, one cannot fail to find some who entertain, regarding the new dogma, the same difficulties as myself. One person of exalted dignity assured me, that the Dominicans of the Minerva have always held the doctrine of S. Thomas, and even engaged me to see them. But in Rome, none has any liberty to think, nor liberty to speak, nor liberty to write according to the purity of the Gospel, and the spirit of the fathers: in Rome there is the Inquisition to strangle the truth. Father Perrone and Father Passaglia have liberty to write everything; but true and sincere men—nothing.

“In fact, attach yourselves as the holy fathers to the study and knowledge of Scripture and tradition: appeal with them to antiquity against novelty; plead principles against the universal abuse of laxity; advise yourselves, following the council of the Apostle; to hold fast that which you have received from the beginning; you have the leprosy of individual opinion; you are charged with the heresy of private judgment, you are a Protestant. If you wish to be Catholic, abjure your reason and your conscience, leave there your holy fathers, cast aside the Word of God, make yourselves blind, and devote your whole life to the danger of being led by others as blind as yourselves.

“It is, then, because God has given me to see the falseness of this prudence of our days, and the wisdom of the holy fathers, that I began to lift up my voice, as soon as I perceived that they assailed the ancient doctrines, and were disposed to introduce new ones. That which I commenced long since, and which I have hitherto pursued, I still continue to do in the present work. May it contribute to encourage the strong, to support the weak, and to open the eyes of a great many to the extremity to which religion is reduced.”

All these signs of the times, which the Court of Rome does not seem capable of discerning, appear to us to be unmistakable symptoms of the breaking up of Popery, by that slaughter with the sword of Him that sits upon the horse, which will proceed out of His mouth

(Rev. xix. 21.) At home the Sword of the Spirit seems to be doing its work; the long dark night of Popery is far spent; and the light of gospel truth to hitherto benighted souls, is at hand. In Ireland it is fast disappearing; between emigration, Scripture reading, and open-air preaching there is every reason to believe that in a few years the False Prophet will have exceedingly few followers, which is a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

In Piedmont, where the supremacy of Rome has been suppressed, the hearts of the people are set at liberty to judge for themselves, like wise men, of the truth of the impostures and falsehoods which have been so long entertained as everlasting truths, but, which they have now discovered to be fallacies. And the Gallican church is beginning through the right channel, the heads of the church, to assert her ancient independence. The divine Head of the church has "much people," groaning under the tyranny of Rome; and the example of Piedmont will soon induce them to burst their fetters and "come out of her"; casting aside her sorceries and pollutions as the filthy rags of men's righteousness. In the kingdoms before named, like our own at the reformation, no new churches are being set up; it is their own ancient churches of Trophimus, of S. James, and of Ambrose, that are casting off the slough of Popery, and cleansing their own sanctuaries, and adorning the Bride for her Husband. "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

W. C. P.

POPE PIUS V. AND THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

From *The Exeter and Plymouth Gazette*.

IN reference to the offer of Pope Pius V. (IV.?) to confirm the English Liturgy on condition that Queen Elizabeth would recognise the Papal supremacy, the following paragraph has recently appeared in "Notes and Queries," followed soon afterwards by a communication from the Rev. Chancellor Harington:—

It has frequently been stated that Pius V. offered to confirm the use of the English Liturgy, provided Queen Elizabeth would confirm his supremacy: yet no proof has ever been adduced on the subject. Two writers are usually quoted in support of this erroneous statement, namely, Camden and Ware. The former mentions the rumour of such a thing, but he does not express his belief in its truth. Yet Camden is quoted as an authority for the statement that such an offer was made. Ware merely says that such

a rumour was circulated by the seminary priests for the purpose of producing dissensions. The passage occurs in his *Hunting of the Romish Fox*, p. 149. Those writers who have made the assertions on Ware's authority have utterly mistaken their author; for he mentions the rumour for the purpose of refuting it. The whole was a trick of the missionary priests in order to produce divisions in the English Church. On such slender grounds does the assertion rest: and yet we find it repeated by one writer after another until many persons actually believe the statement as an undoubted fact.

To this Jesuitical note, the Rev. Chancellor Harington thus convincingly replies:—

POPE PIUS V. AND THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.—Vol. XI., p. 401.—T. L. has implied that the offer of Pius V. (IV. ?) to confirm the use of the English Liturgy, upon the condition of Elizabeth recognising the Papal Supremacy, rests solely on the authority of Camden and Ware. Your correspondent has omitted to refer to the testimony of Lord Chief Justice Coke, who, at the Norwich Assizes, in August, 1606, only three years after the Queen's death, publicly affirmed in his charge that—‘The Pope wrote a letter to Elizabeth, in which he consented to approve the Book of Common Prayer, as used amongst us, as containing, says he, nothing contrary to the truth, and comprehending what is necessary to salvation, though not all that ought to be in it; and that he would authorize us to use it, if her Majesty would receive it from him and upon his authority. And this, adds he, is the truth touching Pope Pius V., which I have often heard from the Queen's own mouth. And I have frequently conferred with noblemen of the highest rank of the State, who had seen and read the Pope's letter on this subject, as I have related to you. And this is as true as that I am an honest man.’—Charge pp. 28, 29, 40.

It is of course a matter of small moment to a member of the Church of England whether the Bishop of Rome recognised our Orders, and approved our Liturgy, or no; but should any of your readers be curious in the matter, they may read the *pros* and *cons* in Courayer's *Defence of the Dissertation on the validity of the English Ordinations*, Vol. II., pp. 359-378.

E. C. HARINGTON.

The Close, Exeter.

THE REFORMERS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"WHAT have you got there, Mary?" asked Mr. Fleming of his daughter one Sunday afternoon, as he noticed her reading a pamphlet very intently.

"Oh! papa, it is such an excellent book, written by a clergyman too, and in such a nice liberal spirit; I am sure you will like it."

"Perhaps it may not please me," said her father, "so much as it seems to please you, if it be what I suppose it to be: my attention was attracted by the cover, which is very like one of a particularly objectionable book which I saw in a shop window yesterday afternoon. Is it—" "Now, papa, how grave you are looking, I shall really be afraid to show you my book if you don't quickly set the rainbow of a smile in the clouds which are gathering over your brows; it is a proposal for reforming the Prayer-Book, and making some of its antiquated notions and ceremonies more in accordance with the fashions and usages of the present day, and it is written in such a nice tone."

"Oh! I thought that was the book, and I tell you now, once for all, Mary, that it is not a fit book for you or any other humble minded daughter of the church to read, or even to possess: pray who lent you the pamphlet?"

"Oh! dear Mrs. Carnal," said Mary Fleming, laughing, and trying to treat the whole matter as a joke, now she saw that her father was really angry; "and she told me to read it carefully, because it was a work more likely to do good than any that has been published before for a very long time."

"I am your father, Mary," said the venerable clergyman, "and I tell you that so far from that being true, even in the least degree, it is certainly one of the most mischievous publications that I ever read, and I cannot allow you to read it: give it to me, and I will myself return it to Mrs. Carnal to-morrow. How much patience one does need in this parish, where one's labours are so far beyond one's strength, and these mischievous, lazy, ignorant women give one so much unnecessary trouble and worry. Playing at cards every night, and talking scandal every morning, they have, nevertheless, the audacity to pretend to be patterns of Christianity, and must need set about reforming their neighbours."

"No, no, papa," pleaded Mary, "you are really too severe; dear Mrs. Carnal does not want to reform her neighbours: she only

wants to assist the more spiritually minded among her neighbours and those who are endowed with the greatest spirit of liberality and enlightenment, in doing away with the errors in an antiquated book; why, do you know, she says that the Prayer-Book is not even remarkable for good grammar, and she showed me three or four cases in point in an interesting book called 'Pencillings.'"

"Ah! Mary," said her father sorrowfully, "it is not the grammar of the Prayer-Book she wants to reform,—she wants to make the doctrine of the Prayer-Book such, that it might fall in with the ideas of those sectaries to whose Meeting-Houses it is well known she goes, almost as often as she goes to church; and, for why? For no really conscientious motives, but merely from the spirit of meddling and mischief. Besides all this Mary, have I not often warned you to keep away from Mrs. Carnal as often as possible, as every body else does in the town who is worth knowing; but, see, here she is actually coming up the garden; some scandal again I much fear, or she would not take this trouble. She shall carry her Reformation book back with her."

Mary was about to remonstrate, but the servant suddenly opened the door, and announced "Mrs. Carnal."

"Oh! dear me, my dear Mary," exclaimed that stout lady, limping into the room as fast as she was able, and apparently without noticing that any one else was present, "I came up in the hope of finding you alone, so that we could talk over that dear, delicious man's exquisite little pamphlet, I might almost say 'squib,' in private: oh! Mr. Fleming," she added, turning to him as he rose to meet her,—but she was interrupted:—"Here is your book, Mrs. Carnal; Mary knows nothing about its subject; and any discussion of its delicacies you may meditate, must be with me."

"Oh! I could not think of such thing, Mr. Fleming, I know your opinion beforehand, and how perseveringly you cling to all those old filthy rags of superstition which the Prayer-Book contains,"—and putting her pamphlet into her pocket, she sat down like a Sultana in the window, and assuming a sprightly air—she always assumed that style at the commencement of an insulting speech, but became grave enough in the heat of the argument afterwards—looked fixedly at Mr. Fleming, and said,—“by the bye, Sir, I have another bone to pick with you!”

"Indeed," almost hummed her Rector, in a provokingly indifferent tone.

"Oh! yes! in these times, and pretty times they are coming to,

one cannot speak too plainly ;—you know how much I object to too great a display at church, and yet last Sunday morning—oh ! no, I forget, evening, I was at ‘Bethesda’ in the morning,—what should I see but four or five persons come in dressed up in surplices, and there was the perpetual change of voices—one voice for the Prayers, and another for the Lessons, and another for the Litany, and another for the Sermon, and—”

“My dear Madam, you exaggerate sadly,” said the Rector in a mild tone, ‘four or five’ was *three*, and how could you have heard a ‘different voice,’ or any voice read ‘the litany’ on a Sunday evening ? You should be more careful, really !”

“Oh ! you are always cutting up and dissecting my sentences, and yet you are for leaving all those dismal sentences in our Popish English Mass Book ; all full of lies as they are, untouched and unaltered : ‘Litany,’ did I say ? yes, and it was the Litany, too ; well, I suppose it was the morning, after all, I was at church, but I know I was at the ‘Bethesda’ on one, because of the lovely great map which Dear Mr. Sop showed us ;—by the bye, Mr. Fleming, you never enliven your written preaching, or preached writing, —which shall I call it ?—by any nice little things of that kind.”

“Really, Mrs. Carnal, I don’t understand what you mean,” said the good Rector, “there is an excellent supply of maps at the National School, and geography is taught there, really I never heard before of teaching the use of the globes in the Pulpit ;—was it a map of Palestine ?”

“Oh ! no, such a love of a map, a transparency, too. The Bethesda windows were darkened slightly to show it ; so it was the morning, after all, you see.”

“Yes,” interrupted Mr. Fleming, “undoubtedly, and so you must have been mistaken about the Litany.”

“Well,” she continued, “it was a love of a transparency of the two Hemispheres, and was marked according to the state of religion ; there were England and all the Protestant countries left quite white and spotless ; then there were some of the white countries, like Ireland, with little darkish spots all over them, to indicate the presence of Popery : then the Popish countries are all marked with a lot of black lines, and, for my part, I can’t see, and so I told Mr. Sop, why they allowed the white to shew at all in such countries ; then the Mahomedans were two sets of black lines crossing each other, and looking very dark, indeed ; and all the Heathen countries were made quite black, like a piece of patent leather, oh ! it was so clever !”

"But very uncharitable and very delusive, Mrs. Carnal," said the Rector, sorrowfully,—“highly favoured as this land is, many parts of it, alas! are darker and far more guilty than those heathen lands to which I fear we have carried more brandy than religion, and more vices than Christianity; I have heard of such foolish maps, but never saw one, or wish to.”

“Well, you will be able to see one soon in our Bethesda, for I am going about the town now, making a fourpenny-bit collection to purchase it of dear Mr. Sop; transparencies are so expensive he says to buy, that he is generous enough to say he will sell us his own for the small sum of ten pounds, and I have got four and eight pence towards it already, and I only began to collect yesterday afternoon: will you give one subscription and make my sum five shillings; do, now—you can’t refuse a lady.”

“Indeed, madam, I can, and must;” was the Rector’s quiet but dignified answer, “I must be at least consistent!”

“By the bye, Mr. Fleming,” exclaimed Mrs. Carnal suddenly, “who is that young man who preached last Sunday evening? Evening,” she added, musingly, “it must have been, because I remember his visage distinctly, and the candles each side;—perhaps, after all, it was in the morning I went to the Bethesda.”—

“Yes,” suggested Mr. Fleming, “and heard the Litany, I suppose?”

“Oh! confound the Litany! bless me well! how you do harp upon a disagreeable subject; dear Mr. Sop, indeed, read the Litany before it is reformed, or even after?—no, indeed! that love of a man never read a prayer in his life, and never will, pity that he should, his prayers are so lovely, delicious to listen to!”

“So they really are addressed to the congregation are they?” asked Mr. Fleming, “they really are sermons?”

“Oh, dear, no; they are not sermons, but prayers so lively and so interesting; such lovely similes—such charming metaphors! but this brings me to that young boy’s preaching.”

“Forgive me, madam,” said the Rector in a loud firm voice, and evidently determined to make himself heard—“he is as old as that Timothy, to whom S. Paul wrote—“Let no man despise thy youth.”

“Oh! I daresay, I daresay,” continued the incorrigible reformer of everything but her own impertinent tongue, and ignorant brain, “but that was not the chief grievance—it was the time he preached—only ten minutes, by the watch; and then, do you know, it was such Popery! he actually said that Christ was the son of the Virgin Mary!”

"Well, madam, and pray whose son is He?"

"Oh the son of God, of course," said Mrs. Carnal.

"Certainly, but Christ, surely, had an earthly mother, had he not?"

"Why, I suppose he had; but, then, his using that expression made it pretty clear to my mind that he is a believer in the new Romish doctrine of the Immaculate Conception!"

"Really, my dear madam," said the Rector, hardly able to suppress a smile at so ridiculous a jumble of ideas, or rather absence of ideas, and the lady proceeded:—

"But I allude to his shortness—that is the new trick of the Puseyite clergy—they never preach for more than ten minutes, and, when this is the case, how can the congregation judge of their capabilities or their talents?"

"Really, madam, I must plead guilty to being utterly unable to understand you, you must please to explain yourself."

"Why, what I mean is this;—dear Mr. Sop, and, indeed, all other Dissenting Ministers compose their own prayers, as well as their sermons, and then the congregation have ample opportunity of judging of their capabilities and attainments; but you, the clergy, have got all your prayers written out for you, and have nothing to do but to gabble them over every Sunday—and so if you don't preach long sermons, how can the congregation judge of your capacities and of the amount of your learning, as they ought to be able to do?"

"Madam," said Mr. Fleming very quietly, "the congregation are to listen to the sermon, not that they may criticise it or the Preacher; but that they may judge *themselves*, and as to the Book of Common Prayer"—

"Oh! you won't have that long, for although we are only for reforming it now, as a first step, we don't intend to cease agitating until it be abolished altogether, and then you will have no more room for your epidemic laziness.—But I must really, go," she added hastily, and looking at her watch—"so you won't let Mary read my book Mr. Fleming;—how can you be such a bigot and so intolerant."

"Good bye, Mrs. Carnal," said the Rector, "it is not intolerance, believe me, but consistency, that actuates me in this matter. I hate the latitudinarian lawlessness of these last evil times, and I am determined, by the help of God, to uphold, for His sake, the ancient and time-honoured customs and traditions of His Holy

Church, and to resist without flinching every foolish and wicked attempt of foes without, or of traitors within, to bring her down to the level of those who think 'that gain is godliness,' and whose religion is a mere Sunday dress and a disguise for tattling and strife. I speak to you, Mrs. Carnal, as your Pastor. Good bye."

And the Reformer departed, rejoiced at having teased the Parson.

C.

AN AMERICAN'S OPINION OF OXFORD.

IN Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's visit to Oxford, he makes the following remarks; which, if they do not much edify, they will, at least, amuse our readers:—

"In drawing near to Oxford, I felt the zeal going up in the thermometer; and dusky shadows of olden histories began to arise. I had a distinct picture of the place in my mind, at least of the University. I imagined it to be a group of buildings, say eight or ten in number, opening upon a common court, not unlike the cotton-factory style of architecture, which prevails in New England colleges. I had no very distinct idea of their number and extent, but a clear impression, that, more or fewer, they were grouped together upon some one spot. Accordingly, I inquired with innocent simplicity of a gentleman next to me, in what part of the town the University buildings were, and was answered promptly, 'In every part: they are scattered all over the city.'

"You may conceive what impression would be made upon my mind in my first walk, alone, at sunset and twilight; through a strange city, composed so largely of such magnificent palatial structures, in which had once dwelt and studied so many names most honourable and prominent in English History. I left my inn almost at once after my arrival, and was glad to be alone; to be unquestioned; to go wherever chance took me; to gaze on the different piles, as they came one after another, until the strangeness grew almost into enchantment! The twilight, as it gently settled down, made tower and spire seem gigantic; the dusky stones of the ancient structures receded into illusory distances; and the sombre pediments, which yet retained a silvery glow from the west, seemed lifted up to an incredible height. By-and-bye the buildings sank into darkness and disappeared, except where the now multiplying lights in some principal streets, threw

another and scarcely less bewitching glare upon them. The same causes which invoke the imagination in respect to single buildings, in like manner produced an impression in respect to the extent of the city, which daylight could not have borne out.

"One who has only seen the plain stone of American buildings, uncarved, and scarcely chiselled, will be struck with the carving and decoration in stone. The cornices were not wood painted *like* stone, but stone curled, and carved,—as if in olden times cutting stones had been the easiest of all occupations. We are accustomed to decorations in paste, in wax, in plaster, in wood. We do not think it strange to see picture-frames wreathed with vines, or furniture sculptured into flowers and fruits; but the time and expense required for working stone has forbid such ornaments in America, with the exception of execrable carving on lamentable gravestones, that cannot but keep alive a sense of pain in the spectator as long as they last.

"In Oxford, in all the colleges and other public buildings, uncarved stone would seem to be accounted as almost unseemly. The doorways, the window-sills and caps, the cornices, the capitals, the pediments, are profusely decorated. Grotesque heads, lions' faces, satyrs, distorted human faces, birds, flowers, leaves, rosettes, seize upon every projection of the Gothic buildings. Where the buildings represented Greek architecture, they were decorated more severely, but with scarcely less profusion of carving.

"I was even more delighted with the grounds and walks, than with the twilight seclusion of the cloistered rooms. I sat down in the recess of a window, in one of the students' rooms, and looked out to an exquisite nook, with a large mound, not unlike some of our conical hills in the rolling lands of the West, planted with shrubs and trees to the very top. . . .

The grounds were laid out with parterres of flowers, clumps of trees, gravelled walks artfully traced to produce the utmost illusion, vines; and upon every unsightly object, and along the stone fence, that glorious sheet of ivy that, everywhere in England, encases walls and flowers in vegetable emerald. In these delicious coverts, birds hopped about in literary seclusion, or chatted with each other in musical notes, such as Jenny Lind might be supposed to sing to her sleeping cradle, or to a frolicking child. It is a very paradise of seclusion. Noise seemed like an antediluvian legend, as I sat and dreamed in the slumberous stillness."

WILL O' KINMONTH.

THE following romantic story is extracted from Archbishop Spottiswoode's history of the Church of Scotland, page 413; and as Sir Walter Scott copied it from the Archbishop's history without acknowledgement, he immediately got the credit of having himself invented the romantic narrative; but it is a real occurrence, and it is related as such by the Archbishop of S. Andrews, who was not in the least given to exaggeration. We published it in the Episcopal Magazine in the year 1834, and we think it is not unworthy of repetition in the Church Warbler of 1855.

In the year 1596, a trifling occurrence on the border had nearly disturbed the harmony that existed between King James the VI. and Queen Elizabeth. For the redress of some complaints, the Lord Scroope, warden of the Western Marches of England, and Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh, who commanded in Liddisdale, and warden of the Scottish Borders in the west, agreed to hold a truce at Daysholm of Kershop, where the Liddel, a small brook, divides the two kingdoms. A Mr. Salkeld appeared for the English warden, and Mr. Robert Scott of Haining for the bold Buccleugh. On their meeting, the usual formalities of proclamation and sound of trumpet were observed, their mutual complaints redressed, and after exchanging the stately courtesies of chivalry both parties separated on the most friendly terms; and with their retinues, consisting of the most warlike of the borderers, departed home. Among the retainers of Scott of Haining, there was a notorious character of the name of William Armstrong, better known by the appellation of Will o' Kinmonth, with whom the English warden, and all the squires and farmers on both sides of the border, had a long account to settle upon each of the four pleas of the crown, for many cruel depredations committed on their property. Will was a notorious thief, a trade, in the immediate vicinity of the borders, which was accounted more honourable in those days of "rugging and riving," than we are accustomed to approve of in these times, but whose desperate occupation was then dignified with the more gentleman-like appellation of a Border Reeve. After parting with his company, Will's road lay westward along the right bank of the Liddel; Salkeld and his retinue took the same direction, on the left bank, the rivulet only being between the parties. No doubt, insulting language was mutually exchanged between Salkeld's followers and their oppressor,

who was now so nearly in their power ; and notwithstanding the sanctity of the truce, they gave chase, and after a pursuit for three or four miles, overtook and captured the freebooter ; and although the truce was not yet expired, Salkeld committed him close prisoner to Carlisle Castle, about fourteen miles from the border, and at that time a very strong place, though now only used as a barrack and a depôt for arms.

Buccleugh complained to Salkeld of the breach of truce, demanding instant redress, and that the prisoner should be set at liberty without any bond or ransom, or any other condition whatever, as he had been unlawfully taken during the continuance of the truce. It is to be observed, that when a truce of this description was proclaimed, it lasted from the time that the parties met till the following sun-rising, so that Will's detention was contrary to all the established laws of chivalry. Salkeld pretended that it was now beyond his power to release the border reever, as he was delivered over to the custody of the Lord Warden, to whom he referred the Scottish messengers. Lord Scroope haughtily justified the irregularity of the capture, on account of the notorious character, and the cruel depredations of the prisoner on the English marches ; and in conclusion, he excused himself under pretence, that he could not discharge so dangerous a neighbour without authority from the Queen and privy-council. Apprehensive that this insignificant affair might embroil the governments in a dispute, Buccleugh made no report of it to the king ; but made application to Mr. Bowes, the English ambassador, to procure Will o' Kinmonth's release. Bowes accordingly wrote to Lord Scroope, advising him to set the man free, to avoid the unpleasant consequences likely to arise from the detention of such an indifferent character. The Lord Warden, however, gave himself no trouble about the matter, but allowed Will to kick his heels in a cell in Carlisle Castle. The affair was at last reported to James, who wrote to Queen Elizabeth, demanding the release of his loyal and trusty subject ; but this did not agree with Elizabeth's usual policy ; and she would by no means part with her prisoner. Buccleugh felt that his honour was touched, and that it was his duty to make every effort for the release of a man who had suffered such disgrace while under his especial protection, and whose lawless profession was not at that time by any means considered as dishonourable, or incompatible with the character of a gentleman. With this view, he employed some trusty borderers to reconnoitre Carlisle Castle, especially the pes-

tern gate, and to measure the exact height of the Castle walls which it was their first intention to scale. But in the event of being unsuccessful in their escalade, he determined on either piercing the wall or forcing the postern; for which purpose he provided the necessary implements of ladders and mining tools. When his emissaries returned with the necessary information, he appointed Morton's tower, about ten miles from Carlisle, as the place of rendezvous.

One hour before sunset, two hundred horsemen well mounted assembled; about sunset they crossed the Esk, and in two hours more the party had crossed the Eden, below the bridge, between which and the castle an extensive meadow stretches a considerable distance; in this meadow he halted his troops and selecting eighty of the choicest men, they proceeded on foot, carrying the ladders and other instruments to the foot of the walls, which to their mortification they found were too short. In this dilemma, the mining tools were applied to the wall near the postern, and after considerable labour, they effected a breach large enough to admit one man at a time; and those who first entered opened the postern for their companions. The unavoidable noise at last awoke the watchman, whom the storming party soon overpowered and secured, and compelled them to lead the way to Will o' Kinmonth's cell, where that worthy hero lay fast asleep, little dreaming of the dangers which had been encountered on his account. Him they immediately carried off, along with the prisoners taken at their entrance. A blast of a Liddesdale bugle assured the main body in the meadow of the successful result of their perilous enterprise.

Buccleugh was actuated by no other motive in this romantic adventure, than the rescue of the freebooter; it was in his power to have captured and carried off the Lord Seroope and his deputy, who were both in the Castle with a considerable garrison. But so far did he carry his ideas of honour, that he would not suffer his followers to touch a single article of booty, and even dismissed the prisoners after he had joined his main body, alleging, that the reparation of his own and his sovereign's honour, by rescuing a man taken under trust, was a sufficient reward. In passing through the court of the Castle, Kinmonth Will hollowed out a merry good morning to the sleeping Warden, but his deliverers hurried him forward, affording him no time or opportunity for the display of his dexterity in *lifting*. The alarm was now given. The beacon

on the castle wall was lighted, the drums beat, the cathedral bell hard by was rung, as in cases of the utmost danger. The shouting of the retreating Scots, and the clamour of the aroused and startled garrison, together with the sound of the trumpets without, created the utmost confusion, while the garrison were uncertain of the number of their assailants, and therefore attempted no attack on the retreating foe. Sir Walter now joined the main body, and mounting their horses, made for the Eden, where they were opposed by a small body of country people, on the opposite bank, whom the alarm had collected together to dispute their passage; these the Scots soon dispersed. By this time it was day-break, and the bold Buccleugh retreated through the country of the Grahams of Netherby in good order, with his banner flying and trumpets sounding, though the Grahams were his bitter enemies.

THE ANCIENT LITURGY OF THE CHURCH OF JERUSALEM.

WHEN so many would-be saints are setting forth their crude and uncatholic opinions for the reform of the Church and of her venerable Liturgy; it may not be considered out of place in a religious periodical, to present to our readers, a copy of the ancient Liturgy of the Church of Jerusalem, as it was prepared and published by the Right Reverend Thomas Rattray, D.D., formerly Bishop of Dunkeld, in the year 1744; who in his preface says:

The Liturgy of S. James is unquestionably one of the most ancient and the most valuable now anywhere extant in the Christian Church. That it is the same that was used in the Church of Jerusalem about the time of the first council of Nice, will appear to any who will candidly compare it with S. Cyril's fifth mystagogical Catechism; and we have no reason to doubt that it was so, much earlier."

Priest. The Love of the Father, the Grace of the Son, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.

People. And with thy spirit.

Priest. Lift up your hearts.

People. We lift them up unto the Lord.

Priest. Let us give thanks unto the Lord.

People. It is meet and right.

Priest. It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty to praise Thee, to bless Thee, to worship Thee, to glorify Thee, to give

thanks to Thee the maker of all creatures visible and invisible ; to whom the heaven and the heaven of heavens sing praise, with all their hosts ; the sun and moon and the whole choir of the stars ; the earth and the sea and all things that are in them ; the Angels, Archangels, Thrones, Dominions, Principalities, Authorities, and tremendous Powers ; the many eyed Cherubim and the Seraphim with six wings, who, with twain cover their faces, and with twain^r their feet, and with twain they fly ; crying one to another with never ceasing voices and uninterrupted shouts of praise, and saying :

People Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of Sabaoth ; heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.

Hosanna in the highest ; blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Priest. Holy art thou, O eternal king, and the giver of all holiness ; Holy is thine only begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom Thou madest the worlds. Holy also is thy Holy Spirit, who searcheth all things, even the depth of Thee O God. Holy art Thou who rulest over all, Almighty and good God, terrible yet full of compassion ; but especially indulgent to the workmanship of thine own hands ; for Thou didst make man, formed out of the earth, after thine own Image, and graciously gavest him the enjoyment of Paradise ; and when he had lost his happiness by transgressing Thy commandment, Thou of Thy goodness didst not despise nor abandon him ; but didst discipline him as a merciful Father, recal him by the Law, and train him up by the pedagogy of the prophets. And last of all, Thou didst send Thine only begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ into the world, that by His coming He might renew Thine image in us ; who descended from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary ; conversed with mankind, and directed His whole dispensation to our salvation. And when the hour was come, that He who had no sin was to suffer a voluntary and life-giving death upon the cross for us sinners, in the same night that He was betrayed, or rather offered up Himself for the life and salvation of the world ;

Taking bread into His holy and immaculate hands, looking up to heaven, and presenting it to Thee His God and Father, He gave thanks, sanctified and brake it, and gave it to His disciples, saying, Take, eat, This is my Body which is broken and given for you, for the remission of sins.

In like manner after supper he took the cup, and having mixed

it with wine and water, He gave thanks, sanctified and blessed it, and gave it to His disciples, saying, Drink ye all of this, This is My blood of the New Testament which is shed and given for you and for many, for the remission of sins. Do this in remembrance of me.

Wherefore in commemoration of His death, and resurrection from the dead on the third day, His ascension into heaven, and sitting on the right hand of Thee His God and Father, and His second glorious and terrible advent, when He shall come again with glory to judge the quick and the dead, and shall render to every one according to his works; we offer to Thee O Lord this tremendous and unbloody sacrifice. Beseeching Thee that Thou wouldest not deal with us after our sins, nor reward us after our iniquities; but according to Thy clemency and ineffable love to mankind, overlooking and blotting out the hand writing that is against us Thy servants, wouldest grant us thy heavenly and eternal gifts; for Thy people and Thy church make their supplications unto Thee.

Have mercy upon us O Lord God, Almighty Father, have mercy upon us according to Thy great mercy; and send down Thy Holy Spirit upon us, and upon these Gifts which are here set before Thee, that by His descent upon them, He may make this Bread the holy body of Thy Christ, and this cup the precious Blood of Thy Christ; that they may be to all who partake of them, for remission of sins, and for life everlasting.

We offer to Thee, O Lord for Thy holy church throughout the whole world; do Thou now also plentifully furnish her with the rich gifts of Thy Holy Spirit.

Remember O Lord the holy bishops in the same, who rightly divide the word of Thy truth.

Remember O Lord, this our City and every City and country with all the faithful that dwell in them; preserve them in peace and safety.

Remember O Lord, our christian brethren that travel by sea or by land, or are in foreign countries, that are in chains or imprisonment, that are in captivity or banishment, in the mines, under torture or in hard slavery.

Remember O Lord, those that are sick or diseased and such as are infested with unclean spirits; and make haste to heal and deliver them.

Remember O Lord every christian soul under affliction or

calamity, and who stand in need of Thy divine mercy and help. Remember also the conversion of those that are in error.

Remember, O Lord, those who labour and minister to us for Thy holy name sake.

Remember all, O Lord, for good ; have mercy upon all, O Lord ; be reconciled to us all ; settle the flocks of Thy people in peace ; remove all scandals ; make wars to cease ; put a stop to the violence of heresies ; and grant us Thy peace and love, O God our Saviour and the Hope of all the ends of the earth.

Remember, O Lord, to grant us temperate weather, moderate showers, pleasant dews, and plenty of the fruits of the earth, and to bless the whole circle of the year with Thy goodness ; for the eyes of all hope in Thee, and Thou givest them food in due season ; Thou openest Thine hand and fillest every living creature with Thy gracious bounty.

Remember, O Lord, all who bring forth fruit and do good works in Thy holy churches, and who are mindful of the poor : the widows, orphans, strangers and indigent persons, and all who desire to be remembered in our prayers.

Vouchsafe also, O Lord, to remember those who have this day offered these oblations at thy holy Altar, and for whom every one has offered or has in his thoughts, and those whose names we have lately read before Thee.

Remember, O Lord, according to the multitude of Thy mercies and compassions, me Thy unworthy and unprofitable servant and all the deacons who compass Thy holy Altar, and grant to them an unblameable life, preserve them unspotted in their ministry, and purchase for them good degrees.

That we may all find mercy and favour with all Thy saints who from the beginning of the world have pleased Thee in their several generations, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and every just spirit made perfect in the faith of Thy Christ.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SEPARATION OF BARNABAS AND SAUL.

THERE was, till lately, a weekly newspaper called the "Courier and Church Reform Gazette," in which sundry writers disported themselves on the subjects of "Church Reform" and of "Liturgical Revision ;" one of whom, signing himself a Presbyter, made an attack upon the editor of the Church Warder, as holding here-

tical notions on Church Reform. Among other things, Presbyter asserted that the command of the Holy Ghost to separate Barnabas and Saul, *for the work whereunto He had called them* was their consecration to the Apostolic office; and that previous to that separation they were merely "prophets and teachers." That paper ceased before we could reply; but as it is a transaction misunderstood by many, as well as by Presbyter, we take leave to give some account of it in this periodical.

Five prophets and teachers ministered unto the Lord in the Church of Antioch, where the disciples of Christ were first called Christians. To these five prophets "the Holy Ghost said, separate me Barnabas and Saul *for the work whereunto I have called them*; and when they had fasted and prayed and laid their hands on them, they sent them away." This ceremony of fasting, praying and laying on of hands, has been by some considered a consecration of Paul and Barnabas to the Apostolate. But it requires no prophet to shew that as both Barnabas and Saul had been Apostles several years previous to that mission, that separation could not be their consecration. Their separation for the particular work was the act of the Holy Spirit; and it required not the agency of Simon, Lucius or Manaen to give it effect; for it was merely a temporary mission to these two Apostles, to preach the gospel to a particular portion of the Gentiles. In fact, S. Luke might have written it, as if the Holy Spirit had said "I have selected Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them."

This transaction was not an ordination or a consecration; for all the five persons are called prophets and teachers. Three men of an inferior degree, could not exalt two of themselves to the highest or Apostolic order; and S. Paul himself says, that "without all contradiction the less is blessed of the better;" it is incredible therefore, that priests and deacons who are confessedly the lesser, would consecrate and make two of their number Apostles, which office is beyond all controversy the greater. To be sure, the Holy Spirit might have given these three prophets a commission to consecrate Paul and Barnabas to the Apostolic order, if it had been necessary; but the words of the text do not convey a commission to the three prophets, but a command to separate the two who are named, that they might set out on a missionary enterprize; and their fasting and prayer, and imposition of hands was merely a parting benediction, and a commendation for success in their mission.

Barnabas and Paul were undoubtedly Apostles many years before this mission. There is no intimation in the New Testament when Barnabas or Timothy, Silvanus, Titus or Epaphroditus had been admitted, or consecrated, to the Apostolic office; only that they, with several others, are called Apostles in the scripture; unless the following intimation may sanction our supposing that Barnabas was made an Apostle in or about the year of Christ 42. "Then tidings of these things came unto the ears of the Church, which was at Jerusalem; and *they sent forth Barnabas*, that he should go as far as Antioch." Acts xi. 22. But two years previous to that he introduced his friend S. Paul to Peter and James, as if he had been on a footing of equality with them. Acts ix. 27. An expression of S. Paul's might perhaps confirm what we have said, who says "neither went I up to Jerusalem *to them which were Apostles before me, &c.*" Gal. I. 17; therefore it may probably be concluded that Barnabas was at that time an Apostle; and also that Paul considered himself an Apostle at that time, and from the time of his baptism.

With respect to S. Paul's Apostleship, there need be no dispute; because he himself tells us that he was "an Apostle not of man, neither by man; but by Jesus Christ and God the Father who raised him from the dead," Gal. I. i; and he also informs us that he was caught up to the third heaven, and again to paradise, the place of the departed spirits; where he was taught by the revelation of Jesus Christ, in words which it was impossible to express in human language, the whole gospel or the faith which had been delivered to the other Saints. It is therefore reasonable to conclude, as Ananias who baptized him assured him, that "he should be filled with the Holy Ghost," that the Holy Spirit fell immediately on Paul after his baptism, without any human ministry for collating Him, and then conferred on him the grace of the Apostolate, in the same manner as He had fallen and conferred the Apostleship on the Ethiopian Eunuch, after his baptism by Philip. We also humbly think that his raptures into heaven and into paradise had taken place immediately after his baptism and advancement to the Apostolic office.

We may therefore say with certainty, that the imposition of hands at Antioch was not a consecration to the Apostolic office; but merely a *recommendation* by prayer and fasting, of these two Apostles to the grace of God, for a special missionary work, to a particular field of duty; and any one may be convinced of this

fact, by tracing the journey of the two Apostles from their departure from Antioch, until their return to that city again. They went first to Seleucia, next to Cyprus and to many other places; "and after they had passed through Pisidia they came to Pamphilia; and when they had preached the word in Perga, they went down into Attalia; and thence sailed to Antioch, from whence *they had been recommended to the grace of God, for the work which they fulfilled.*" Acts xiii. 4-52; xiv. 4-28.

The words of S. Luke which we have just cited, are ample proof that the transaction at Antioch was not the consecration of Paul and Barnabas to the Apostolic office; for he calls it a *recommendation* to the grace of God, for the missionary work on which His Holy Spirit had sent them. Added to that declaration we have the repeated assertions of S. Paul himself in his epistles, that his apostleship was not of man; but of, by, and through the will of God, without any human instrumentality; and this he strongly asserts to Timothy, saying, "I am ordained a preacher and an apostle, I speak the truth and lie not, a *teacher* of the Gentiles in faith and verity." And as Paul and Barnabas who were apostles are called by the Holy Spirit *teachers*; and as S. Paul here calls himself an ordained teacher, after a lapse of many years when no man disputes his apostleship, may not the other three prophets and teachers have been apostles also?

These pages are open to any reasonable objections that may be stated.

W. G. P.

MATRIMONIAL STATISTICS

From the Annual Report of the Registrar-General for 1853, it appears that the total number of marriages registered in England during that year, was 164,520; births, 642,391; deaths, 421,104. Of the 164,520 persons whose marriages were registered, the precise ages of both parties were specified in 92,326 instances. It appears that 30 women were married at the age of 15; 176 at the age of 16; and 922 at the age of 17. Twenty is the favourite age, as many as 45,937 having found partners at that period of life. It is rather remarkable that at the age immediately preceding, namely, 19, there were only 6,515 marriages. Fifty of the fair sex were married at the mature age of 65; 46 at 70; 3 at 75; and 2 who had reached the patriarchal term of 80 contrived

to enter a second time—for they were widows—the matrimonial state. Of the men, 6 entered upon the responsibilities of wedlock at the age of 16, and 33 at the age of 17. Twenty is also the popular period with men, the marriages at that age being 43,154. The oldest bridegrooms were 80, there being 14 at that age, and 37 at the age of 75. The latter appear to have been widowers. Twenty-one husbands of the age of 20 and under 25, married wives aged 15; 107, wives aged 16; 4,793, wives at 19; and one husband at that youthful age did not shrink from marriage with a lady of 55. 133 at that age married wives 35 years old. There is a case of a boy of 17 marrying a girl of 15; and of the 14 old men who married at the age of 80, one obtained a wife aged 30. Two old men, upwards of 75, were married to wives of 25; and 4 at 70 found wives no older than 20. Four wives of the age of 20 and under 25 years married husbands aged 16. One who owns to the age of 30 married a husband of 18; one of 50, a husband of 19; and two of sixty, husbands aged 20. 3,900 bachelors were married to widows; 7,816 widowers to spinsters; 4,260 widowers to widows: 76,350 bachelors to spinsters.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHURCH WARDER."

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me through your excellent periodical, whether students of King's College, London, can be admitted into holy orders without taking a degree at a University, and whether the Bishops generally are as willing to ordain a candidate from the said College, as one from Oxford or Cambridge.

Yours very respectfully,

September 20th., 1855.

A STUDENT.

["A Student" is respectfully informed that Theological Students of King's College, London, are admitted into holy orders by all the bishops, and without taking a degree at either of the Universities, except by the Bishop of Ely, who is restrained by Cambridge Statutes.]

DECLINE OF POPERY IN FLORENCE.

It is stated, on good authority, that no less than five thousand individuals in Florence, have failed to come forward at the Easter Communion. Before Easter the priests visit every house, and leave

a ticket to be given in when the person receiving it confesses and communicates. An accurate register is kept, so that the parties absenting themselves are known. The Government has been alarmed at the present enormous defalcation; as so large a number have never been known before to absent themselves from the Easter communion.

ROMANISM.

Hast thou admitted, with a blind fond trust,
 The lie that turned thy fathers' bones to dust;
 That first adjudged them heretics, then sent
 Their souls to heaven, and cursed them as they went,
 The lie that Scripture strips of its disguise
 And execrates above all other lies?
 The lie that claps a lock on mercy's plan,
 And gives the key to an infirm old man;
 Who once enthroned in Apostolic chair,
 Is deified, and sits omniscient there.
 The lie that knows no kindred, owns no friend,
 But him that makes it his chief end;
 That having spilt much blood, of that will boast,
 And makes a saint of him who sheds the most.
 Away with charity that soothes a lie,
 And thrusts the truth with scorn and anger by;
 Shame on the candour and the gracious smile,
 Bestowed on them that light the martyr's pile;
 While insolent disdain, in frown expressed,
 Attends the tenets that endured that test!
 Grant them the rights of men, and while they cease
 To vex the peace of others, grant them peace;
 But trusting bigots whose false zeal has made
 Treachery their duty, thou art self betrayed.—COWPER.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE PRINCIPLES OF DIVINE SERVICE. By the Rev. Philip Freeman, M.A. (J. H. & J. Parker). 8vo. Vol. I. pp. 413.

This is an inquiry concerning the true manner of understanding and using the order for morning and evening prayer; and for the administration of the holy communion in the English Church, by a man of deep reading, and most industrious research; and who traces the origin of our Liturgy to an Eastern source. The subjects of this learned and useful volume are:—On the Early and Primitive Form of Daily Service; On the Theory of the Church's Ordinary Worship; On the Structure and Contents of the Ancient English Offices; and on the Structure and Significance of the Order for Morning and Evening Prayer.

Mr. Freeman says in his preface, that "it has not pleased God to reveal

to us in all particulars, but only in large and general outlines, *how* He will be served." With this assertion we are disposed somewhat to differ, but with all respect for the writer; because God revealed His will to all the three dispensations of the Church, that He would be worshipped by sacrifice. Adam would never have offered animal sacrifices had it not been revealed to him, that they were types of the grand sacrifice of God the Son to be offered up by Himself in the fulness of time. Again, when God renewed a second time His worship to His peculiar people, as a copy of that which was performed in heaven, He specified the outward visible sign in every sacrifice that was to be offered to Him; but he prescribed no words to either, but only manual rites to be observed. And when our Great High Priest offered the sacrifice of Himself, under the symbols or figures of Bread and Wine as the materials of the Christian sacrifice, He prescribed no words to be used; but directed His Church to do or to offer the material sacrifice as a memorial or commemoration of the only real sacrifice, which they had just seen Him offer under the signs of Bread and Wine; as the representatives of His Body and Blood. The outward visible part appointed by Christ, in the worship of God in the Christian Church, is the oblation or sacrifice of His creatures of Bread and Wine by the Christian priesthood; by whom these creatures are brought to the Altar, and according to the directions of the Rubric, the Priest holds them up as an oblation to God; breaks the Bread as a memorial to God of Christ's body torn with nails upon the cross; lifts up the cup as the memorial of His Blood shed for us by the Roman spear; and lays his hands on both the Bread and the Cup to signify, that the sins of the world were laid on Christ, as He assumed them in the Covenant of grace entered into with the first Adam. The inward and spiritual grace of all sacrifices, both the typical formerly and the commemorative now, are the appointed claims and pleadings of the Covenant between God and His people; and they are an acknowledgement of the infinite justice and mercy of God, in accepting of Christ as a peculiar victim for the ransom of fallen man.

The internal worship of the Patriarchal and of the Legal sacrifices, were the pleas or claims of the former in the Covenant made with Adam and Noah; and of the latter in the Covenant made with Abraham and Moses in behalf of their whole nation. The Christian Sacrifice is also the internal worship, and the communion of His Body and Blood, offered in commemoration by His representative priests on earth, in the form and manner which He appointed; as Christ Himself continues to offer it up in Person and in reality in Heaven, and pleads for us the merits of His own death and passion.

Mr. Freeman says "there is not a shadow of evidence that in apostolic times, there was *daily* celebration of the Eucharist. The evidence is, on the contrary, entirely the other way." We are of opinion that the *daily* continuance of the Apostles and first Christians, was in their attendance in the Temple, and not in the breaking of the bread, which they could not have done in the Temple. (Acts ii. 46.) We cannot too strongly recommend this Book to students in divinity, especially to those who have adopted, although perhaps unconsciously to themselves, the rationalistic opinions respecting the priesthood and the sacraments; and to

THE SABBATH. By the Rev. Richard Harvey. (Groombridge & Sons.)

This is a very good sermon on the Rest which is the right of every man to enjoy; and it was preached in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, before the Queen. It is courtly (as needs must) in its language; but truthful in inculcating the duties of all classes in the observation of the Lord's Day.

Two Nos. of the LITERARY CHURCHMAN for August, and the PENNY POST for September are before us; and they contain their usual amount of good reading and judicious criticism. The former, we think, will become a standard work; and will convey information on religious literature with fairness and impartiality.

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THE
CHURCH WARDER
And Domestic Magazine.

No. CXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

VOL. IX.

THE SANCTUARY.*

IN several past numbers we have examined the proposals of some parties who are making great efforts towards what they consider a reform of the Liturgy; and we trust that we have shown the unreasonableness of their desire for *change*; for reform it would not be. Every one has a crotchet of his own; and if every one could carry out his own crotchet, we should like to know what part of the Liturgy would be left, to satisfy those humble men of heart, who are not only contented, but profoundly thankful, to worship God by the same prayers and by the same communion office which have come down to us from the days of the Apostles; as may be seen by the copy of the ancient Liturgy of Jerusalem which is inserted in the present and the preceding number of this periodical. But these Liturgical reformers neither agree together beforehand what they shall ask, according to our Lord's canon; nor act together with one accord, in imitation of the practice of the apostles and first christians; and if each set of reformers had its own way, not a shred or a patch of a Liturgy would be left, to maintain the doctrines of christianity and our union and communion with the church which met, for the first time, in an upper room in Jerusalem. For, let our reformers be faithfully and earnestly assured, the whole sum of the christian doctrine is contained in our incomparable Liturgy, which makes the nearest possible approach to the inspiration and the sublime simplicity of scripture.

*The Sanctuary, a Companion in verse for the Prayer-Book; by Rev. R. Montgomery. (Chapman & Hall.) The Principles of Divine Service, and the Administration of the Holy Communion in the English Church; by Rev. Philip Freeman. (J. H. and J. Parker.)

VOL. IX.

X

But, besides the entire want of any other unity of purpose than that of *destruction*, and the universal claim to *tenderness* of conscience, every reformer considers his own tenderness of conscience to be the standard, by which each would desire to reform the Liturgy; but whilst they are incessantly harping on the sensitiveness of their own consciences, they treat the consciences of others with sovereign contempt. It is not a point of conscience, but a superstition and a sin, to be scared by the raving madness of Calvin's "horrible decree" and his execrable theology; which, in point of fact, although they won't own to it, is at the bottom of all their tenderness of conscience and of their desire to substitute the Calvinistical heresies, for the awful truths and the comfortable assurances of God's word, to those humble and contrite hearts which go on daily from faith believing to faith obeying.

We have noted at foot the titles of two excellent volumes, each of which in its own way illustrates the Prayer-Book as it stands. The one with the most beautiful and graceful verse; and the other with a learned exposition of the source from which each prayer, versicle and response has been taken. It is however a mistaken prejudice which Mr. Freeman has removed in the work before us, to suppose that our reformers adopted the Roman liturgies, only purged from the heathen idolatry with which they were disfigured. On the contrary they selected the prayers from all the ancient liturgies. The Liturgies of the Roman and Greek churches are all contaminated with prayers direct to Saints, and to the Virgin, to whom they ascribe the whole *merit* of our salvation. On this subject Mr. Freeman says:—"There is then in Western prayer-forms, as a general rule, first an invocation of God the Father, with some attribute and the ascription, in the relative form, or of some property or action (as *e.g.*, 'Almighty and everlasting God, who alone workest' &c). Next follows the object—(as 'Defend us' &c.)—desired by the prayer; often with the addition of ulterior effects desired from it ('that we surely trusting,' &c.) Lastly, is either an ascription of glory, or a pleading, the merits of Christ. This form is so familiar to us, that it may seem superfluous to dwell upon it. But yet it is, (1) in its entirety, unknown to the East, and (2) these characters of it are but imperfectly appreciated among ourselves. It is in the *entire absence of any pleading of Christ's merits*, that all Eastern prayers, as far as I have observed, differ from those of the West. The ascription of glory, &c. is the usual termination: or if any

intercession or merits be pleaded, it is *uniformly those of the Virgin Mary or the Saints.*'

Taking the example of our own admirable Liturgy the christian poet ascribes glory, honour and praise, to each Person in the Holy Trinity in immortal verse; and so far is Mr. Montgomery from desiring the expurgation of the name and office of Priest, which our modern reformers desire to be included in their reform, that he apostrophises the bishops in the act of ordination, and deprecates their laying hands suddenly on either priests or deacons and says :—

Pastors for Christ! that on no impious head
The spell of consecrating hands be shed,
But with all wisdom, faith, and watching care
Deacon and Priest may binding vows declare;—

We pray for you!

It appears from Mr. Freeman's book, that the Eastern church as well as the Western, has practically put the Virgin Mary into the position of God the Son, by her exaltation and the ascription to her of *the merits* which only belong to the Redeemer of the world. This apostasy is a virtual denial of the Son, and it is therefore antichristianism (1. S. John, ii. 22); and this antichristian exaltation of the Blessed Virgin, in some measure gives us a key to the long continued divine displeasure against the Eastern church, and to the cause of the mystery of her oppression for so many centuries by the Mahomedan apostasy; for, in a manner she prepared the way for it by her own unfaithfulness.

The four angels which were bound on the great river Euphrates, were loosed on the 9th of June 1304, when Othman began to reign, that they might slay the third part of men, or the church comprised within the Eastern division of the Roman empire. At that era the Eastern or Greek church was trodden under foot by the rider on the Black Horse, who was represented to the prophet's eye, as carrying a yoke; and ever since it has been under the yoke of a deadly superstition throughout all the extensive dominions of the black horse. The Turkish horsemen were innumerable; yet S. John "heard the number of them." (Rev ix. 16); and as about that time, gunpowder and artillery were first invented, the scenical representation of the capture of Constantinople and the subjugation of the Eastern empire, which was exhibited to the prophet's eye, appeared to him like breastplates of fire and of jacinth and brimstone; and out of the mouths of the horses and of their riders there seemed "to issue fire, and smoke and brimstone;

for their power is in their mouth and in their tails." That is the vile superstition which the Mahomedans propagated by the sword; for wherever they conquered, the alternative to the Eastern christians was the adoption of the Koran or the infliction of death by the sword. At that time the spirit of martyrdom does not appear to have rested upon the Eastern or Greek church; although we doubt not there would be many noble individual instances of resistance unto blood; but as a church it was too far sunk in antichristianism, and like her apostate Western sister, the remnant that survived the Turkish sword "repented not of the works of their hands, that they should not worship Devils and idols of gold and silver, and brass and stone, and of wood; which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk"; neither did they nor the western church "repent of their sorceries, nor of their fornication, nor of their thefts." Rev. ix. 15-21.

This ascription of *merit* to Christ seems also to be unknown to the papal Liturgies; for when the elder Bourbons were restored to the throne of their ancestors, they placed the whole kingdom of France under the protection of the blessed Virgin; and the present Emperor of the French has placed the whole French army in the Crimea under her patronage! To say nothing of bearded men who profess and call themselves Christians, acting so wickedly; does not such folly bring any government or church which ascribes such power to a woman who now rests in peace in Abraham's bosom, under the curse denounced by the prophet Jeremiah xvii. 5, against any one that "trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord;" for seeking refuge under the name of the Virgin is a departure of the heart from the Lord; it is a forsaking of God, who is the fountain of living waters, and it is a hewing out for themselves, of broken cisterns that can hold no water.

But the whole papal communion is under the same condemnation; for having declared the Virgin Mary to have been immaculate, and placed her as the sovereign of heaven, it has virtually deposed God the Son, as far at least as they are able, from His mediatorial office; and have thrust themselves out to "inhabit the parched places in the wilderness" in a "land of saltness." During the humiliation on earth of her Son and before His mighty resurrection and glorious ascension, blessed Mary shewed sufficient symptoms of ambition; but which on several occasions He sternly checked. Could she, however, now know the antics which the Greek and

Latin churches play before high heaven with her name, she would be ready to repeat the instructions which she gave to the servants at the marriage in Cana, "whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." But to worship her is none of the things that He bade us do; therefore these two large portions of the church professing and calling themselves christians, are now fearfully paying the penalty of their idolatry and apostacy in blood.

But in our noble Liturgy, as it is faithfully and traditionally explained by Mr. Freeman, and beautifully illustrated by Mr. Montgomery in everlasting verse, there is not a fragment of a prayer that can be turned into the adoration of any saint whatsoever, or of any other object than of God the Almighty, the Fountain of all goodness, who alone worketh great marvels. It is not a lifeless form, although it may be made so by undevout worshippers; but if men's hearts are in the right places, that spirit, and that fire of devotion may be added, which so solemn and affecting a service requires. So sublime is its simplicity, and so great is its excellence, that it only requires seriousness, abstraction of the thoughts from worldly affairs, sincerity of heart and ordinary attention, to excite at every repetition that spirit of prayer and of piety into which it is prepared to guide us in the venerable language of antiquity. Daily and for ages past it has carried the devotions of millions of devout souls to the throne of grace; it imparts a feeling of sacredness, sanctity and of purity, which cannot belong to the finest extemporized effusions; and by adding the spirit to the form of prayer, it helps us to pray with the spirit and with the understanding also. Its method is exact and natural; its language significant and sublime; it altogether comes near to the pattern of the primitive Liturgies; and our blessed Lord's Canon is never lost sight of—"when ye pray, say" the Lord's prayer. We heartily indorse Mr. Taylor's answer to the question "why are you a churchman?" "It is not however for its antiquity alone that I respect and venerate the public worship of the church. I am struck with its excellence; I admire the beauty, the order, the fitness of the whole service: and to me it appears to bear internal marks of its divine original; for it approaches nearest to the sublime simplicity and inspiration of scripture. I know not any human composition which in chastity, in grandeur, in energy, in sublimity of thought and simplicity of expression, can be compared to the established Liturgy of our national church. There is in the prayers of it, such a chastised and sober dignity, such unaffec-

ted humility, such a sanctity befitting the temple of God, such a fire of devotion, such aspiration of faith, hope and charity, such conciseness and yet such fulness, that nothing short of inspiration has ever attained to so near a resemblance of that perfect form of prayer which our Divine Master has left us for our use and for our pattern."

A principal objection, however, with many of our reformers is the universal pervading of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, which runs silently but effectually throughout the whole Liturgy; and the reformation which they desire is to deprive it of this essential and fundamental doctrine. On this subject we must again cite the words of Mr. Freeman's learned work:—"Both as a whole and in its several parts, it reveals, on careful inquiry, a fulness and minuteness of organisation, which go far to render its brevity a matter of secondary importance." And then he further adds:

"In this consideration is to be found, to a great degree, the true answer to objections which have been alleged, from directly opposite points of view against the existing *status* in point of fulness, of the English Offices. I speak not now of the different degrees of leisure of different persons, but of the varying ideal which they entertain of this kind of service. Our Offices are by many deemed far too long, by others far too short. There are those who in spite of themselves, find them formal and wearisome. But this is doubtless in most cases, because they have not a sufficient conception of the full and interesting mental and spiritual occupation which every part of them, rightly understood supplies. . . .

And the same consideration may well redeem these services from the charge of essential perfunctoriness or brevity. For so great is the range of topics concentrated into them; so *pregnant are they with baptismal and above all with eucharistic associations*; so linked on by their contents to the whole church of the past and present, of the East and West, and by their tenor to the whole contexture of the Christian life; that looking to the inner reality of things, they leave little in point of essential fulness and largeness to desire. Time indeed may sometimes well be craved for dwelling more at length on their varied contents, and for drawing out at greater leisure the fulness of their deep lying significance. But even this is in a great measure supplied, wherever, as at our Cathedrals, and now in not a few parochial churches, the musical presentation of our services is more or less

fully given. Among other high purposes which that mode of performing them answers is this, of prolonging as well as deepening the mental act whereby we enter into their meaning. Thus does a brief but anciently connected ritual, such as that of the English church, expand with the desires of those who use it; like the tent of the oriental fable, which might at pleasure be grasped in the hand, or spread out to be the covering of a multitude of nations." Pp. 306, 307.

W. C. P.

THE THANKSGIVING DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON PREACHED ON THE 30TH OF SEPTEMBER
IN THE CHURCH OF S. STEPHEN'S WALBROOK, BY THE REV. DR.
CROLY, LL.D., THE RECTOR.

"Blessed be the Lord, my strength, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight. My hope and my fortress, my castle and deliverer, my defender in whom I trust."—Psalm cxliv.

A Christian nation, like a Christian man, should have God always before its eyes; in adversity to supplicate His forgiveness, in prosperity to pray for His continued blessing, and in the day of signal triumph to acknowledge Him as the Lord of Hosts, the defender of the righteous cause, and the giver of all true victory.

On this day we are summoned by the authorities of the State and the Church to return a national thanksgiving, for a memorable success vouchsafed by Almighty God to the national arms.

For the lawfulness of war, for the right of self-defence, and for the duty of thanksgiving, we have the whole authority of Jewish history—the history of a people under the direct rule of Providence. Thus, in its earliest period, Abraham, after defeating the invaders of Canaan and pursuing them to their ruin, receives the blessing of Melchisedec the Priest and King of Salem, the type of the Messiah—"And Melchisedec brought forth bread and wine, and blessed him, and said, 'Blessed be Abram of the Most High God, possessor of heaven and earth, and blessed be the Most High God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thine hand.'"

The destruction of the Egyptian host was thus celebrated by national thanksgiving, in the memorable hymn of Moses—"I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

In the destruction of Sisera's army, we have the same acknowledgement, in the noble Song of Deborah—"Praise the Lord for the avenging of Israel, when the people willingly offered themselves. Hear, O ye Kings, and give ear, O ye Princes. I will sing praises unto the God of Israel." The hymn rises to the highest degree of exultation, in the ruin of the enemy. "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love Thee be as the sun that goeth forth in its might." (Judges, v.) In the destruction of Pharoah there was the havoc of a nation; in the destruction of Sisera there was the havoc of a mighty host. Yet, in both, the thanksgiving was *inspired*. We may lament the guilt of an enemy, the furious passion which plunges him into hostilities, the infatuation of crime which frenzies a nation into aggressive war. But, our sorrow for the madness of man has no right to extinguish our gratitude for the protection of the Almighty. We may grieve over the field, but we still have a solemn duty to the temple.

The reluctant hostilities in which our country is now engaged, are too well known for detail in the pulpit. But, we must look to higher things; from the struggles of the *hour* to the principles of the time to come. *The question now is, whether barbarism or civilisation is to be the law of mankind? Important as the advances or recessions of the field may be, I regard them but as clouds on the horizon; the more formidable phenomenon is the eclipse of the light which had made its way with such tardiness towards the meridian, and which barbarism may pluck from its sphere. It is idle to boast of the permanency of freedom, learning, and genius. There is no harvest reared with more difficulty, or is more destructible by brute power; a sweep of the barbarian sword would strip the land. What revelation have we, of the possible changes still waiting to try the strength of Europe? Where has Russia extended civilisation? Where has she given a new plume to intellectual aspiration? Where has she built any structure but the dungeon, or fabricated any instruments of sovereignty but the chain and the sword? Where has she ever trod but progress has perished? Among her successive encroachments on Europe, where has she ever raised the slave into the freeman?—taught nations to think, and awoke man to the dignity of his nature? Where has she carried with her the great pledges of national progress—the press, philosophy, philanthropy, and religion—the four wings of nations?

I am not so desponding, as to suppose that Russia can ever conquer Europe. Heaven forbid, that any rapacity of man should ever obliterate her inscriptions of intellectual grandeur, break down her trophies of patriot heroism, or extinguish the consecrated fires which still burn on the altars of European genius. But, the avowed object of Russia is *conquest*, and her triumph would turn the future history of Europe into a dreary record of sanguinary struggle, or of silent slavery. Must we summon the bleeding form of Poland to give us a testimony from the grave?—must we call into question the principal of our national being—that freedom is the life of nations, and tyranny the death? Whether the specious despotism of a Cæsar, or the sullen supremacy of a Czar, be the instrument, human nature sinks under the pressure, and man becomes the tool or the traitor—the victim or the executioner.—Nations lose their spirit and stature, grow decrepit and distorted and degenerate into the moral grave.

There can be no more fatal political error, than to suppose, that Russia is merely passing through one of those stages, which have led to European civilisation. The pomp of her Court or the subtlety of her statesmanship, may partially disguise the ruthless nature within. But, her history is the genealogy of Usurpation. The policy of Peter was the policy of Catherine, the policy of Catherine was the policy of Paul; the same Imperial legacy has descended to this day, and the first act of the present Emperor, has been, to bind himself to the fatal pledge of his ancestors. This is the altar on which Russia has devoted herself to the spirit of Evil, and has begun the ceremonial, by a libation of the blood of half a million of her people.

In those references to history, I am not indulging the affectation of discovery, novelty, or dexterity of discussion; but, from history alone can be gathered the characters of nations.

In the ninth century, Russia first assumed the shape of government. A Danish pirate gathered some of the roving clans of the Scythian wilderness, taught them the arts of piracy, and formed them into a kingdom of ravagers of sea and land. Its first exploit was an invasion of the Greek empire by 80,000 savages in canoes! They were repulsed with havoc, and for three centuries Russia disappeared.—The only alternations in her existence, the fury of the great Tartar invasions, or the exhaustion of domestic slavery; —The nation a scene of depopulation and despair, the throne only a step to the scaffold.

And this barbarism is more significant, from the contrast of the time. Europe was then exhibiting that restoration, which has made the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries memorable to all future ages. Twilight still lay on the West, but many a glorious star heralded the dawn. The Italian republics were rising, like green islands from the ocean, full of beauty, full of fine invention, and budding with that noble poetry which was afterwards to bloom over Europe. Germany was already growing into that bone and sinew, which was soon to shake the whole fabric of superstition; and our own country, bursting the shackles of feudalism, was already pondering those great questions, which were afterwards to be consolidated into Constitution. All Europe was a great Olympic festival, in which the new-disciplined athletes of the mind were contending for intellectual fame.

Even the Greek empire, though shattered by civil dissensions and with the Turk thundering at its gates, not only preserved the old emblems of its intellectual eminence, but, though its last lamp was dying on its last shrine, entitled itself more than ever to the gratitude of the world, by sending its literature through the Western nations.

Moscow alone remained repulsive; though almost in sight of Constantinople, it continued torpid, and borrowed nothing but its superstition.

I pass over, with a shrinking eye and a hurried hand, the period that followed. History disdains to detail the restless tumults of barbarism; humanity turns away from the spectacle of useless havoc; and even charity can scarcely refrain from regarding the conflicts of savage rapacity as fulfilling the laws of providential justice. In the 17th century, Michael Romanoff, a peasant, with a fabulous descent from the pirate founder of the empire, was placed upon the throne. From him the present Imperial family have inherited their title and their name.

At this period, Russia, the Asiatic, first became European. Like the Roman gladiators, reared beyond the frontier, and trained by the obscure feuds of the forest to the sword, Russia came forward, to exhibit its rude skill, or hire out its sullen courage, in the game of Europe. From the reign of Peter the policy of Russia dates—a policy of eastern, southern, and northern aggression—and that policy has never changed. Universal supremacy has been the vision that has frenzied the dreams of every Russian Sovereign. The possession of the Black Sea and the

Baltic have been the double temptation, which has led them on, through every remonstrance of political reason, perhaps to the edge of the precipice. Those names have been inscribed on the walls of every Russian council chamber, have been wrought into every fold of the curtain which surrounds the throne, and form a portion of every pulse that beats in the Russian heart, from the palace to the hovel.

This fact constitutes the *necessity* of the war. We may refuse to compassionate Turkey, honour the strenuous zeal of France, or feel for the exposure of the South to impending rapine. But, it would be the guiltiest act of suicide, to forget, that the possession of the Black Sea would cut off our Indian Empire; and that the possession of the Baltic would place invasion within six-and-thirty hours of England. Can we doubt, that England would be the first object of assault?—that a country, whose opulence tempts the avarice, whose knowledge shames the ignorance, whose force of opinion excites the fear, and whose freedom is a living rebuke to despotism round the globe, would be the mark for the whole converging fire of Russian hostility?

The pulpit fully acknowledges the uncertainty of human views. But, without attempting to pierce the clouds which bear the chariot wheels of Providence, or to grasp the burning arrows of prophecy, it congratulates the country on this war. A few years more of slumber, and we might have slept our last. A few years more of reliance on the vigour of routine and the sincerity of ceremonial—on pledges meant to be broken and promises meant to betray, on the candour of craft, and artifice refined into rule, on the whole old system of polished perfidy—and we might have seen the Russian despotism striding over the corpse of Turkey, and hurling its contemptuous defiance from Constantinople round the whole circle of startled thrones. But, our position is now plain. We are awake. We feel that all depends upon our own vigilance; and long may England keep tyranny on a bed of thorns—long may she realise to the world the invincible power of a free people—long may she stand, brightening in the growing darkness of Europe, a watchtower on the deep, a refuge to the unhappy, and a light to lighten the nations struggling against the shipwreck of their freedom.

I give a hasty glance to Turkish history.

The corruption of the Greek Empire, preceded, as is the course of Judgment, by the corruption of the Greek church, had called

down the scourge of the Arab invasions. But, the cup was not yet full; the great capital stood. At length the final vengeance fell upon its incurable profligacy. In the 14th century, the Turks, a Tartar tribe, which had grown into a nation, in a hundred years of Asiatic ravage, appeared within sight of Constantinople. In the next century, a Mahomedan was placed on the throne, where Christianity had sat for almost a thousand years.

The Turk was a barbarian, but he was the most superb of barbarians. He trampled the princes, but he spared the people. The Ottoman was the stateliest form of regality ever seen by Europe. In his presence the impoverished monarchs of feudalism "hid their diminished heads." His army, the earliest standing army of the Continent, swept the hasty and heartless levies of Feudalism before him. His flag ruled the Mediterranean. The mysterious magnificence of the seraglio gave him, in the European eye, the combined impression of the sorcerer and the soldier. For a century his successes were deemed almost supernatural.

But, barbarism never learns. It has no salutary tides. It is an inundation, that stops only to stagnate. Barbarism disdains progress, and is therefore left behind, by the law of nature. While all Europe was in motion, the Sultanry stood still. It was a splendid meteor, "gradually shorn of its beams" by the simple advance of dawn; an iceberg in the midst of an ocean, hourly rising in temperature. The result was inevitable. Two centuries more were sufficient, to reduce its populous territory into a solitude, its invincible soldiery into a shadow, and its magnificent throne into the alternate toy of European intrigue, and the prize of European ambition.

The infinite rashness, or the romantic folly, of cabinets, within memory, cut off the two horns of the Crescent—Greece and Egypt—and hurried its descent to the horizon. Can the power of man restore it? The question may yet cost Europe a long trial of tribulation and blood.

Late attempts have been studiously made to chill the public spirit, by pronouncing all war criminal, and even by stigmatising the profession of the soldier, as contrary to religion. Such attempts have been made at the commencement of every British war, and refuted by British victory. The passages cited in the text show that war has been often not merely sanctioned, but commanded by the Almighty. But, if we are told, that Jewish war was an exception, what does the New Testament pronounce

on the right of nations to defend themselves, or, on the profession of the soldier? Must it not be remembered, that the last command of our Lord to his disciples, after declaring that their miraculous protection during his mission on earth was closed, was, to provide themselves against the common necessities of the world, by the common means of the world—"And he said unto them, when I sent you without purse, scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything?" And they said "nothing." Then he said unto them, "But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip, and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one. (Luke xxii., 36). The sword might not have been meant for war, but as Judæa abounded in robbers, and it was the custom for all travellers to go armed, can we doubt that the sword was for defence? The language of our Lord seems to have made the sword the first necessity, for the disciple is desired to part with his clothing, rather than want one.

Must it not be remembered, that among the most honoured names of the New Testament were three soldiers. That, of a centurion, our Lord said, "He had not found so great faith in Israel." That inspiration records the solitary testimony of a centurion at the cross, "Truly, this was the Son of God." And that the first Gentile to whom the Gospel was given, was a centurion! Where do we find the sacred recoil, the apostolic remonstrance, the inspired anathema at their profession? *Where* is the soldier commanded to desert his standard, forsake his pledges to the State, or imagine the incompatibility of war with the character of the Christian!

Is it not known, that S. Paul was a *tent-maker*? and, though tents were used for travellers, yet they were also used for soldiers; and have we the slightest information from Scripture that this illustrious worker day and night for a livelihood, ever stipulated for the *use* to which his labours were to be applied? The argument is *universal* and *unanswerable*. The Gospel was meant to reform the principles, not to disturb the order, of society.

Elaborate efforts have been made, to prove the war unprovoked by Russia. But, with the public knowledge that the late Czar but twelve years ago came on a personal mission to this country, to propose the seizure of Turkey, and to offer us the bribe of Egypt; and with the dispatches of our late ambassador at S. Petersburg lying on the desk of every cabinet in Europe, revealing the pro-

ject and the bribe, can incredulity go further than to disbelieve, or presumption be more daring than to deny, that it was the purpose of Russia, to fling the "Invalid" into the grave, and tempt England to bear the pall?

The judgments of Heaven are often slow to the human eye. But who can doubt, that in this war they have come with signal and palpable rapidity on the aggressor?—a solid invasion of his territory, three great victories achieved over his arms on their own ground, and the capture of that fortress, in which was concentrated the pride of his empire, the prospect of his Asiatic dominion, the standing conspiracy of the Russian throne against the independence of Europe.

But, take a single example of the retribution—SINOPE.

The war began by a massacre—a ruthless, objectless, worthless sport of the sword—a Scythian revel of blood. What has become of the instrument of that havoc? That fleet never saw the sea again. Hiding under the ignominious shelter of its moles, it has perished without striking a blow, without the honour of a gallant battle, without an effort to sustain the name of its country; it has been sunk by its own crews! Those crews are now corpses in the ditches of their fortress. The two admirals who commanded that massacre are slain, and the monarch who sanctioned the massacre by a *Te Deum*, has followed the murderers to the grave. No fleet *ever perished before* in such suddenness and such shame. Sixty ships of war lie buried in the waters of Sebastopol. We ask the readers of European history, whether any vengeance ever equalled this in its extent, its rapidity, and its directness of retribution?

But, the true purpose of this day is, less to exult in a victory, and blazon the honours of the brave, than to show England, as a nation, bowing before the will of Providence, in good and evil, offering up the tribute of its heart to the Great Author of all blessings, and acknowledging, before the world, in the spirit of holy faith, sincere homage, and pious gratitude, that it believes in His justice, mercy, and goodness, and that it worships Him as the KING of kings, and LORD of Lords.

REPORT TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE COLONIAL CHURCH AND SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Camp before Sebastopol, Sept. 6.

“THE time has again arrived when you are expecting to hear something of the fruits of my labours here, which I may venture to hope have not been in vain. At present there is not the same opportunity for attendance at the sick bed as when I last wrote, the number of sick having decreased since that period. Also, the 9th Regiment has been removed to strengthen another division, and has not been as yet replaced. Notwithstanding this, there is a very large field indeed for the exercise of faithfulness and zeal in the glorious cause of our Lord and Master. I find by experience that the more you become acquainted with the soldier the more you will become acquainted with his feelings. At first he is a little too reserved to tell you his mind, which I can understand from the fact of his being surrounded in the hospital by comrades whose presence may have been a check upon him. I am glad, however, to give my testimony to instances where it had not this effect. I have met with poor fellows who readily told me, on their dying beds, that their lives were not what they ought to have been, and spoke of bad companionships as a great incentive to sin. I was sent for late one night to see one of this class. He lived much longer than was expected, and during my visits to him he never lost sight of his former evil life, and I believe I may safely say of him that he left this world relying solely on that Saviour whose blood cleanseth us from all sin. It is a great encouragement to the minister of Christ to meet with those who are thus humbled with a sense of their own unworthiness. It is indeed a high privilege to tell them of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. I have, moreover, another encouragement which I am sure you will not consider the least. I allude to the cordial manner in which some of the men especially receive my visits. One poor fellow whom I have been visiting to-day grasped my hand and said, ‘Oh, sir, I should be so glad if you would read a chapter of the Bible for me.’ Others make room for me to sit on the side of their beds, and commence a serious conversation with me there. One man said to me this

week, speaking about his comrade who had been shot in the trenches, 'His death warns us to be always ready.' It will give you pleasure to hear of the desire there is among the men to read their Bibles as well as religious books. I have frequent applications here for both. The store which you kindly gave me, when coming out, is now exhausted; yet I am very well supplied by the principal chaplain, Mr. Wright, with small Testaments and Prayer-books, and books religious and secular. Of these I have a small library in the church, and such of the men as are able come and fetch them hence. I sometimes say to them, 'Now, here are religious, and there are secular books, and you can have which you like.' I have seen the men on more than one occasion select from the former. One man, while doing so, remarked that he hoped the books he had taken for himself and his comrades might be blessed to their souls, and added that it gave him delight where he saw his comrades read their Bibles, and the tracts which they have. It is pleasing to see in the soldier a desire for the spiritual welfare of his fellows. I feel confident that this man felt what he said, for my experience is to the effect that hypocrisy is not a characteristic of the British soldier. I may add that the soldier is not the only one who affords encouragement to the Christian minister in the Crimea. I thank God that I have met with pious officers here, men who love the Lord Jesus and manifest a desire that the men of their regiment should have an interest in His great salvation. I am sometimes favoured with a visit from such to obtain Bibles and other religious books for distribution. It is a great blessing that we have such cool weather. During its continuance we have less sickness, and it has a most beneficial effect upon those who are sick. The wounded and sufferers from fever and diarrhoea are my principal charge. I can never be thankful enough to Almighty God for the excellent health which I enjoy, and which I trust may be spared to me for the furtherance of this important work. May I ask whether your society has sent out other chaplains; they are much wanted here, as some have been obliged to leave through ill-health."

SKETCHES IN CORNWALL.—No. VI.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

IN passing by, and beholding the devotions of the Athenians, S. Paul found an Altar with this inscription, "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD;" and then from Mar's hill he said, "I perceive that in all things ye are too *superstitious*;"—according to the Greek the word also means *religious*.—I suppose therefore that in all cases, even in the lowest degree, *superstition* is far better than unbelief; and that it is, and ever has been, even amongst a most enlightened and civilized people, the resort of a mind which abhorring infidelity and having a keen sense and apprehension of the presence of God and the reality of the invisible world, is unable to light upon the true medium of belief, and would therefore rather believe too much than too little. S. Paul moreover in this case adds, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship Him declare I unto you."

He could find no foundation for his work in the heart of the proud man, or the sceptic, whether Jew or Gentile; but wherever he found devotion, there he found also a field for his tillage and good ground for his seed. So it was with the Briton and the Saxon, when about ten years after this occurrence the father of the British King Caractacus with all his family were converted by the preaching of S. Paul, and became the means—either together with the great Apostle himself, or as missionaries sent expressly by him,—of planting the sacred Banner of the Cross in this their distant kingdom.

Whenever these holy Priests passed by and found our rude forefathers at their devotions by the Cromlech, the sacred grove, the magic well, the gloomy cave, or the rugged tor, there they also were doubtless to be found, working upon the religious mind by an appeal to its inherent faith, and declaring to it the one true God through all these things, as being Him Whom they were thus ignorantly adoring. Thus we find the lofty Carn and Mystic Circle surmounted by the Christian Temple, and see both Station Cross, Holy Well, and Church so frequently enclosed together in the same sacred spot, one following upon the other and all three bearing separate, though, now united, testimony to the antiquity, as well as permanent and unchanging reality of that "Faith once delivered to the Saints."

S. Michael's Mount is a rare and striking instance of such standing records—the Mount itself held sacred long before Christianity was known in these islands—the clear rock-hewn well whose waters were said to rise or fall as the oracle gave them motion, the sculptured cross on the living rock, and the like holy symbol erect in the path way to shew how, that the dominion of Satan was at an end, the narrow cell cut out of the same lofty crag, and last of all the church with its surrounding buildings, once a religious house, then a Norman Castle, and now partly castle and partly private dwelling house—yet in each case crowned by church and altar—has ever sustained but one character and told but one tale.

Modern writers, in the fulness of their pleasantry, and the exuberance of their wit, may draw pretty pictures of the days gone by, when in the “dark ages” bigoted old men “mumbled their prayers” and told their beads, as pilgrims from distant lands wound up the steep ascent which led to their sanctuary, and point in triumph to the flaunting actors with the half picked bones and broken bottles of a modern pic-nic; but I question much if both parties could be brought face to face as *Christians*—i. e., modern accomplishments versus ancient rule, and each examined there and then in the articles of their common faith—whether the former occupants of S. Michael's Mount would not turn aside and cross themselves in very wonder and astonishment, that so many years of accumulating wisdom and knowledge had produced no better effect, in things relating to God upon the mind and conduct of their fellow men.

The town of Penzance is built on the western bend of a fair and noble bay, formed by the Lizard Point to the east, and the Land's End to the west and south; near the centre stands S. Michael's Mount, which gives it the name of Mount's Bay, and which seems to be ever greeting its foster-brother and namesake on the shores of Normandy.

Popular belief and ancient tradition alike point to this now sea-girt and isolated rock, as having been once situated in a spacious and much venerated wood, itself clad with rich verdure and shaded by towering oaks, in the depths of whose awful shade the Druids held their secret converse; and from whose waving branches the sacred mistletoe was cut with a knife of gold—hence the ancient Briton called it “KARAK-LUZ-EN-KUC”—i. e. the grey rock in the wood—and according to another appellation, “CARN-

COOSE-AN-CLOUSE" *i. e.*, the rock hid in the wood. On this point modern geologists have many doubts; but I know that between it and Penzance, the stumps of forest trees are still found far below low water mark, and there are men living in this town who can tell you, that they have seen green meadows and full pastures where now the sea flows high at every tide.

In the beginning of the sixth century we find it called S. Michael's Mount, and afterwards by the Saxons Mychelstowe, in some Latin documents S. Michael de Monte, and in others S. Michael de Magno Monte. Our attention is perhaps first called to its sanctity by the visit or pilgrimage of S. Kena, Keyn or Cenew, daughter of Braganus Prince of Brecknockshire, about the year 480, and herein is a proof that the place must have been well known and much esteemed before her time, or so distinguished a person would not have come from such a distance to visit it. This noble lady remained so long at the Mount, and became so identified with the same, as to have made it necessary for her kinsman S. Cadoc to come hither for the purpose of persuading her to return. A church is also dedicated in her name higher up in the county, and her holy well is at once the hope and fear of the newly married, whether husband or wife. Of this S. Cadoc Cornish historians also relate, how that when he was returning to Breconshire, wearied and parched with thirst, he one day thrust his staff into a more than usually dry and arid looking spot, and forthwith immediately flowed a stream of water, clear and cold as that of S. Maddern's well; and that he there worshipped God and prayed, that all the sick and weak who henceforth and hereafter should come in faith to pray and drink of the same, might be healed. The grateful inhabitants of the land soon after built a church near to this noted fountain, and dedicated it to God the bountiful giver of all good things, in the name and to the memory of this Pilgrim Prince. Five hundred years after this occurrence, King Edward the Confessor founded a Priory here of the Benedictine Order. The Norman Earl, Robert of Moriton and Cornwall in after time became the patron of this house, but while he made some additions in the way of a bastion, turret, or postern, merely to keep order in case of need—he did a mean and scurvy act by abridging its rightful liberties and annexing it to S. Michael's Mount on his own shores and making it in time a dependant of the same; but finding no good come of such a dirty deed to himself or his family, he endowed it with lands and

many privileges. This took place about the year 1085. A little after this, in 1155, Pope Adrian by a bull confirmed to S. Michael's Mount in Normandy, all its possessions in England and Normandy adding certain anathemas by way of emphasis. The next benefactor appears to be one Richard Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans, and after him comes Edward his Son who behaves as handsomely as his father in money and lands. Allan Earl of Britany then adds ten shillings per annum to the stipend of these good monks; and Conan another Earl of Britany crowns the gift by securing to them some landed property which his predecessors wished to give, but could not make up their minds when it came to the point, to do so. In the taxation of Edward I. the Church of S. Illary or Hilary is reckoned among the appropriations of this Priory of S. Michael, which also had the great tithes—the Prior presented a Vicar who enjoyed the small tithes—the Earl of Cornwall held the advowson. In the time of Edward III. the Priory was valued at 200 marks per annum; but this income did not apparently secure the Mount from the evils of non-residence; for Bishop Grandison in 1336 making a rather sudden and unlooked for visitation found matters all abroad at S. Michael's—lands and tenements underlet, badly farmed and ill-cared for; revenues in debt, and the several other emoluments and goods lent to faithless creditors and delivered into bad hands.

At different periods then, and long after the Druidical times and the good old days of S. Cadoc and S. Keyne—this Mount has been in the hands of Benedictines and Cisterians as well as the order called Gilbertine, after S. Gilbert of Lemprengham in Lincolnshire, by which last rule, Nuns were also admitted to a separate portion of the same Establishment as Sisters of Mercy, for the aged and sick in the neighbourhood. It may also be as well to mention that as far back as the year 1070 Pope Gregory did this place good service, by calling general attention to its past claims upon the faithful for support, and this act perhaps gave rise to the custom of pilgrims performing certain devotions in the *Chapel Rock*, in a kind of initiatory Chapel, before ascending the more sacred Mount.

As it stands now, the Mount is about one mile in circuit; the height from low water mark to S. Michael's Chair on the Church Tower is 238 feet, and from the pier to the town of Marazion on the opposite shore the distance is nearly half a mile—this latter space is covered by the sea six hours out of twelve.

The Church, which even now towers proudly over all else on the Mount, was built originally by Edward the Confessor; it was restored some fifty years ago by Sir John S. Aubyn, who also erected a fine organ at the west end. Under the basement of the chancel and at its southern part, a subterranean cell, a dungeon was then found, and in it the mouldering skeleton of a very large man. It was most probably the cell of an old British Anchorite—over which the Church was afterwards built—and these may have been his remains; or it might have served the terrible purpose of a living tomb for an offending brother of a Religious Order.

S. Michael's chair is nothing but the remaining portion of a night beacon or pharos, for the use of the mariner or fisherman before the Eddystone or Longships lights were thought of; it is based upon the south-west angle of the Church tower's summit and may be stepped into from the flat lead roof by any party possessing a steady head, moderately active, and not over fat. As it is with the holy well of S. Keyne so it is also with this eminence—either has caught the spirit of the other, and whichever of husband or wife drinks first of the water or sits in the chair, henceforth rules the roost. However sceptical, moreover, the grown up man may have become about the giants and faries of his youth, he now, —in beholding and walking upon this famous Mount—possesses circumstantial evidence and presumptive proof, that the old predatory giant Cormoran really lived in, and pilfered about the country from his castle on this very crag; and that Jack was undoubtedly that same “valiant Cornish man” who outwitted him and slew him. This, it is supposed, took place in the days of King Arthur, when meadows and forests spread themselves out alternately between the Lizard Point and the Scilly Isles, and Giants and Knights contended for fair damsels and high fame around the “grey rock in the wood.”

THE ANCIENT LITURGY OF THE CHURCH OF JERUSALEM.

(Continued from p. 311)

Deacon. Remember, O Lord our God.—

Priest. Remember, O Lord, the God of Spirits and of all flesh, those whom we have remembered, and those also whom we have not remembered, from righteous Abel even unto this day:

do Thou give them rest in the region of the living, in the delights of Paradise, in the bosoms of our holy fathers Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, whence sorrow, grief and lamentation are banished away, where the light of Thy countenance visits and shines continually.

And dispose the ends of our lives, O Lord, in peace, that they may be christian, well-pleasing to Thee, and free from sin, gathering us under the feet of Thine elect ; through Thy only begotten Son our Lord and God and Saviour, Jesus Christ ; for He alone appeared without sin upon earth, with whom Thou art blessed and glorified, together with Thy Holy Spirit now and ever, world without end.

People. Amen.

Priest. Peace be with you all.

People. And with Thy spirit.

Deacon. Let us again and again pray to the Lord.

Let us pray for the gifts which are offered to the Lord God ; that the Lord our God, receiving them upon His heavenly altar for a sweet smelling savour, would send down upon us the divine grace and the gift of His Holy Spirit.

Let us pray for the peace and tranquillity of the whole world, and of the holy churches of God.

Let us pray for those who have offered these gifts, and for whom every one has offered or has in his thoughts ; and for all the people that stand about the altar ; and for the remission of our sins and the propitiation of our souls.

Let us pray for every soul that is in affliction or calamity, and stands in need of the mercy and help of God ; and for the conversion of those that are in error ; for health to the sick ; for deliverance to the captives ; and for rest to our fathers and brethren who have gone before us. Let us all earnestly say, Lord have mercy.

People. Lord have mercy.

Priest. Vouchsafe us, O Lord, Thou lover of men, with freedom, without condemnation, and with a pure heart, to call upon Thee the holy God who art in the heavens, as our Father, and say : Our Father, &c.

Priest. Peace be with you all.

People. And with Thy spirit.

Deacon. Let us bow down our heads unto the Lord.

People. To Thee O Lord.

Priest. We thy servants O Lord bow down our necks to Thee,

before Thy holy altar in expectation of Thy rich mercies ; send down upon us O Lord Thine abundant grace and benediction ; and sanctify our souls and bodies, that we may be made worthy to be communicants and partakers of Thy holy mysteries, for the remission of our sins, and for life everlasting. For to Thee our God belongs adoration and glory, and to thy only begotten Son and Holy Spirit now and for ever.

People. Amen.

Priest. Grace be with you all.

People. And with Thy spirit.

Deacon. Let us attend in the fear of God,

Priest. Holy things for holy persons.

People. There is One Holy, one Lord Jesus Christ, to the glory of God the Father, to whom be glory for ever and ever.

The singers. I will give thanks unto the Lord.

O taste and see how gracious the Lord is.

[Note. While this psalm was singing the holy sacrament was distributed to the people ; and at the giving of the Bread, to every one was said;

Priest. THE BODY OF CHRIST,

Response. Amen.

And at giving the Cup.

Priest. THE BLOOD OF CHRIST,

Response. Amen.]

Deacon. Let us give thanks to our God, that he He hath vouchsafed to make us partakers of the Body and Blood of Christ for the remission of sins, and for life everlasting. And let us pray unto Him that He would keep us unblameable, as He is good, and a lover of men.

Priest. O God, who of Thy great and inexpressible love to men, dost condescend to the weakness of Thy servants ; we give thanks to Thee, that thou hast vouchsafed to make us partakers of this heavenly table ; Let not the receiving of Thy unspotted mysteries be to the condemnation of us sinners, but keep us, good God, in the sanctification of Thy Holy Spirit ; that being made holy we may obtain a part and inheritance with all Thy saints who have pleased Thee from the beginning of the world ; through the mercies of Thy only begotten Son, our Lord and God and Saviour Jesus Christ, with whom and Thy Holy Spirit, Thou are blessed now and for ever, world without end.

People. Amen.

Deacon. Let us bow down our heads to the Lord.

Priest. O God, great and wonderful, look upon Thy servants who bow down their necks unto Thee ; stretch forth Thy powerful Hand full of blessings, and bless Thy people. Preserve Thine inheritance, that we may continually glorify Thee for ever, the only living and true God ; for to Thee, O Father, belongs glory, honour, adoration and thanksgiving ; and to Thy Son and Holy Spirit now and ever.

People. Amen.

Deacon. Depart in peace.

ANNETSLEIGH.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

[Continued from page 14.]

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a broiling hot day,—just such a day as we Englishmen are continually grumbling about and calling tropical ; just as if we were not accustomed to it every summer of our lives more or less.

There was not a single cloud in the sky, and the little breeze which had refreshed in the morning had died away, and there was nothing to relieve the intense sultriness of the weather.

It was the Feast-day of the Village School ;—Sir George's annual treat to the little children who were called together every day in the pretty School-room under the Annetsleigh hill, among the beech trees, by their good Pastor who did, as his Saviour bid him, and went forth not only to feed His sheep, but His lambs also. He looked upon education in its right and proper light—as the bringing out of that which is already within man, rather than as mere instruction, which is building up upon him a new superstructure of external accomplishments and knowledge.

And so it came to pass that instead of teaching the children of the poor to despise their lot in life, by filling their heads with all manner of silly notions about dress, and a smattering of knowledge beyond their depth ; his aim was to make them really fit for doing their duty in that state of life to which God had called them, and to give them just so much knowledge of other things, as might seem to bind all together into one, as far as possible, harmonious whole.

Sir George had opposed him at first. He had taken up the education hobby of the present day, and one day sent Mr. Warborough a list of books he was going to present to the school, among which the worthy Rector was horrified to find Greek and Latin Grammars and Elementary works on Mathematics. But Mr. Warborough, in order to avoid all unpleasant feelings for the future, took a firm stand at once, and so far convinced the kind old man that his zeal exceeded his discretion, that Sir George saw the folly of the idea very soon, and became thenceforth one of the most vehement opposers of the extreme Education School. We have said that the school treat was Sir George's own gift, and it would have done any one's heart good to have seen the good old man walking down the lawn towards the school—his face beaming as brightly and shining as sunnily as those unclouded Heavens above him. Behind him walked three servants, each carrying a large basket of eatables of various kinds, and before him ran a little boy,—one of the school children, carrying a good sized box of gilt books, and other little presents for prizes. Mr. Warborough was at the gate, ready to meet him. Cecilia and Bridget were busily employed, in decorating the room with laurel and bay and choicest flowers from their own parterres. Mr. Benson was helping them, and just at that moment was hanging a great red flag over the old Baronet's seat, with the words 'Church and Queen' on it. Over the Rector's chair was a beautiful banner which the two girls had worked for the school procession, and which would be used that afternoon: it was a large white flag, bearing a crimson cross, and was very much admired. The company were now beginning to assemble; many came from a considerable distance, for the parish was in high esteem in all the neighbourhood, and every one held Sir George and his excellent Rector in positive admiration. One thing there was on this occasion which ought to be the case far oftener, and the defect of which is one of the crying sins of our land. All the children were dressed plainly and becomingly. One little girl there was who had a very gaudy and tawdry glass brooch on, but when she saw the others she was ashamed of it, and went away into a corner and took it off, and put a plain pin into her little neck-ribbon instead. Such is the force of good example; better than precept, it does not attempt to force the hands or turn the resolution of the head, it touches the heart, and so proceeds to the root of the matter at once;—the right thing to do in nearly every case. Very often when grave reason-

ing and even threatening language is thrown away upon a child, a good example, by its still small voice, penetrates farther than the noisiest oratory. But there are few Village Schools now like Annettsleigh ; and good simple minded folk are growing more and more scarce every day ; so much so that the weakness and simplicity for which our parents can remember the English peasantry were remarkable, is now so rarely met with, that it attracts more attention than the gayest costume would, and the hapless wearer of the sombre attire is looked upon as little better than a Quakeress. The last and worst days are growing on apace, and men are beginning more and more to think, that " a man's life consisteth in such things as he possesseth." The church bells, at three o'clock, struck up a merry peal, and soon the whole of the sacred building, except the part set aside for the children, was quite filled. When the procession reached the little porch, the choristers, who walked in front, began to chant the twenty-fourth Psalm to one of the old Church tunes, and then the Rector, who had walked first in the procession, stood in the door-way, as they all went in, two and two, and then followed them up the body of the church to their seats in the chancel and the chancel aisle. Cecilia Annet sat at the Harmonium, and played the old solemn chant with that religious taste and depth of feeling which alone gives that glorious music its full effect. The children sang beautifully. Children's voices always do sound well ; and singing the praises of their God had been part of their *Education*. After the last Hymn the Rector delivered a short address from the Altar. He reminded them of their privileges as members of Christ, and Children of God, and Inheritors of the Eternal Kingdom ; but told them that they were only grafted branches, and that the God who spared not the natural branches might in anger spare not them : that though they were children, if they were rebellious children, they would be continually chastised, and, perhaps, cast off by their offended Father ; that, though heirs, they might be disinherited if they proved unworthy of the Heavenly Inheritance. After service they were not long finding their way back again to the School. The great room was reserved for the company, who all sat down to a plain but handsome repast provided by Sir George. The children sat on the lawn, which ran down quite to the back of the School, and after their tea, were called in to receive their prizes and presents in groups of a dozen at a time. The evening was concluded with nice old British games, in which all the children and many of the

company joined heartily, and then before they departed for the night, they all sang God save the Queen !

Mr. Benson and Bridget, every one thought, paid more attention to themselves than to anything else ; and Mr. Warborough was no longer at a loss to divine the reason of their confusion on the previous evening. Sir George saw what was passing through his mind, and nodded significantly : " Mr. Warborough ! " he said, " I fear your Curates are dangerous persons ! "

(*To be continued.*)

TE DEUM.

By REV. R. MONTGOMERY.

We praise Thee O God ; we acknowledge
Thee to be the Lord.—*Ambrose.*

O Lord, how luminous dark earth can be
When faith beholds it shine with Thee,
Whose viewless presence, arm'd with vital power,
Irradiates each heart and hour :—
Sea, air and ocean with '*laudamus*' ring,
'*Te Deum*,' hark ! the planets sing ;
Each watching star that sentinels the night
Grows eloquent with throbbing light,
Till souls below, with saints above,
Complete the Litany of Love.

And here, in this Ambrosian chant of praise
High o'er the heaven of heavens we raise
Heart, soul and spirit, till we seem to blend
Our lauds with *theirs*, which never end ;
But in eternity of chanting joy
Each faculty of bliss employ,—
Deep'ning above that coronation hymn
Harp'd from the lyes of Cherubim
To One in Three, and Three in One
Infinite Essence unbegun !

Nine versicles of anthemn'd praise we pour
Round the I AM our souls adore :
And, what a company with us shall meet
With songs to gird the mercy seat !
Apostle, prophet, saint and martyr there,
Angel and Seraph,—more than words declare

Of Beings countless as the rays of noon,
Each chord of rapture now attune ;
And cast their coronets before Thee,
Centre of uncreated glory !

And oh ! that these reluctant hearts of ours
Were not so loveless, with their powers ;
Then would they ' cry aloud,' and louder still,
And yon supernal arches fill
With lauding thunders of melodious song,—
By Angels, as they rolled along,
Re-echoed back to eucharistic earth
Enrich'd with their celestial worth !—
Thus would our lives religion be,
By praise return'd to Deity.

To *live* is mercy ! not a pulse, or breath,
But preaches His vicarious death,
Whose blood redeem'd us from that yawning hell
Justice unveil'd, when Adam fell :
But, never can mere finite numbers count
Of mercies our immense amount
Morn, noon, and night !—In all we hope, or feel,
The Trinity *this* truth reveal,—
Creation only by the cross
Becomes a gain, and not a loss.

Hence, Lauds and Litanies alone can bless
Hearts which the Triune God confess,—
Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost divine,
The true and everlasting Trine !
And Him, who did not spurn the vestal womb,
But rose refulgent from the tomb
To perfect glory in Paternal Bliss,
Ruling the world, by purchase His ;
Thence to return, and from the throne
Reward the souls He calls His own.

' Number'd with saints ' !—not less, nor more, we ask
To cheer us in life's weary task :
Lord of the Spirit ! teach us how to pray,
As here we tread that narrow way
Whose windings by Thy sacred Feet were trod
When earth beheld her weeping God :—

Our perill'd hearts secure from impious sin,
 By law without, and love within;
 ' *Te Deum!* ' then, our souls will cry,
 And while we live, shall learn to die.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

LIVE AND LEARN : pp. 154. (J. F. Shaw.)

This most excellent and most useful little work is intended to be a guide for all who wish to speak and to write correctly ; and to be a book of reference for the solution of difficulties connected with Grammar, Composition, and Punctuation ; containing also explanations of Latin and French words, and phrases of frequent occurrence in newspapers, reviews, periodicals and books in general ; with full directions for beginning, ending and addressing letters to persons of every degree of rank. All sorts of writers will find something for their advantage in this work, and we would therefore advise them to have a copy of it on their desk for reference.

THE HAND PLACE-BOOK OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, 32mo.
 (Blackie & Son.) pp. 554.

This will be a most useful little Hand-Book for references of daily use to upwards of fifteen thousand localities in Great Britain and Ireland ; besides it contains general statistical tables ; and an abstract of the last Census of 1851. Separate tables are given of the population of every county and of the smaller inhabited islands, corresponding with the last Census. We recommend this little work, which may go into the waistcoat pocket, to the curious in statistical matters ; because it will save them the trouble of consulting the great Blue book, published by authority. It is a neat and complete compendium of the last Census, and an excellent book of reference.

THE IRISH WIDOW ; by the Author of " Poor Paddy's Cabin," 12mo.
 (Wertheim & Macintosh.) pp. 205.

This professes to be a picture from life, of Erin and her children. The widow is a convert from Popery, and in her biography we have the whole history, whence, we have long been of opinion, that all the evils both moral and physical under which Ireland has ever laboured have arisen, namely, the tyranny of the Papal priesthood and the superstitious slavery of the people to them. Although not partakers of their superstition, yet the Protestants of all ranks, from the landlord to the smallest farmer and artisan, are equally personally afraid of the monster tyranny exercised by the priests ; for the altar curse smites in its temporal effects alike the Protestant and the Papist. The widow is of the better class of farmers ; and was ejected at the instigation of the priest because she had been converted by a scripture-reader. The characters are fictitious ; but the circumstances are *facts*, some of which are well known to the public, which

the author has skilfully interwoven with the plot of the piece ; so as to apply matters, that occurred to many individuals in different places, and at various times, to his own *dramatis personæ*. The story is remarkably interesting, and shews the real working of Irish life. It commences with a dialogue between a poor labourer and his daughter, both of whom had been to witness the wedding of the heroine of "Poor Paddy's Cabin" at the parish church. The father says, "All I am sorry for Ellen is that your mother Biddy, wasn't at the wedding. No doubt she must have the heart of a stone if she wasn't pleased. And the fine words that parson Wilkins said, when he held up his hands over 'em and bless'd 'em, —God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve and keep you ; and the rest of it. Sure I never was in a church before, and I never thought they had such fine words there. I tell you Ellen, 'tis a pity all of us don't just go in once in our lives, to hear how they goes on. I think we'd all soon be of one religion, for I see all is done in the name of the one true God—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost ; aye, and I noticed too, how they have the name of our blessed Saviour, glory to Him, at the end of every one of their prayers." To this Ellen replied ; "Oh father, that's what cousin Maureen was speaking about to me. She said 'twas dreadful how we're all kept in darkness about what goes on in church. But, says she, 'the priests know very well we'd like it if we once heard it, so they make it a mortal sin to go in at all.' Sure since I was a little wee thing, the height of my mammy's knees, she used to frighten me agin the Protestants, making me think they were following the Devil, and reading the Devils' book. Ah ! my poor mammy, she's so bitter on the thing still, she never will let me read or repeat one single verse of the Bible for her ;—but see now there she's coming to meet us,—she wished us bad luck when we went to the wedding, and I'm afeard she'll have no welcome for us a comin home." In this short dialogue we may see the whole working of the Papal system, a grinding and debasing *terrorism* over the minds of the people based upon lies and misrepresentations. The widow and these two were regularly cursed from the mass-house altar ; and it was not for nothing ; but we shall not anticipate the pleasure which a perusal of the little work will give by letting out the secret of the plot. They will there see Ireland's curse, with what might be Ireland's blessing.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, FROM THE FIRST CENTURY TO THE REFORMATION. By J. S. Bartlett. (J. H. & J. Parker.)

This is too compendious a history of the Church for general use ; but may answer very well for schools, and to give youth an idea of the principal events of ecclesiastical history. It contains also a very useful chronological Table of the early Fathers, and other eminent men connected with the history of the church, and also of the principal councils. It concludes with Luther's solemn protest and appeal to a general council ; which he considers the termination of the first period of the Reformation ; and we conclude that Mr. Bartlett intends to continue the history to the present time.

THE PRIVATE DEVOTIONS OF DR. WILLIAM LAUD, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Martyr. (J. H. & J. Parker.)

The present elegant publication is a new edition of the blessed Martyr's private devotions, and the editor has very judiciously added a translation of those prayers which the Archbishop composed and used in Latin. This Manual of Devotions is an illustration of Solomon's advice, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days;" and thanks to the editor and publishers, after a dormancy of two centuries, we have found the best manual of private devotions extant. It contains the Lord's Prayer and the Creed paraphrased; Prayers for each day of the week, and each day divided into the hours of prayer; to these are added occasional prayers that may be used with any of the daily offices; also prayers to be used on public occasions; on private occasions; prayers which are required at certain times and periods; and "on sundry and divers occasions." There are also the Archbishop's own prayers and private devotions in his imprisonment, for strength in martyrdom, and his last prayer and speech on the scaffold; and also Prayers before and at the Lord's Supper, which are preferable to most that we have seen. The prayers which the Archbishop used in Latin are printed in red letters; but they have all been translated by the Editor, and printed in the ordinary manner. The tongue of slander has not yet shot out all its malignant darts against this much maligned and misrepresented martyr; Puritan spite and venom pursues his memory to the present day; and the rancour of party spirit maligns his name and reputation, as much in the present generation as in the days of Martin Mar Prelate; but his devotions, which are clear of all fantastical enthusiasm, will warm the heart and stimulate the piety of many generations, after the names of his slanderers have been forgotten. It would have been desirable to have had a brief biographical notice of the principal events of the Archbishop's life prefixed, which perhaps the editor may do in some future edition; meantime we wish the present impression to be speedily exhausted. The "getting up" of the present edition, is such as to please the most fastidious taste in the art of printing and bookbinding.

IRREVOCABLE is another Tale of Messrs. J. H. & J. Parker's series of cheap and instructive narratives; and like the others which we have noticed, contains a powerful moral. The pranks of an over-keen attorney and his clerks form the chief incidents of the story; and the retributive justice with which they were overtaken winds up the piece. A Scotch gardener and his daughter, the pupils of the late Dr. Jolly, formerly Bishop of Moray, form the more amiable parties of the piece. It is a nice, amusing and instructing Tale, and fully equal to those that have gone before.

THE LITERARY CHURCHMAN (Parker,) for October, contains the usual amount of valuable criticism on the recent publications, prefaced by a sketch of the general aspect of church affairs, both at home and abroad. This is a rising publication and destined to render the church good service, its cheapness rendering it accessible to all.

A COURSE OF BOOK-KEEPING, BY DOUBLE AND SINGLE ENTRY.
By G. H. BOULTER. MABLEY, LONDON. 8vo. pp. 96.

The present is a new edition enlarged and improved of the work which we noticed some time ago; it is adapted to both inland and foreign trade; and contains the most recent improvements both in the method of teaching and in the practice of the art. It is also suited for the use of schools and self-instruction; for the latter of which it is admirably adapted, being brief and clear, and unencumbered with too many technicalities. There are also exercises on the art of balancing books, an art which many find a difficult task.

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VOL. IX.

RULE FOR TRYING THE SPIRITS OF THE LATTER DAYS.

1. HOLY Scripture makes mention of "the last days;" and it is not improbable that to these we are fast approaching, if not even now living in them. It also contains many prophecies in reference to these latter days; do we then ever study those prophecies with that attention which they deserve; or realise their fulfilment in the circumstances which are daily occurring around us? We should not forget, that it is not at all impossible to live at a time, when signs are appearing and prophecies are under fulfilment, and yet to be ignorant that such is really the case. The majority of men will neither look out for signs, nor perceive them even when they are before their eyes: it is only the few who will watch the progress of events and take warning from what they see. Those who lived in the days of Noah saw not the tokens of approaching danger, although, as we have reason to believe, they were very obvious; and so, we are told it will be with thousands who shall be alive in the time preceding the coming of the Son of man. We must look out for the predicted signs if we would see them: we must take warning from them, if we would escape the destruction whose approach they betoken.

2. Among the prophecies concerning these latter times are the following; and they are warnings to us—if we will only take them—that we must be on our guard against the evils which they indicate. 1. Our Lord, when asked the *two* questions—when the destruction of Jerusalem would take place; and what would be the sign of His own coming?—gave such a reply as showed that the former would be a type of the latter; and that the signs which indicated the one, would be very similar to those which would precede the other. "Then shall many be offended, and shall betray one

another, and shall hate one another, and many false prophets shall arise and shall deceive many ; and because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." "For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders ; insomuch that if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." "Behold I have told you before." 2nd. S. Paul, in writing to the Thessalonians, speaks of the same things, "for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the Son of Perdition ;" and to Timothy even more explicitly ; "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils." And again, "This know also that in the last days, perilous times shall come, &c." S. Peter also predicts the same things. "But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies." Nor is S. John silent. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false spirits are gone out into the world." And S. Jude also makes mention of the same thing. "But, beloved, remember ye the words which were spoken before of the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ ; how they told you, there should be mockers in the last times, who should walk after their own ungodly lusts : these be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the Spirit."

3. These predictions have not fallen to the ground ; yet, how few inquire how far their fulfilment is likely to affect themselves individually ; whether existing circumstances are supplying the very means of trying the fidelity of all ; and to what extent every one is, at this very day, brought within the influence of the dangers of the last times ? There is not one in ten who gives himself the least concern about these matters ; and yet they are matters in which the fate of the world and of every one of its inhabitants is wrapt up. The predictions will gradually be unfolded ; the dangers will certainly arise ; and that they have already made their appearance to a certain extent, who will deny ?

4. Under such solemn considerations, every one that thinks or cares about his own salvation, will feel the necessity of studying what is said in scripture of those whom we are bound to receive and reverence as the ministers of Christ, and those whom we are warned to shun as false prophets. The *latter* as well as the *former* will speak in Christ's name, and in His name do many

wonderful works ; they will lay claim to holiness, and, by many will be esteemed the people of the Lord : and on these grounds, they will, if it were possible, deceive the very elect. How then are they to be distinguished ? S. John says : " We are of God : he that knoweth God heareth us : he that is not of God heareth not us. Hereby know we the Spirit of God, and the spirit of error." From this we conclude, that they who do not in all things *hear* the Apostles ; who do not stedfastly continue in their doctrine and fellowship, are to be avoided. S. Jude says that they may be distinguished by their resemblance to Balaam and Core—that is, by looking to gain more than to duty, or by usurping the sacred office on the plea of private right. S. Paul may be said to lay down a rule by which they can be known, when he enjoins us to mark those which cause divisions and to avoid them. From these and other passages of scripture we may gather what our Lord's meaning is, where he says, " by their fruits, ye shall know them."

5. As we are told to " try the Spirits whether they are of God," (1 John iv. 1.) the following RULE will be of service to us in the discharge of this most important duty.

If any, in their explanation of things less clearly revealed or less easy to be understood, contradict or explain away things which are so plain and so explicit that he may run who reads ; or interpret one doctrine of scripture, so as to contradict another equally explicit, they are to be avoided as false teachers and deceivers.

This rule is in exact agreement with the injunction, " if any man preach any other doctrine unto you than that ye have received let him be accursed."—Take a few examples in illustration of this rule. 1st. It is *explicitly* revealed concerning Jesus Christ the Righteous, that " He is the propitiation for our sins ; and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world ;" " for there is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all :"—it is also revealed, but in terms conveying the meaning much *less definitely*, and therefore much more likely to be misunderstood, that " whom God did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son." Now if any one, in his teaching, should attempt to undermine the more explicit revelation by his explanation of that which is less clear, he must be looked upon as one who is corrupting the faith in an essential point. 2nd. It is

revealed in terms whose meaning cannot be mistaken that the Lord is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." Again it is said, "For the scripture saith unto Pharaoh, even for the same purpose have I raised thee up, that I might show my power in thee, and that My Name might be declared throughout all the earth." Should any one endeavour to set aside the clearer declaration of the former scripture, by his explanation of the more obscure enunciation in the latter, he must be accounted an unsafe guide and a dangerous instructor. The former passage is obviously referable to the promise of mercy to all through Christ: whilst the latter seems to be confined to a purpose limited to this side of time, namely, that Pharaoh was to be the means through which "the power" of God over the arts of magicians might be made manifest, and that the glory of His "name might be declared throughout the earth."—Exod. ix. 16. The choosing of Jacob and the rejection of Esau come under the same category. They are events which have no connexion with the final salvation of the individuals, but refer entirely to the channel through which the promised Messiah was to be sent.

3. It is *expressly* said by our Lord that He came not to destroy but to fulfil the Law; and by S. Paul, that the Law had a shadow of good things to come. Were any one to subvert these scriptures by inculcating the doctrine that the things which were appointed by an ordinance for ever under the Old Testament, are abrogated under the New, we should be on our guard against such 'an one as a false teacher.

4th. Nothing can be more *positively* revealed than that our Lord and Redeemer came to unite into a **NEW FAMILY** through grace, those who belong to the *old family* by nature. (See S. John, xviii. 20, &c. Eph. 1, 10.) In full agreement with this doctrine we find such sayings as these concerning His Church;—"there is *one* Body,"—"and the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved;" this Body, like the human body is represented as being animated by "*one* spirit," and all who belong to it are spoken of as being "*of one* heart and of *one* soul;" and moreover, all the figures under which it is represented, indicate its unity;—a kingdom, a family, an ark, a net, a field, a vineyard, convey the idea of *one*, not of *many*; should any person venture to deface this divine image of the Church, taking other passages of scripture whose meaning is *less definite* and should explain them so as to make it appear that there are *many* Churches, and that the members of such may, in

many things, be animated by diverse Spirits, and embrace diverse doctrines; and, in short, that there may be schisms in the Body, and that every one may have a psalm, a doctrine, an interpretation, believe not such an one, neither "receive him, nor bid him God speed," for he is "yet carnal." 1 Cor. iii. 3. 5th. Let one other example suffice. S. Paul *explicitly* says, "we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the Law." S. James, with equal plainness teaches, "ye see then, how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only." Here both doctrines must be true, and therefore he is to be looked on as a false teacher who endeavours to establish the one doctrine by denying the other, instead of showing how they may be reconciled. S. Paul spoke to Jews, who trusted in the Mosaic Law independent of the merits of Christ, for their justification. S. James addresses Christian converts who, trusting for their justification to the merits of Christ, thought they were not bound by the holy laws of the gospel, nor had any necessity to use the means of grace, with which the sanctifying influence of the Spirit is connected.

6. Or with regard to the interpretation of one clearly revealed doctrine, so as to make it contradictory of another equally explicit, take the following examples. It is revealed that Christ ascended, and is at the right hand of God, and that He will come again at the last day to judge the world; and again, "Lo! I am with you always." Both these doctrines must be true, but in a different sense. Christ, in His glorified humanity, is in Heaven, and will remain there till the end of the world: in His Spirit and Divine Presence, He is ever with His Church and His servants, giving efficacy to all they do in His name and by His command. So again, the Lord said of the Bread and the Wine in the Holy Eucharist, "This is my Body; This is my Blood;" but He also said, "it is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing;" whilst S. Paul, through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, says, "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the Body of Christ?" "We are all partakers of that one Bread:" "as often as we eat this Bread and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till He come." 1 Cor. x. 16.; xi. 26. Both these doctrines are utterly true. The Body and Blood of Christ are verily and indeed present in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper: but then it is the communion of the Blood through the cup, and of the Body through the Bread. The Bread and the

cup are there ; and so are the Body and Blood : no transubstantiation of the one into the other, nor consubstantiation of the one to the other ; but distinct, though united as Body and Spirit ; a mystery to be apprehended by faith, nor to be accounted for by the senses. Even as the *Life* pervades the *Body*, a truth of which we are persuaded, but which we should fail to account for by any process of reasoning. Were any one, therefore, to explain *the one* presence in the sacrament by denying *the other*, we should be justified in rejecting his teaching as contrary to that of the Gospel, and in looking on himself as one of the false teachers against whom we are warned.

By this *RULE* a *challenge* may be given to all, whether Romanists or Protestants, Presbyterians or Puritans, Independents or Irvingites, Baptists or Unitarians, to try the *spirits* who advocate their several creeds. Before this *Test*, every false teacher that is gone out into the world will be found to quail. Only those that are of God—only those that advocate the one Catholic Faith—rightly dividing the word of truth—will be able to maintain their ground.

7. By this rule the spirits may be tried : and, with due caution, it will be found adequate to try all impartially : it will neither spare those who are false, nor condemn those who are true, in any conceivable case. All those, therefore, who desire to flee from the wrath to come, should give to this subject that consideration which it deserves. What is the world, or the world's opinion to you, if you follow those who will not be found in their lot in the day of the Lord : and that there will be many such, who can doubt ?—"Many will say unto Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name ? and in Thy name have cast out devils ? and in Thy name done many wonderful works ? and then will I profess unto them, I never knew you : depart from me, ye that work iniquity."—S. Mat. vi. 22, 23.

CLERICUS.

WHAT IS WANTED ? MORE EVANGELICAL PREACHING.

IN these disjointed times, when men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which, even a child may see, are coming on the earth, of distress of nations with perplexity, two reverend combatants come forward, both asking the same question :—"What is wanted ?" The one calls himself an "evangelical preacher ;" and the other "an Orthodox Christian ;"

and we hope neither of the combatants will take offence at our coming in as thirdman to put in a humble plea between them.

Under each separate head of a long list of grievances, corruptions and backslidings, Mr. Ryle, the evangelical, complains that "the Spirit of God is grieved, and God's work stands still;" and he asserts, that for the correction of every one and all of the causes of his complaints the only and sure remedy is "evangelical preaching,"—"more evangelical preaching." This position is disputed by the Orthodox Christian, who assures Mr. Ryle that he uses the word "evangelical" "under protest" as it is applied by the evangelical party and their organ *The Record*; for he observes "it is shameful to assume titles which convey reproaches to others." But that which is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander; and the title of Orthodox, conveys a reproach on the self-styled evangelicals of the want of truth in their preaching; in short that the evangelical preachers are blind guides, leading their flocks into the ditch, and falling therein themselves also; and in fact Mr. Ryle may be said to have confessed as much; for he blames his own party for all the evils of which he complains.

But it is evident that Mr. Ryle is the mouthpiece of the Ultra-Calvinists; who now, in the midst of gospel truth, are obliged to hide their diminished heads. They would like to see the Westminster Confession of Faith substituted for the Thirty Nine Articles; and the ancient and Orthodox liturgy of the Church of England reformed and remodelled upon its unorthodox, modern and detestable principles. It is probable that Mr. Ryle and his party are well acquainted with that contradictory and antinomian document; but as the generality of our readers have perhaps never seen it, we will now present them with its third chapter "*of God's eternal Decree.*"

"I. God from all eternity did, by the most wise and holy counsel of His own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass; yet so, as thereby neither is God the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of the creatures, nor is the liberty or contingency of second causes taken away, but rather established.

"II. Although God knows whatsoever may or can come to pass upon all supposed conditions; yet hath He not decreed anything because He foresaw it as future, or as that which would come to pass upon such conditions.

"III. By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory,

some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death.

“IV. These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed ; and their number is so certain and definite, that it cannot be either increased or diminished.

“V. Those of mankind that are predestinated unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to His eternal and immutable purpose, and the secret counsel and good pleasure of His will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory, out of His mere free grace and love, without any foresight of faith, or of good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions or causes moving Him thereunto ; and all to the praise of His glorious grace.

“VI. As God hath appointed the elect unto glory, so hath He, by the eternal and most free purpose of His will, foreordained all the means thereunto. Wherefore they who are elected being fallen in Adam, are redeemed by Christ ; are effectually called unto faith in Christ by His Spirit working in due season ; are justified, adopted, sanctified and kept by His power through faith unto salvation. Neither are any other redeemed by Christ, effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified and saved, but the elect only.

“VII. The rest of mankind, God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of His own will, whereby He extendeth or withholdeth mercy as He pleaseth, for the glory of His sovereign power over His creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonour and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice.

“VIII. The doctrine of this high mystery of predestination is to be handled with special prudence and care, that men attending the will of God revealed in His word, and yielding obedience thereunto, may, from the certainty of their effectual vocation, be assured of their eternal election. So shall this doctrine afford matter of praise, reverence, and admiration of God, and of humility, diligence and abundant consolation, to all that sincerely obey the gospel.”

The antinomian doctrine contained in the above account of the eternal decree, is at bottom the platform on which Mr. Ryle and those of his way of preaching wish to reform the pulpit oratory of their brethren, who hold to the old paths of the church's teaching ; but that same eternal decree which blasphemously

attributes the worst and most capricious passions to the God of love, justice and mercy, has turned many good christians into infidels, many into presumptuous sinners, and others into desperation.

We had marked a number of passages in Mr. Ryle's tract for extract and comment ; but our more able coadjutor Orthodox has been before hand, and we can only pick out a few gleanings. One of which, shews the desperate state into which Mr. Ryle acknowledges and laments that the evangelical party has fallen. "I am sure," says he, "there never was a period where union among evangelical members of the Church of England was so much needed. If any man thinks that our cause is in no great danger, I can only marvel at his blindness. I am thoroughly persuaded that there is a settled determination in some quarters, to cast out of the church evangelical opinions, and to risk the destruction of the establishment rather than fail of success."

Well, then, we can only marvel at Mr. Ryle's own blindness, that he cannot see that Orthodox doctrines have had more and better effect, than so called evangelical *opinions* ; and that the "some quarters" to which he alludes, is explained by the earnest preaching of the really evangelical doctrines of the Bible, which have been so long obscured by the Calvinistical preaching of his party. The "Orthodox Christian" asks :—"But what is wanted ? Surely not the resuscitation of old parties, such as Mr. Ryle proposes, but the re-union in one bond of brotherhood, of all who are desirous of promoting the glory of God and the salvation of souls, in accordance with the discipline, and in deference to the decisions of the Church of England." But this would not suit Mr. Ryle's plan, unless all parties will agree to adopt his opinions, preach his doctrines, and follow him as their leader.

Mr. Ryle urges the great importance of clerical meetings ; but he says "to be really profitable, *they must be composed of men of one mind.*" The italics are Mr. Ryle's ; but where is he to find a set of men all of *one mind*, especially of his own party ; for that is what he requires in this unanimity of opinion, and also that they will all follow his lead. For instance, his antagonist, Orthodox and his brethren, are not likely to be of one mind with Mr. Ryle, nor to adopt him as their leader ; for the former would bring to the meeting "a doctrine," whereas the latter would insist upon the paramount importance of his own opinions ; but our

the Church of England among the parishioners. They have long ceased to exist. I appeal to any one who knows much of the ecclesiastical state of our country. Let him deny, if he can, that parishes in the state I have described are painfully numerous. I see in this fact, a most dangerous state of things."

So should we, if his dogmatical assertion were fact; but this state of things exists only where evangelical opinions are preached. Alas! how are the mighty fallen! Here is the mouth-piece of a party who used to call on all the plain old churchmen, to stand out of their way; for the self-styled evangelicals thought themselves holier than other men; and the former were constantly railing at the latter because they said they were worldly men, and entirely devoid of what, in evangelical cant, is called "vital religion." Now, alas! Mr. Ryle puts into good set italics that the evangelicals want "*a higher standard of sanctification among all who profess to love evangelical truth in the Church of England.*" This is a deplorable descent from their former high and palmy estate of self complacence; but this is not all; for he says, "I doubt whether as a body, they have not fallen *below* the mark at which believers should aim!" We regret to hear this account of these gentlemen; but we cannot doubt the truth of his assertion, because, it is not made by an enemy, but by the friend and chief-tain of the party. It is a melancholy consideration. But notwithstanding their fallen estate, and their want of sanctification, Mr. Ryle and party would fain be reformers of the church; and cry down as unprofitable every advance of the real reformers of every abuse, which from the frailty of man has occurred in the church, because they follow not with the self-styled evangelicals, well may we say to Ryle and party, "ye know not what spirit ye are of."

"The tottle of the whole" that Mr. Ryle begins, continues and ends with, is "More evangelical teaching! More evangelical teaching! More evangelical teaching!" But what is evangelical teaching? It is not the rightly dividing the word of truth, but the everlasting hammering on one string, to the will-o'-the-wisping of their hearers, who, by Mr. Ryle's own confession, are disgusted with the husks with which they are fed, of "downright evangelical preaching," which consists of a constant reiteration of "justification by faith," and the utter and universal rottenness and depravity of the human heart; yet He who made the heart, and Who ought to know it best, declared that there *are* honest and good hearts, into

which the divine seed falls and brings forth fruit with patience. The best and most truly evangelical sermon that ever was, or ever will be delivered, had not the words faith, or justification by faith, or of the rottenness of the human heart in it; but the preacher said "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Peace-making never appears to have been a virtue of the so called evangelical school, from the commencement of the party in the days of the Puritans, till the times of Mr. Ryle who reviles such of his brethren as are not of his party, as much as his predecessors did, only in the less coarse language of modern times. But the more Orthodox clergy may find some consolation in a clause of the sermon above alluded to, where the Preacher says "Blessed are ye, when men shall *revile* you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you *falsely*, for My sake."

We now take leave of Mr. Ryle; and regret that we cannot compliment him for any part of his tract, except the intrepidity which he displays in condemning all and sundry, who are out of the pale of his own party; but Mr. Ryle's attachment is for his party, and not for the church general; we beg to assure him that party spirit must be more or less criminal before God; for such a spirit tends to rend the seamless coat of Christ. Is Christ divided? Is His body multiplied into sects and parties? Certainly not; and those who act in His name, must be united as brethren, and not split into irreconcilable parties upon differences of opinion, and calling themselves after the names of men as of Mr. Ryle, of Dr. Pusey, or of various other teachers and preachers. "Let it be remembered" says the Orthodox churchman, "that the Newmans, the Mannings, the Simeons, the Ryders, the Dodsworths, the Wilberforces, were all educated as evangelicals. They all came out of the evangelical school, and to the last acted on the principle of that school. At first, they received as their religion, the Bible only: they put their own interpretation upon it. They found however in the Bible that our Lord ordained two sacraments as generally necessary to salvation. They consequently left the evangelical school, which regards the sacraments as mere ceremonies of the church. They became the patrons of the high church school. In evil days the old high churchmen held out to them the right hand of fellowship. But they laughed the old high churchmen to scorn, when they spoke of deference to the formularies of the church of England. They did not defer to her when

they were evangelicals, and they asked us what is their authority? In times past when they were evangelicals, they had rejected the teaching of the prayer-book as unscriptural; when they accepted the teaching of the prayer-book they still adhered to their evangelical prejudices, and declared the liturgy to be inconsistent with the teaching of the articles. Having given up the articles, they began to listen to the blandishments of the scarlet lady of the seven hills. As at one time they sat in judgement on the articles, they now sat in judgement on the prayer-book; till, rejecting the prayer-book also, they fell back upon that private judgement which they had learned to overvalue when they were evangelicals; and on evangelical principles, committed suicide by joining the Church of Rome."

We beg strongly to recommend the Orthodox christian's tract as an antidote to Mr. Ryle's; and we shall be glad to see the next tract with which he promises to favour Mr. Ryle.

W. C. P.

POPERY.

EXTRACT OF A SERMON PREACHED ON SUNDAY, NOV. 4, IN THE CHURCH OF S. STEPHEN, WALBROOK, BY THE RECTOR, GEORGE CROLY, L.L.D.

"Let no man deceive you by any means, for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that Man of Sin be revealed, the Son of Perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped. So, that he as God sitteth in the Temple of God, showing himself that HE IS GOD." (2 Thessalonians, ii. 3, 4.)

As this day is the eve of the most signal deliverance of England—an anniversary established by the authorities of Church and State, and commemorated for two centuries—it is the duty of the pulpit to obey the ordinances of those authorities in its commemoration.

The observance of religious anniversaries has the direct advantages of sustaining a perpetual memory of events, which, however remote, ought never to be forgotten; of calling us nationally to the acknowledgment of national mercies, and of comprehending within each passing year, the leading instances of centuries of Divine government and national preservation. For this observance we have the highest example. The Passover, the giving of the law on Sinai, and the dwelling in the Wilderness, were com-

memorated by annual celebrations, appointed by the Divine command. And, for the purpose of impressing their purpose more powerfully on the national mind, they were accompanied with the most solemn ceremonial, held for a week each, and held in the presence of vast concourses of the people, summoned to Jerusalem thrice in the year by the Mosaic Law.

But as on a former occasion I have gone into the detailed history of the Gunpowder Plot, I shall now limit my observations to a general view of the religion, in which that dreadful design found its origin, its sanction, and its principle. * *

The history of man, taken in its true point of view, is the history of religion, and the history of religion is the practical development of three great facts:—The free agency of man, the temptation of the Evil Spirit, and the restorative mercy of Providence.

Free agency, the power of choosing good or ill for himself, is essential to the nature of man, and to his nature alone on earth. None of the inferior races have a moral sense. It would be an obvious contradiction to impute to them right or wrong, virtue or vice. But, without free agency, man would be a machine.

In Paradise the temptation of the Evil Spirit prevailed: man fell, and sin and death entered into the world. Without perplexing our understandings for the reasons of the malignity of Satan or the weakness of man—a knowledge, perhaps, reserved for revelations to come—we have overwhelming evidence of this fact in the miseries, violences, and crimes, which from age to age have darkened the aspect of the world. The trial lasted through two thousand years, until the only hope for the future generations of man was, in cutting off the existing generation. It was buried in the Deluge.

Then was seen the restorative action of Providence. The earth was re-peopled; the population were taught to fear God, by the punishment of their ancestors, by the teaching of their new Father, “a Preacher of Righteousness,” and by the training to the forms of religion and the rules of civil government under his patriarchal successors.

Then was seen the power of temptation again; mankind dispersed through the globe, and, forgetting the religion of their fathers, formed gods for themselves, and the earth was covered with heathenism.

Then was seen once more the action of Providence. From a

single pair, as in the antediluvian world, the new Adam and Eve, Abraham and Sarah, was formed a regenerated nation ; led by miracle, taught by revelation, and planted in security and splendour, to be a light to lighten the world.

Then came the temptation again. The Israelites fell into idolatry, were sent into bondage once more, and though a remnant were suffered to return, and take the shape of a nation, Israel was a vassal to the surrounding empires, to the day of its extinction.

Then came the remedial action of Providence in a more comprehensive benevolence, and a more conspicuous revelation than ever. A new religion was given to man by the mission of Christ, the incarnate God ! a religion bearing all the character of divinity—all miracle, inspiration, and spirituality—without the embarrassment of ceremonial, or the limitation of locality ; meeting all the mental wants of man, writing its precepts on the tables of the heart, and offering universal salvation on the simple terms of sincere repentance.

Again came the development of temptation. The worship of God was gradually degraded by the worship of the dead, by the adoration of images, by the pretended merits of fasting, and the selection of food, as matter of holiness, and by the abjuration of marriage as injurious to virtue. Those were the ages of monkism, beginning in the fourth century. Yet Christianity had been fully forewarned of this abomination.

The period was distinctly predicted in the Epistle of S. Paul to Timothy, where the Apostle exhorts this great missionary to peculiar vigilance against corruptions of the Gospel :—

“ Now the Spirit speaketh *expressly*, that in the latter days some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils (demons.) * * *

Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving, for it is sanctified by the word of God, and prayer.” The numberless absurd, fantastic, and fierce superstitions which grew out of those practices, show the fearful readiness of the human heart to fall under temptation.

Theologians are in the erroneous habit of limiting this prediction to the Papacy. But, its object is distinctly of an earlier date, and refers to that notorious departure from the Gospel which charac-

terised the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. This was the period of the apostacy, the falling away, the general gradual degeneracy of the Church; the sinking of the light of Christianity among the mists of worldly passions, of priestly ambition, and of monkish austerities. The angel of light was changed into the angel of darkness; Christianity was sometimes seen in the gravity of ecclesiastical rank—a haughty, fierce, and frowning thing, wading to power through blood, and keeping power by tyranny; and sometimes, a strange melancholy eccentric thing, wandering through wildernesses, naked and miserable, alternately exciting ridicule by its extravagance, pity by its privations, and horror by its anathemas. The Church of Rome was the subsequent concentration of those elements; the accumulation, the shaping, the coercion of all those conflicting materials into the fabric, which has, for a thousand years, exhibited all the tragedy and all the burlesque of superstition—the apostacy arranged, established, and envenomed into system.

The Papacy was the work of the sixth century. It had an especial character—the adoption of a human being into the *place of God*. This tremendous act had also its exclusive and exact prediction. In the 2d. Epistle to the Thessalonians, S. Paul, in cautioning the disciples against premature expectations of the Second Advent, distinctly declares, that previously to that event, two extraordinary events should come. The falling away first, which has just been stated, and next the usurpation of universal domination over the souls of men by a human being. The words of the Apostle are these:—“Let no man deceive you by any means, for that day [the Second Advent] shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that *Man of Sin* be revealed, the Son of Perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the Temple of God, showing that he is God.” (chap. ii., 3. 4.) Nor was this a new conception in the mind of the Apostle; he had already known it, and from its evident importance, had made it a matter of warning to the disciples. “Remember ye not, that when I was yet with you, I told you these things?”

It is matter of known history, that in the year 533, the Bishop of Rome accepted from the Emperor Justinian the title of “Head of the Universal Church,” a title which could be neither given nor received by man, without usurpation of the right of God! for that title belongs to Christ alone, and belongs to him as the title

won by His redemption, as is declared in the Epistle to the Ephesians—"When He [the Almighty] raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places. *"

* * And hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be *Head over all things to the Church*, which is His body, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all" (i., 20.)

The prediction, in all its features, is realised in the assumption of the Papacy. The Bishop of Rome claims supremacy over all Crowns; the power of absolution for all sins; the power to make saints and to give them thrones in Heaven; the power to kill men for opinion; the power to shut up the Scriptures; the power to diminish or to prolong punishment beyond the grave; the power to open or to close the gates of Heaven and Hell. If the Almighty Himself, we speak it with solemn reverence, descended before us, what can we conceive to be His higher claim? What loftier assertion of right could be made over the bodies and souls, the here and hereafter of mankind?

But, if we tremble at the presumption, we look with scorn on the vanity of those claims. How must morality shrink from their operation! One great purpose of Christ on earth was, to purify the heart, to awaken man to vigilance in duty, vigour of principle, and a perpetual sensitiveness to all that is holy. "To make unto himself a people *zealous* of good works."

What is the practical morality of Rome? In enjoining duties, it removes every impediment to their transgression. The confessional is always open, and pardon always purchasable. A man may live in the profoundest profligacy; yet live without a pang of conscience, if he puts the concerns of his soul into the hands of a priest. A man may live without penitence and die without fear, if in the last moments of life he unloads his memory and clears his conscience in the ear of a priest. The assassin, the robber, the murderer, come fearlessly to the altar, there find all the pardon that the Church can give, and return refreshed to their course of crime. But, purgatory remains to punish the sinner! No; purgatory vanishes before the purse. The rich man has only to leave a legacy for masses, and Rome will sell him an indemnity from all the fires of purgatory, for a hundred, a thousand or ten thousand years. Under this system can we wonder at the perfidies of government, or the profligacies of private life? The rigours of the law may keep society in order; but to how shallow a depth can law penetrate? Can we wonder at the licence which

corrupts the Popish multitude, or that wars should decimate a licentious population? That Popish thrones should be perpetually on the verge of revolution, and yet that liberty should be in the perpetual grave. * * * *

The eleventh century brought Popery into England; the sixteenth century expelled it. The four centuries between were a period of superstition and slaughter. A hundred and fifty years of foreign war exhausted the resources of the kingdom, fifty years of civil war covered the land with the corpses of its nobility. In the sixteenth century the Reformation came. Almost from that hour England assumed a new being. She struck at once into the paths which led to empire. From that hour no foot of a foreign invader ever trod her shore. Even in our day we have seen every continental capital in the hands of its enemy, every field of the Continent furrowed by the wheels of hostile artillery, and every furrow filled with native blood. Yet, we have been secure, with the thunder-clouds rolling all round the horizon. Not a pinnacle of our throne, or of our temple, has been touched by the lightnings. This is said in no national boast. National vanity is pale before the solemn lustre of Scripture. We could not have been more secure, had we seen Elisha's vision of the horses and chariots of fire. It is true, we had fleets and armies; but, what are they, contending against the weapons of Heaven? What are fleets in the hurricane, or armies in the pestilence? In a year, in a day, we might have been stripped of both, and have seen the strength of England swept away like chaff from the threshing floor, like clouds before the wind, like the ashes of a conflagration.

What more proverbially capricious than the chances of war; what more shifting than the foundations of commercial opulence; what more precarious than the possession of colonial empire? Yet England, moving amid the very materials of national hazard, during a war which shook all the other powers of Europe, has moved in providential safety. With every nation round us sinking at their anchors, we have kept the sea, braved the storm, and carried on our triumphant course without a damaged sail. Taking our part—and that a large and bold part—in the great game of nations, we have suffered none of the ruin which has befallen so many sitters at that tremendous table. With all the leading kingdoms lamenting the loss of colonies, we never lost an acre, in the whole extent of a dominion that now touches the circumference

of the globe. With a lever, ten thousand miles long, we have sustained an Indian empire for a hundred years. Within the last half-century, we have changed the deserts of the north and the antipodes into fields of population, and laid the foundations of two mighty empires. How is this exemption from the common lot of nations to be accounted for? "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, be the glory." The noblest attribute of national existence is, to have lived under the protection of Heaven; the most justifiable pride of man is, to have fought under the shield of Providence; the loftiest praise of Empire is to have owed all to the favour of Him, in whose hands are all the gifts of wisdom, mercy, and virtue! Protestantism has been our wall of fire.

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It is the habit of Popery to speak of our religion as new, and beginning from the reign of Henry the Eighth. But Protestantism is as old as the age of the Apostles. It appeals only to the New Testament. It was the clearing away of those stains of man and time which gradually deformed the original fabric of the Gospel. It was the returning vigour into the frame, exhausted by the disease of ages. It was the bidding of the hopeless cripple "to take up his bed and walk;" the summons of the Lazarus in the grave to rise and shake off the shroud and swathings of Rome: * *

Popery is comparatively new. Instead of the sudden stature and complete form of Christianity, coming from the Divine hand, like the first man, in the perfection of its nature, Popery has been the slow and deformed fabrication of ages of artifice. We can trace every additional feature and limb through the hands of the workman. The whole map of superstition lies before us, with every winding of its channel, from its fount in days of ignorance and blood, to its spreading into that width of temporal and spiritual tyranny, which engulfed the intellect, progress and prosperity of Europe for a thousand years. * * *

I give a few dates of the leading characteristics of this gigantic system. All the doctrines of Rome were the offspring of the original corruptions of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, but adopted, shaped, and established from age to age. The purpose of Rome was power, and the instrument was popularity. Each doctrine, as it casually prevailed among the multitude, was taken into the code of Popery.

The earliest of these doctrines was image worship, which was *established* in the seventh century.

The doctrine of infallibility in the Church of Rome was first made an article of its faith about the eleventh century. The doctrine is not merely presumptuous, but palpably absurd ; for what authority of man can be infallible ? But its absurdity has been demonstrated by the incessant disputes of Rome, by the anathemas of Popes against Popes, and councils against councils ; and the question existing at this hour is, in whom the infallibility lies.

Transubstantiation, the doctrine by which man is presumed to create the Almighty, and by which flour and water is supposed, after consecration by the priest, to be turned "really and substantially into the body, the soul, and the divinity of Christ," too startling a doctrine for even the credulity of the dark ages, was first established under the doctrine of the "real presence" of Christ in the Sacrament, in 1059. The natural consequence of that doctrine followed ; and in two centuries more (1215) the wafer was pronounced to be the actual body.

The Mass naturally followed. As the wafer was declared the body, the mass was the crucifixion. Thus, while Scripture declares that Christ died once, and dieth no more, Rome declares that he is offered every day, and may be offered ten thousand times in one day.

Auricular confession—the doctrine, by which the confession of sins to a priest gives the most dangerous of all salves to a wounded conscience—was first established in the thirteenth century.

Prayer in an unknown tongue was first established in the thirteenth century.

The doctrine of Purgatory, an ancient importation of heathenism, was first borrowed by Rome in the seventh century. It gradually made its way, until it was sanctioned by a Council in 1338, and was finally established by the Council of Trent in 1563. By the Romish doctrine all (except the saints) must pass through the fires of Purgatory, but all may redeem them by payment for masses !

The doctrine of Indulgences was an immediate consequence of the doctrine of Purgatory. It was held, that the saints were more virtuous than was necessary for their own salvation. It was next held, that their virtues of supererogation were applicable to supply the deficiencies of others ; and lastly, it was held, that the Pope had the right of disposing of those virtues for the revenue of Rome. The open sale of these indulgences, in Germany, by Leo the Tenth, awoke the European mind to the enormity of the traffic, and produced the Reformation.

The Invocation of Saints was a doctrine of the seventh century. Scripture declares, that God alone is to be worshipped, and Christ alone is the Intercessor. Rome declares that the saints, (dead men) are to be worshipped, and that they are intercessors who hear and answer prayer everywhere, thus giving them omnipresence and omnipotence.

The last doctrine established is the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary—a doctrine long disputed in the Romish Church, but which has been declared a *dogma* within the last year. By this dogma the whole Scriptural history of the Virgin is subverted. If she was not born in original sin, she was not a woman, consequently Christ was not born of a woman, and the promise to Eve is not yet performed. But, Mary declared her reliance on God her *Saviour*, offered a sacrifice for her purification, and finally died like the rest of mankind. Yet death is only the natural penalty of *sin*. Thus is crowned the code of Rome.

LINES ON SEEING FROM MY BEDCHAMBER FLAMBOROUGH LIGHT.

Whilst *other* stars, fair star of earth,
Are shining from above;
I hail each night thy lucid birth,
A messenger of love.

The stars that in the ether glow,
Are lit by power divine,
And goodness too, did we but know
The ends for which they shine.

But thou art lit by mortal hand
When Ev'ning throws her veil
Of darkness over sea and land,
And dangers may assail.

Securely here thy peaceful light
In sweet repose I view,
Revolving white, and red, and white,
So beautiful and true.

Securely too, when tempests rave,
May he thy beacon see,
Whose bed is on the ocean wave,
His pathway thro' the sea.

The ship, oft-times, when tempest blast
Had caught upon her way,
Thy light athwart the gloom hath cast
A salutary ray.
And all that vessel's costly weight
Was rescu'd from the deep ;
Nor loss of souls, its living freight,
Did friend or kinsman weep.
Who would not deem thy friendly light
Upon the darksome wave,
An emblem beautiful and bright
Of Him who came to save!
Sin o'er creation's lovely face
Hath cast the shades of night ;
But Jesus came, O wondrous grace,
To be himself our light !
Life's wide, and dark, and troubled sea
This beacon blazes o'er ;
And whoso will may dangers flee,
And reach the heav'nly shore.
Then let each mariner that light
Reflect upon his course,
A lustre beauteous to the sight,
And waxing to its source.
Thus oft o'er ocean's face hath shone,
When night its lamp has giv'n,
A stream of glory wid'ning on
Tow'rd that fair orb in heav'n.
But soon a voice, at God's command,
Shall peal creation o'er,
With angel foot on sea and land,
That "time shall be no more."
Life's sea e'en now a shoreless sea
Doth darkly roll beside,
The ocean of ETERNITY!
O Christ, be thou my guide.
Into that sea in safety bring
My bark thro' death's dread flood ;
And o'er its waters glad I'll sing,
Salvation to my God.

T. H. T.

THE CROCODILE.

As the Lion is reputed to have the dominion of the immense deserts of the Torrid Zone ; the Eagle to rule as the sovereign of the air ; and the Whale in the sea ; so the Crocodile and the Alligator seem to have been appointed the rulers over the shores of the immense rivers of all tropical countries. These enormous animals are amphibious, and live on the confines both of land and water ; extending their dominion over the inhabitants of both elements ; where they enjoy an absolute rule, and dread none of the common dangers which constantly assault other less powerful animals. With the exception of the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the whale, the Crocodile and the Alligator are the largest animals that have yet been discovered. Some of them have been known to have attained upwards of twenty-five feet ; and it is probable that, like fishes, their bulk continues to increase during their whole life.

The Crocodile has no lips ; so that when walking or swimming even in the utmost tranquility, the teeth are bare, and the whole aspect seems as if animated by rage. The fiery glare of its eyes also, contributes to increase the terrific appearance of its countenance ; and these being situated near to each other, have also a malignant aspect.

The armour in which the Crocodile is cased, may be accounted amongst the most elaborate pieces of natural mechanism. In a full grown Crocodile it is so strong, as easily to repel a musket ball ; but on the lower parts it is much thinner and more pliable than on the upper ; and the whole animal appears as if it were covered with the most regular and curious carved work. The colour of the full grown Crocodile is a blackish brown above, and yellowish white beneath ; and the upper parts of the legs and sides are varied with deep yellow, somewhat tinged with green. The mouth is of vast width, and furnished with thirty or more sharp pointed teeth on each side of the jaws ; which are so disposed as to fit alternately above and below when the mouth is closed. The Crocodile and Alligator have the largest mouths of almost any land animal ; and it has been asserted by various writers, that both their jaws are moveable ; but this is a mistake ; for the upper jaw is fixed, and the motion is altogether confined to the under one. It is also erroneously supposed that they have no tongue ; on the contrary their tongues are larger than that of

the ox ; but it is so connected with the sides of the lower jaw, as to be incapable of being stretched forward as in other animals.

The Crocodile seems to enjoy his whole strength with much greater advantage, in the water than on land ; in which, notwithstanding his size and apparent unwieldiness, he moves about with considerable agility ; and he often emits a kind of silent, half suppressed murmuring noise. Although the great length of his body prevents him from turning suddenly round, he swims forward with astonishing velocity, especially when he is about to seize his prey. He is a less dangerous animal on land than in the water, because his motions are much more embarrassed.

It appears pretty evident that the Crocodile is that great Leviathan of Scripture, that the Psalmist says had been created to take his pastime in the great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable ; and in reference to the popular prejudice that the Crocodile has no tongue, the Patriarch Job asks of his Comforters, "Can'st thou draw out Leviathan with an hook ? or his *tongue* with a cord which thou lettest down ?" The Crocodile under the name of Leviathan is made a type of Satan whom the Lord will slay with His "sore and great and strong sword."

This enormous creature seldom leaves the water unless it be pressed by hunger, or the female is urged by the necessity of depositing her eggs. Its usual method is to float along upon the surface like a log of timber, and seize whatever animals come within its reach ; but when this method fails, it then goes closer to the bank, where it waits in patient expectation of some land animal, the dog, the bull, the tiger, or man himself. In approaching the river's bank, nothing is to be seen ; nor is its retreat discovered until it is too late to retreat. It seizes its victim with a spring ; and it goes much further at a bound than such an unwieldy animal could be supposed capable of doing ; and having secured its prey, it drags it into the water, instantly sinks with it to the bottom, and quickly drowns it. It sometimes happens that the creature which the Crocodile has wounded, makes its escape ; in which case the latter pursues and often retakes it. The Crocodile seldom moves far from rivers, except in covert and marshy places ; so that in many parts of the East, it is very dangerous to walk carelessly on the banks of rivers, or among sedgy ground ; and still more so to bathe without the utmost circumspection.

There are vast shoals of Crocodiles in all the rivers of Guinea ; on hot days they lie basking on the banks, but plunge into the river as soon as they observe any one approach. In the Senegal upwards of two hundred of them have been seen swimming together, with their heads just above water, resembling the trunks of trees floating down the river. In the neighbourhood of Thebes in Egypt, M. Lounini's small boat was often surrounded by Crocodiles on a level with the surface ; and they observed the boat pass by them with apparent indifference. Bonaparte's soldiers in Egypt set the Crocodiles at defiance, which never attacked them ; neither were they ever met with at a distance from the river ; but it is probable that the Nile supplies them with abundance of food.

The female deposits her eggs in the sand on the bank of the river ; she fills up the hole before she leaves them ; and they are hatched by the heat of the sun ; it is said that she is extremely cautious in depositing them unobserved ; and the general number of the eggs is from eighty to a hundred. They are not larger than the eggs of a goose ; they are covered with a tough white skin ; and they are generally hatched in about thirty days. The young are rolled up within the egg ; and when they break the shell they seldom exceed the length of six or seven inches. They sometimes break the shell with their head, and sometimes with the serrated tubercles of their back ; and on emerging into the air, they immediately run into the water, where they are devoured by various kinds of fish, and even by the larger animals of their own species. But it is in the destruction of their eggs that the most important service to mankind is effected, by vultures and other birds of the same feather, which proverbially destroy and devour millions of their eggs annually, and thus abridge their enormous fecundity.

From its enormous size and voracious habits the Crocodile is an object of fear ; in some countries it has become an object of veneration ; and offerings as to a deity are made to it. In Java, when the inhabitants are attacked by disease, they build a kind of coop and fill it with such eatables as they think will be acceptable to the brute ; and place it on the bank of a river under the full confidence that they shall be cured of their maladies ; and under the full persuasion that any one who would carry off the viands would draw on himself the maladies for which this offering was made. Their eggs, and the flesh of the tail and belly

are esteemed excellent food by the natives of Africa, and of some of the Indian nations; the flesh of these parts is white and juicy; and it is considered peculiarly delicious; but such Europeans as have ventured to eat of it, have been disgusted by the strong flavour of musk by which it is impregnated.

THE WAR.

A SERMON, PREACHED ON SUNDAY, THE 16TH SEPTEMBER, BY THE
REV. DR. CROLY.

“And it came to pass, when Joshua was by Jericho, that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold, there stood a Man over against him, with his sword drawn in His hand. And Joshua went unto Him, and said unto Him, Art Thou for us, or for our adversaries? And He said, ‘Nay, but as Captain of the Lord’s host I am come,’ and Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship.”—(Joshua, v., 13, 14.)

The order for a Thanksgiving-day may still be in doubt; but the pulpit cannot keep silence, while the empire is full of acclamation: neither advice nor authority is required, when in the impulse of national gratitude the Church feels with the country. And, to express that natural sympathy, is simply an act of duty to the God, who is the giver of all victory. The intelligence just received has brought the news of a great success. I believe that its true name would be, a great interposition of Providence. The first blow of final triumph has been struck; the shield of the hostile empire has been shattered; its side is now left naked, and we have only to choose the spot for the mortal wound.

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We are commanded by Scripture to “weep with those that weep, and to rejoice with those that rejoice.” There never was an occasion on which the sincerity of the pulpit might more deeply offer its sympathy, than now, when the national tears are falling on the graves of our gallant soldiery, and the national heart is palpitating with the sense of one of the noblest achievements of European warfare.

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The text authenticates the legitimacy of war. Joshua, the Israelite chieftain, had just encamped on the borders of Canaan; and though he had led the host through the Jordan by a stupendous miracle, he might well feel some natural anxiety for the fate of the invasion. He saw before him a country fully prepared

for defence, where every hill was a fortress, and every man a warrior. But, around him, a multitude of both sexes and of every age—a people at once obstinate and flexible, mutinous and timid; rebellious against the mighty man who had led them through the Wilderness; and unbelieving amidst the perpetual manifestations of Heaven. The food from Heaven fell no more; the pillar of fire and cloud guided them no longer; they seemed left to those human means which had so often failed, and which must be so feeble against an enemy disciplined by frequent war, fighting on their own soil, hostile in habits and religion, and possessing the most formidable instrument of ancient warfare—the armed chariot, an instrument wholly unpossessed by the host of Israel. It may be naturally conceived, that a consciousness of those difficulties must have pressed heavily upon the mind of a man of sagacity. If Moses had often shrunk from the task of leading the nation through the mere physical trials of the Wilderness, how much more might Joshua have been depressed by the chances of a war, which could end only in the extermination of either of the antagonist armies?

In this anxious meditation, the angel of the Lord came, to administer a sacred confidence to the champion of Israel. The angel stood before him, probably in one of his wanderings in solitude, and with his eyes fixed on the strength of Jericho. His first command was, that Joshua should acknowledge the sanctity of His presence by putting off his shoes, “for the place whereon thou standest is holy.” The next was, for the capture of the city. “And the Lord said unto Joshua, ‘See, I have given into thy hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men thereof.’” The third was, that no assault should be made; but that the priests and the people should march for six days round the walls, and on the seventh should enter over the ruins of the walls, and complete a conquest, thus evidently won by the hand of Jehovah alone.

In this history, we have the evident authorisation of war—the command of the Divine Messenger; the conquest by miracle; and the possession, as an act of Divine justice. It is to be remembered also, that this war contained the extreme case of human hostility; for it was a war of aggression, of invasion, and of extermination. The sins of Canaan had drawn down the wrath of Heaven ages before; and when the long suffering was exhausted, the punishment was given over to the Israelite sword. The same

Providence rules at this hour ; the same laws exist in the councils of Heaven ; the same retribution is the punishment of national profligacy ; and though we may not hear the voice of Heaven, nor see the angelic vision, there can be no more doubt, that a just war, (and a necessary war must be a just war), is sanctioned by the authority of Heaven.

If we have among us men who, whether in the spirit of new-born-party, or antiquated prejudice, or the ignorance that refuses to learn, will persist in clamouring against the right of nations to protect themselves, we must leave them to their own delusion. Argument would be wasted on them. The broadest sunshine is darkness to those who bandage their own eyes. Self-defence is an instinct. Society is founded on the principle of protection ; government is established for the direct purpose of guarding the individual and the state from all injury. Law exists, only to punish the aggressor on person and property. The theory of those who will insist on peace, at any risk of degradation, suffering, and loss of character, would subvert the foundations of all society.

There never was a country, which less has a love of war, which more fully feels a sense of its calamities, personal and public, which more solemnly regrets the blood of the brave, or more openly acknowledges its general fruitlessness, its paralysis of progress, and its repulsion of the natural policy of a great people, than the country in which we stand at this moment. There never was a nation, which more reluctantly took down its spotless armour from the wall, where it had hung for half a century, or hesitated longer in stopping the wheels of that mighty machine which carried on the nation with such unexampled rapidity during the long peace, or more deeply lamented the pouring out of those treasures of national energy upon the sands and swamps of the East, which were destined, in happier times, to cover the native soil with fertility. It is even notorious that, in our passion for peace, we had nearly endangered our rank as a leading nation—that we negotiated until negotiation approached to a bye-word ; diplomatised until diplomacy was worn so thin as to become transparent ; and were led through every stage of artifice, amid the grim contempt of Russia, the astonishment of Europe, and the disdain of the country ; until evasion was exhausted ; foreign chicanery could equivocate no more ; a Cabinet paid the forfeit of this homage to etiquette ; and the indignant common-sense of England cast out

the whole embroidered charlatanry, and made the tardy appeal to the honester sword.

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The prayer of Solomon, the most highly-gifted intellect that the world has ever seen among men, shows the view of war under the Jewish dispensation. "If Thy people go out to battle against their enemies, whithersoever *Thou* shalt lead them, and shall pray unto the Lord, toward the city which Thou hast chosen, and toward the house which I have built for Thy name, then, hear Thou in Heaven their prayer and their supplication, and maintain their cause."

This was a portion of the national prayer, made on the most solemn occasion of his reign, the Dedication of the Temple, and answered by the descending glory of the Lord. This prayer evidently regards war, as sanctioned by the Almighty; yet Solomon made no war; he was no fanatic of ambition; his reign was in the spirit of peace, and his name, like his principle, was universal "concord."

The principle of the Christian dispensation is peace; but only so far as it is compatible with the necessities of human nature. The language of the Epistles is, "If it be *possible* live peaceably with all men." "Be ye *angry* and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath." These precepts simply interpose a limit to anger, without extinguishing a passion, which has been given for the self-defence of man, which is essential to his protection, and which in its due exercise is only a practical protest against crime.

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Russia is the only power in Europe whose *principle* is *aggression*. Other governments have made wars of ambition, and success has been followed by seizure of territory. But the casualty of conquest has been converted by Russia into a system. Her peace is only a preparation for war—her treaties are only stratagems for aggrandisement in defiance of all treaties—her compact is the preliminary to her fraud, as her fraud is the preliminary to her force. All her seizures have been under the form of *protection*. She thus protected Poland—she thus protected the Crimea—she thus would protect Turkey. And this policy has been the principle of her empire, for 150 years.

The empires of the ancients were civilisers; they compelled the subject kingdoms into mutual peace. Their love of splendour

cultivated the arts of ornament and magnificence. The necessity of order impressed the sense of law. Their power was like an inundation, irresistible at the moment, but gradually turning the desert into productiveness. But, the power of Russia has always thrown back civilisation, or fixed the land in barbarism. Her European provinces have lost their European intelligence? her Asiatic provinces have acquired none. In all the growing freedom of the nineteenth century, nine-tenths of the population are miserable slaves. The advance into Europe has been marked by the extinction of all the national lights—the press, the pulpit, and the national council. There is but *one* mind in the empire, and that mind is in the throne; and but one tongue, and that is the tongue of tyranny, supported on one side by the scaffold, and on the other by Siberia. Wherever Russia has invaded, it has ravaged the land—wherever it mastered, it has extinguished the progress of the people. The lava had not merely burnt all before it, but, when it cooled, it encumbered the soil with a mass of sterility which left cultivation hopeless. If the existence of this power is a gigantic obstacle to the advancement of Europe, its supremacy would be ruin.

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The geographical position of Russia makes her ambition more dangerous, than that of any other throne in the world. The only power which has the possible command of two land-locked seas; their complete possession would give her the command of Europe, and of the globe. With the Baltic in her possession by the Sound, and the Black Sea by the Bosphorus, she might invade every coast of Europe in every year with impunity. Her fleets might be defeated in the North Sea, or in the Mediterranean; but they could not be followed. The great sea-gates would be closed against all pursuit; there they would rest, until storm, or the necessity of repairs, drove off her antagonists, and the world was open to her ravage again. Conquest has been hitherto on a limited scale, because the conquerors have been confined to the land. Napoleon, in all his power, was stopped at the shore. But, naval conquest has no limits; it might sweep the circumference of the globe.

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The British conquests in India have been alleged, as an example of our ambition; but the charge is founded only on ignorance of the history. The British factories were attacked and plundered by the native princes. The attack was repelled, and retaliated

by the overthrow of the plunderers ; out of this self-defence grew our Indian empire. But, the most fortunate day that ever shone on Hindostan, was the day that first saw the waving of the British standard. The Tartar invasions, the perpetual wars of the native princes, are no more. The Golden Peninsula has been kept in comparative peace, for almost a hundred years. Its revenues have been almost wholly expended on its civilisation ; and at this moment we are introducing the noblest instruments of national opulence, the railroad and the telegraph ; irrigating its deserts, educating its tribes, and giving to every man the materials of the highest knowledge, in the offer of the purest religion. * *

We feel the calamity of the war ; we lament the loss of life ; the sufferings of families, the widowhood and the orphanage. But, if those are the inevitable evils of war, we have reaped from it illustrious advantages.

It has proved, that the national intelligence has not enfeebled the national vigour ; that peace has not made the nation effeminate, impatient of effort, angry under pressure, or insubordinate under the demands upon its public spirit, energy of perseverance, or defiance of danger. This war is beyond all others the "people's war." The longest peace on record has proved no Capua to us. The old intrepidity of our soldiers has survived ; the old generosity of the national heart, in taking a new shape, has exhibited a new strength ; and the perplexities of public council natural to a new crisis, have tried the nation, only to show, that it contains within its statesmanship, minds capable of embodying the public feeling, encountering the public emergencies, and guiding to victory the public course of the empire.

The war has had additional advantages. It has given us an army ; it has taught that army discipline ; it has taught the nation the value of an army, and the means of sustaining it in full vigour ; it has introduced system into all its departments ; it has produced new provisions against its sufferings, diseases, and exposure to climate and the hazards of warfare ; it has applied the finest inventions of peace to the resources of war ; and, above all, it has taught the nation at once the folly of denuding itself of defence, the proud extent of the national capabilities, and the hollowness of that patriotism, which consists in a suspicious parsimony, and looks for national safety, only to an indolent apathy or a scandalous submission. * * *

How different is our position in this war from our difficulties

in the last—war waged at three thousand miles' distance instead of war within sight—war waged as if seated on a thunder cloud, instead of war menacing every man in the circuit of the land—our great hereditary enemy turned into our ally; the hostility that demanded our perpetual vigilance turned into a rivalry of honour; and the threats of invasion on the one shore, and the preparation for its repulse on the other, turned into an exchange of stately courtesies by the Sovereigns—the struggle of five hundred years finished, in an unexampled closeness of alliance for an unexampled cause—the integrity of Europe.

The final results of that alliance may be incalculable. We have already achieved a great victory; but our moral victory may be larger still. We have broken the spell of Russia. We have not merely driven her fleets from the sea, and stormed her stronghold, but we have met her armies on the spot where their utmost strength could be developed; and in that narrow arena, with the eyes of Europe upon the combat, we have defeated the whole force of her empire.

History presents no more rapid retribution. But a twelve-month since, the Russian Throne lorded it over the Continent. What is it now?—The chain which bound all the minor sovereignties to its foot, snapped asunder; the fears which held the greater in vassalage, vanished; the *prestige* of its soldiery destroyed; its fleets sunk, or rotting in their harbours; its harbours assaulted at the pleasure of its enemies; S. Petersburg hourly insulted by the menace of fire and sword; and its palace turned into an observatory of the movements of the hostile flags; probably, half a million of its subjects laid in their graves; millions of wealth consumed by fire; its nobles impoverished; its population decimated; its great sea-coast cities trembling at the chance of invasion; its commerce annihilated; and the ablest, most daring, and most astute of its sovereigns sent to his tomb, in the shame of unexpected defeat, and the agonies of mortified ambition.

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England longs for peace; but it must not be a *truce*, a hurried escape from the pressure of war, only to perplex our councils anew, entangle us in the old meshes of diplomacy, and chill the national courage by discontent and delay. The only peace which will satisfy the just demands of the people, must be a peace which, without overthrowing the independence of Russia, shall disqualify her from being the perpetual disturber of the civilised

world. She must retain no fortress, as the base of operations against mankind! She has sunk her fleet in the Black Sea with her own hands. It *must* remain there. She has hid her Baltic fleet behind her fortifications. It must remain there. If she can dispense with fleets in war, she may well dispense with them in peace. She must pay the *expenses of the war*, and thus be taught, that the quiet of Europe is not to be disturbed at every caprice of tyranny. She has large duties to fulfil; an empire of five thousand miles long to civilise. We seek not to pull down her Colossus. Let it gather to its pedestal the tribes of the desert, in what worship they will; but it must not be suffered to fix its stride over the seas of Europe. * * * *

Yet, there are still more momentous considerations. Christianity looks to a larger horizon than the cloudy interests of the hour. Can it be conceived, that this sudden and vast concussion—this earthquake of Europe—has not some higher purpose than the exposure of a treacherous policy, or a barbarian thirst of blood? Is it venturing too deep into the designs of Providence, to conjecture, that this crisis may be an approach to that glorious consummation, which is the universal prayer of the Christian—"Thy kingdom come." Must we not remember, that this conflict has been waged on the ancient soil of the Gospel. Nay, that its origin was in the very spot upon which the King of Kings shall fix His throne, amid the shouts of "Blessed is He, who cometh in the name of the Lord."

Fully acknowledging the authority of that Scripture, which has pronounced the futility, and even the presumption, of all attempts to discover the *date* of that consummation; for, in the language of our Lord—"Of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels of Heaven, but the Father only," still, the Christian is commanded to watch for the "Signs of the times." The eye of faith can see, and the prayer of faith can be answered by, evidences, unknown to the eye and ear immersed in the turbidness of this world.

Must not even the proof of European superiority awake the convictions of the Turk and the Tartar; and must not the rising generation feel the influence of times which call the faculties of their millions into a new progress of events, into the exercise of new faculties, and into the knowledge of new wonders of the arts and powers of man.

Or, are the chosen people to be in exile for ever? Is the soil,

once trodden by the prophets, to be voiceless? Are the ruins of the primal establishment of Christianity to be the haunts of desolation through all ages? Is the blood of the apostles and martyrs to sink wasted in the sands of Asia? Is the still holier scene of our Lord's mission to be abandoned to a population who never heard, or heard only to insult, His Name?

May we not well believe, that the sudden summons of European feelings to the region sanctified by the loftiest illustrations of the history and hopes of mankind, may be designed to issue in some magnificent display of Providence? that, like the multitude gathered round the grave of Lazarus—some to scoff, and some to weep,—the millions of Asia may yet hear the words "Come forth!" and a mightier than man break up the moral grave, in which it has been bound by the ignorance, the infidelity, and the superstition of a thousand years.

A SOLDIERS LETTER.

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 4.

I HAVE escaped five bombardments; having been in the trenches during the first and during the last, besides two intermediate ones. The last one it is wholly out of my power to describe to you. Captain M——and I were together in the fifth parallel during the night, with 70 men. I volunteered to go, as a subaltern had to be there, and Captain M——was there as being the junior of the two; and I was the senior of the subalterns, the others being mere boys. We were close to the Redan, and were exposed to a continued fire of musketry from the Russians for about five hours; and our fourth parallel opened a fire from behind us. Thus being in the dark, the fire was all chance and hap-hazard, and consequently we were as much in danger from our own men as from the enemy. The fifth parallel was too close for the Redan to play upon us, but they fired grape and bouquets from other batteries. We withdrew to the fourth at daylight. I judged from the appearance and air of things that we were in for it, and that the following day would become memorable. At six o'clock a terrific volley or salvo of guns opened on the left by the French. Imagine, if you can, 200 guns and mortars of the largest calibre firing as one gun; the English in the centre did the same. The French, again, on the right, the same. This frightful affair lasted three hours. The Russians applied all their resources, and they also fired fearfully.

Fancy, I say, if you can, having a fire overhead. The men were cleared from all the parallels except the fourth, which was to resist any attack that might be made,—an unwilling sacrifice of a few, as was thought by all, for the good of the whole. The guns having cooled, a rocket from the French, at twelve o'clock, was a signal for a recommencement, and the entire number of guns, French and English, gave a volley enough to shake the Crimea to its centre. This lasted about two hours and a-half. At five o'clock it commenced again, and lasted till seven. Night closed in before the high wind which was blowing, cleared the earth and heavens for miles around from dust and smoke. We miraculously escaped with only about two casualties, and got out of the trenches by nine o'clock. At ten the following morning every man of the army was under arms, and the bombardment once more began and continued throughout the entire day, excepting intervals of an hour or two for the guns to cool, as on the day previous. The third Division was formed in reserve, in front of the 28th camp, and were under arms till nine o'clock. The French had gained the Malakoff by this, while the French and English had been driven twice each respectively from the Redan and Flagstaff Batteries. By ten o'clock flames appeared in the town at different points; by three a.m. it was all over in a furious blaze—a sure sign that the Russians had evacuated the town and gone to the north. Never shall I forget the sight that was presented at day break. The men, guessing that the town was taken, and knowing the plundering propensities of our friends the French, on such occasions, sallied forth and brought away whatever they could lay hands upon. But the Russians had removed everything of value, and what they could not remove they destroyed; therefore what was captured was only lumber. Cavalry picquets, French and English, soon formed a barrier to prevent anything being brought away. The two chairs I have sent you were taken from some one by the cavalry; and, happening to be at the spot where they were, just as they were being relieved at night, I had them brought away under nightfall.

I first visited the town. What a sight! Every step you took the mind became overwhelmed at what you saw, until one's ideas were staggered. Here you saw what had been a street of gorgeous palaces; there you saw a mighty but solemn temple; yonder a ponderous line of classic buildings and terraces—all in a pile of blackened, smouldering ruins. Some houses that I entered pre-

sented an appearance which would almost grieve one to look at, for pity's sake, from their irremediable ruin and desolation. The dwellings of the upper classes appear to have been built and fitted up to the utmost degree of comfort, convenience, and chasteness; but the chaos in which everything was found I cannot describe. In what had been a drawing-room would lie the broken shaft of a column of polished marble, the Corinthian capital of which shone with burnished gold, while the upper part of its fellow still adhered to the ceiling, which it was intended to support, and the weight of which now brought the ceiling nearly down to the flooring. Close beside would be a large block of stone that had crushed to pieces a piano of extraordinary beauty and dimensions; a shot or shell having shattered it from the wall of masonry. Fragments of marble chimney pieces, gilded picture frames, music, pieces of polished mahogany of elegant forms belonging to tables, sideboards, sofas, &c., were everywhere strewn about. The beautiful places of worship were all ruinous empty shells, riddled, like all the houses and buildings, with shot and shell. One thing, however, went to show that the inhabitants had long left their dwellings, probably as long ago as the first bombardment, for every house appeared to be in the occupation of the military from the *debris* of clothing and appointments everywhere seen. Those inhabitants, it is probable too, who had left with the forlorn hope of ever returning, doubtless, with a true Russian spirit and feeling, spread about them what ruin and damage they could before leaving; and what they failed to do, the soldiers did for them before they left.

But without this, our projectiles would have destroyed nearly every stone and stick. Those noble buildings which are seen from our heights with smooth, white exterior walls and green roofs; which smile and look pleasant as a sun-bank in the distance, on approaching them are found to be cold, forbidding ruins—pierced from top to bottom in every direction. The effect of our 13-inch shell can everywhere be seen, weighing as they do 200 lb.; and, falling from an altitude of a mile and a half, or about 3000 yards, their concussion is equal to 70 tons. Large gaps or empty spaces in rows or clusters of buildings, tell that a shell has penetrated the roof or wall, and descended to a depth below the foundations, and in an instant not a vestige remained—nearly every atom scattered to the winds in all directions. The mind cannot picture anything equal in point of beauty to what this city has been;

it seems to me to have been a place where one would wish to live and die. The hills behind, stretching radius-like for miles, must have been a beautiful landscape before we spread desolation ; while in front the sun setting in a yellow mellowness on the watery horizon makes it appear to be a sea of liquid gold ; and the soft richness of the shining waters, reflected on a westerly sky, makes it illusory, and such as one reads of, or fancies only in fairy scenes. But Sebastopol has been known and feared more as an arsenal ; and an arsenal we found it. No one is prepared to hear of the extent of warlike resources, naval and military. As you leave the camp and thread your way down the ravines—the ravines and valleys of death—you enter a *faubourg* or suburban village, most beautifully situated on the slopes of the opposite hills of the Great Redan and Flagstaff Bastions ; but now scarcely one stone remains on another. Leaving this, you wind at once upon the creek adjoining the great harbour : here frowns a formidable battery of ships' guns. The left of this creek is the main city sloping up to a height of about 500 feet above the level of the sea. This is called the "French side," as it was commanded by the Flagstaff Battery, which the French captured. The Redan, the most formidable of all, covered the public works and the barracks—immense buildings, plain, but beautiful structures of hewn stone of marble whiteness. The immense store buildings, of the same appearance, form a grand quay not equalled anywhere. The quay is terminated by Fort Paul, now destroyed, having been blown up by the Russians on the night of the 8th before leaving.

The stupendous docks I cannot describe. I never saw anything, the works of men's hands, that can bear the slightest comparison. There are six capable of receiving the largest of the colossal ships that float ; and they are as neat as they are large and mighty. The man who planned these was an Englishman—a Mr. Upton, a road surveyor and a defaulter. These works and buildings are held by the English ; and we have shafts sunk all around the docks to blow them to destruction whenever instructions arrive to that effect from home. The guns and ammunition that have fallen into the English hands, are about incalculable. Around the docks there are not less than 2000 guns ; a vast number of these are of the largest calibre ; and of shot there are piles of tens of thousands. The masts of the shipping, slanting upwards above the waters in all directions, suggest a train of strangely speculative ideas. The two Imperial forts (Nicholas and Constantine), now enemies,

frown antagonistically at each other; and the cross fire from these over the harbour causes a reverberation that strikes with a mournful cadence upon the ear. The scientific principles displayed in the defences of the town surpass all that ever has been done before at sieges, and totally eclipse our best engineering tactics. I hesitate not to say—and I mean it with no malice or disparagement—but were the Russian engineer officers to see our works they would laugh at them. The Russian works were apparently formed to meet any and every conceivable exigency. Their batteries were their trenches and parallels, and these parallels and trenches were their one line of batteries, forming mountain ranges which had mountains for their base. These were not altogether natural advantages, but they applied such principles of art as were best suited to whatever advantage nature offered. Our principles differed *in toto*. Could our trenches be faced about, we should then be something near the principles upon which the Russian works were constructed. A person walking from the front, can walk nicely into our works by reason of the earth being thrown to the front, making it a simple incline or small counterscarp. The Russians know better; they made the perpendicular towards the enemy, revetting it with gabions in order to do it effectually. Behind they had all kinds of shelter for the men and gunners, quite independent of, but contiguous to, the battery, round, square, and triangular—some open, but most of them bombproof. Behind also lay a large tract of ground, worked up to be a grand auxiliary to their operations. Tunnel-formed pits to receive our shell were numerous. Deep square pits were sunk immediately behind the batteries and in unlooked for places to receive our men in hundreds as they scaled the ramparts—here a hill, there a hole—a ladder placed here, steppes formed there. Sharp pointed uprights of gabions and broken bayonets stared you in the face as you looked down these pits and hollows. Disabled guns were not consigned to their graves as ours were, but the breech of them lowered in a hole behind the batteries with the fore part resting on wood, thus giving them an elevation of about 45 degrees. These they fired with an overcharge by a train, and these we now discover sent those numerous messengers to the distance of the camps. But in front of the batteries of which I am writing they had another, a little lower down the hill, and to make this of immense strength the earth was raised from between the two lines of batteries, both independent of each other, but of mutual assistance if required

—a broad deep ditch, of 20 feet wide, in some places 50, and as many in depth, form the crest of the second parapet. All these were covered with an abattis of large branches of trees, with tops outwards, and a *chevaux de frise*.

You may now fancy the difference or difficulty in the attack on their lines and ours. The difference in other things is in the same ratio. Our men lay in the trenches when they were half-filled with sleet and snow, with scarcely anything to cover them—nothing but the ragged remnants of a spongy old greatcoat, not fit at least for house flannel. The Russians had barracks, all along the line of batteries and under them, and, therefore, bombproof. Here they appear to have been very snug and comfortable. Implements of tailoring, shoe-last, and other *etceteras*, told that each handicraftsman worked at his leisure hours, although in the trenches cards, too, were plentiful. Of brandy bottles there were plenty, and from the label on several bottles, it showed that they had an affection for English “Old Tom.” To stand on the summit of the Flagstaff Bastion you see a sight worth beholding. The whole of the works of the English and French left attack are seen at one view; besides the whole of the southern Crimea. But a visit to the Russian lines is offensive to one’s feelings and humanity; you cannot place your foot upon any loose soil but you may be standing upon the half-buried body of a dead comrade or Russian, and the stifling odour that rises everywhere makes one almost shudder.

ACROSTIC TO F—— B——.

F arewell; yet ere that word be spoken, I would invoke a lay to thee,

I ncited with a deep emotion, joyous feeling though it be;

L uxuriant rocks and mighty ocean, hill and valley, flowery dell,

E nchain my thoughts, my vision gladden, e’en as with a magic spell.

Y es, yes; I’d gladly, fondly linger, in the precincts of thy charms,

B y thy boundless waters wander, inhale soft air, enjoy thy calms.

A ccount me not an idle stranger; for I love thy praise to tell,

Y early, to thy coast, I hasten, and now most sadly say fare-farewell.

CRESCENT, October 11, 1855.

ANNA.





